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EXPANSION THROUGH RECIPROCITY.

THE name and fame of the lamented President McKinley will be identified in American history with the policy of reciprocity, which never had an abler and more sincere advocate. To the very last he remained an unflinching sponsor of the treaties made under his direction, and in his last annual message to Congress (December 3, 1900) he said of them:—

“The failure of action by the Senate, at its last session, upon the commercial conventions then submitted for its consideration and approval, although caused by the great pressure of other legislative business, has caused much disappointment to the agricultural and industrial interests of the country, which hoped to profit by their provisions. . . .

“The policy of reciprocity so manifestly rests upon the principles of international equity, and has been so repeatedly approved by the people of the United States, that there ought to be no hesitation in either branch of the Congress in giving to it full effect.”

There is an element of the pathetic in these words of gentle reproach. Even in his brief second inaugural address (March 4, 1901) Mr. McKinley made passing mention of this subject, so important, in his judgment, for the maintenance of our prosperity, saying:—

“Now every avenue of production is crowded with activity, labor is well employed, and American products find good markets at home and abroad.

“Our diversified productions, how-

ever, are increasing in such unprecedented volume as to admonish us of the necessity of still further enlarging our foreign markets by broader commercial relations. For this purpose reciprocal trade arrangements with other nations should in liberal spirit be carefully cultivated and promoted.”

But it was in his farewell words to the American people, in his masterly speech at Buffalo, delivered on the eve of his martyrdom, that President McKinley gave the fullest expression to the results of his four years of deliberation on the subject of reciprocity. This is what he said:—

“By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production, we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything, and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible, it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should

sell everywhere we can, and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

"The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not.

"If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?"

The query in the final sentence suggests the current agitation in favor of a revision of the existing tariff law, applicable at least to certain schedules.

LEGISLATIVE REVISION.

The leading proposition for legislative revision of the tariff is known as the Babcock Plan. Representative Babcock, of Wisconsin, a Republican member of the Committee on Ways and Means, introduced in the last (Fifty-Sixth) Congress a bill providing for placing upon the free list all manufactures of iron and steel imported from abroad, the like of which are made in the United States by a "trust," without attempting to define what is a trust. This bill was never reported, but, since the adjournment of Congress, a far more radical scheme of revision has been discussed extensively in the press. It has been proposed to place either on the free list or on an exclusively revenue-producing basis all articles, now dutiable, which were formerly largely imported, but are now produced in this country and exported and sold abroad, under conditions of free competition. In other words, the mere fact of the exportation and sale in a foreign market of a given article of American manufacture shall be accepted

as proof that the said article no longer stands in need of any protection by the United States tariff laws. This test of the efficiency and necessity of protective duties would be manifestly inadequate and unfair to many domestic industries that are struggling, against heavy odds, to place their surplus products in foreign markets, and must rely on absolutely stable conditions in the home market. It must be remembered that much of our export trade is still in the experimental stage, and that many manufacturers are making considerable sacrifices in order to find new outlets abroad for their goods. We have only to consult the formidable list of articles of American manufacture which have, in recent years, come within the scope of such a test, to realize the far-reaching application of the plan. It would involve a complete reversal of the economic policy of the government, and constitute virtual free trade. The industrial stagnation prevailing under the Wilson tariff is only one indication of the disastrous conditions which would surely follow a change of policy of that character.

Moreover, such a scheme of tariff revision would involve the sacrifice of an unknown amount of needed revenue. This release of revenue would be a sheer gift on the part of the United States at the expense of American producers. It is all very well to allege that a remission of duties by the government is simply a forbearance in the taxing of American consumers, but the fact remains that the principal beneficiaries in the transaction would be the European manufacturers, whose sales would be enlarged and profits swelled in American markets. It is surely idle to assert that the American people who emphatically voiced the merits of the protective tariff system in their electoral verdict of 1896, and again, at their very last opportunity, in 1900, are now prepared to sanction a desertion of that policy in the midst of an era of unexampled national prosperity.

REVISION THROUGH RECIPROCITY.

Let us now consider the other remedy. Reciprocity is an international commercial bargain, wherein the interested governments make mutual and equivalent concessions in their respective customs duties on particular articles of merchandise. It has been suggested that this might be effected by concurrent legislation in the respective countries, but that method is practically impossible. In the first place, it presents the weakness of instability. Take, for example, the acts of our own legislative branch. One Congress, whose life is only two years, cannot bind its successors in general legislation, and hence no one can accurately foretell the duration of a tariff act. But a treaty, made for a definite term of years, affords satisfactory security to its beneficiaries, inasmuch as it is a solemn compact between nations, which neither contracting party can afford to violate in this age of enlightenment. Secondly, in addition to the question of security, diplomacy is better adapted than the legislature to the adjustment of the precise terms and conditions of a well-balanced international arrangement in commercial reciprocity. It is, therefore, to the treaty-making power that we must resort for the practical application of the principle of reciprocity in tariffs.

HISTORICAL REVIEW OF THE POLICY OF RECIPROCITY.

The famous Marcy-Elgin treaty of 1854 with Great Britain on behalf of Canada stands as the first example of our adoption of the reciprocity principle in the modern sense. It provided for the mutual exemption from duty of an important list (identical on both sides) of natural products of the farm, forest, mine, quarry, and sea. It went into operation in 1855, and remained in force for eleven years; being abrogated by act of Congress, and terminating on March 17, 1866.

The only other reciprocity treaty that the United States ever put in operation was the treaty of 1875 with the Hawaiian Islands, which established virtual free trade in the commercial relations of the two countries; tropical or subtropical articles being exempted from duty on the one side, and an important list of miscellaneous products on the other. This treaty possessed an exceptional political significance in virtue of the geographic and intimate historical relations of the contracting parties, which foreshadowed, since an early date, the ultimate annexation of the islands by their powerful protector against foreign aggression. It was renewed in 1884, with the addition of an important concession to the United States of the exclusive use of Pearl Harbor for a naval station, and was still in force when annexation was accomplished. In fact, the customs provisions of the treaty continued in operation until the passage of the act of Congress of April 30, 1900.

Of the several unperfected treaties of reciprocity negotiated on the part of the United States, the administration of President Arthur furnished no less than three, namely, the Grant-Trescott treaty of 1883 with Mexico, the Foster treaty of 1884 with Spain on behalf of Cuba and Porto Rico, and the Frelinghuysen treaty of 1884 with the Dominican Republic. The last two failed of ratification by the Senate, and were withdrawn by President Cleveland in March, 1885; and the first, although duly ratified, never went into effect, for want of the stipulated legislation by Congress. In one sense, however, the rejected Mexican treaty was actually a "perfected" treaty, and hence is included in the official compilation of United States treaties.

In the popular mind the reciprocity of the Harrison administration still looms up conspicuously. The McKinley Tariff Act of 1890 contained in its third section the first instance of the incorporation of the reciprocity principle in

tariff legislation, and this was done on the advice of Secretary of State Blaine. But it was reciprocity only by a curious indirection, for the act contained no reference to diplomatic negotiations, except the statement that the object was "to secure reciprocal trade." The free list of the law embraced the items of sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides. The so-called reciprocity section simply empowered the President, whenever satisfied that any foreign government producing and exporting the articles mentioned was imposing unequal and unreasonable duties on American products, to suspend the free introduction of the same, and thereupon the said articles should be subjected, on entry, to the payment of certain duties specified therein.¹ Thus the threat of retaliatory action was the effective leverage of the reciprocity movement that followed. Reciprocal arrangements were negotiated in 1891-92, under this provision, by Secretary Claine and General Foster, with Germany, Austria-Hungary, France (never proclaimed), Brazil, British West Indies and Guiana, Cuba and Porto Rico, Dominican Republic, and four countries of Central America. They were in no sense "treaties," but simply reciprocal agreements which were arranged by the exchange of diplomatic notes, and became effective on presidential proclamation, without reference to the Senate.

These arrangements, which have justly enhanced the fame of Mr. Blaine, were in operation only two or three years, when they were all unceremoniously abrogated by the Wilson law of 1894, to the dismay and detriment of our exporters, and to the extreme disgust of the interested foreign governments. But even in that short period they exercised

a remarkable influence in the development of the foreign trade of the United States in the countries with which they had been concluded. Their beneficial effect was especially noticeable in the increase of our flour exports to Brazil and Cuba.

This hasty review of the history of American reciprocity brings us to the advent of the McKinley administration.

RECIPROCITY PROVISIONS OF THE ACT OF JULY 24, 1897.

The Republican party having, in its national platform of 1896, pledged itself to reestablish reciprocity equally with protection, and the President and a Republican Congress having been elected on that platform, the framers of the Tariff Act of July 24, 1897, very properly incorporated in it provisions for carrying out the policy of reciprocity. These provisions are contained in Sections 3 and 4.

The third section authorizes the President to enter into negotiations with any country exporting to the United States any of certain enumerated articles, — argols, wines, spirits, and works of art, — and, in exchange for reciprocal and equivalent concessions, to suspend by proclamation the existing duties on the said products imported from the country in question, which shall thereupon be entitled to admission at reduced rates specified therein. This is, of course, limited in scope, and applicable to only a few countries of Europe, because of the character of the foreign merchandise subject to reductions. Reciprocal agreements under this section have been concluded, in the form of conventions duly signed by the respective plenipotentiaries, with France, Germany, Italy, constitutional. See *Fields vs. Clark*; *Boyd vs. U. S.*; and *Sternbach vs. U. S.*, 143 U. S. Reps. 649 *et seq.* This decision unquestionably also establishes the constitutionality of the Kasson reciprocal agreements under Section 3 of the Act of 1897.

¹ The constitutionality of the third section of the Tariff Act of 1890 was questioned on the ground that it was a delegation by Congress of legislative powers. The matter was carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, which, on February 29, 1892, decided that it involved no such delegation, but was entirely

and Portugal. Like the Blaine arrangements, they went into effect upon proclamation by the President, and are now working satisfactorily. In each instance a full equivalent of commercial advantages has been secured by the United States. Although there are a few other countries with which the United States might profitably conclude similar agreements, the work under this section is substantially accomplished.

But it is Section 4 of the Dingley law that is the real legislative expression of the Republican pledge of reciprocity. It empowers the President to negotiate reciprocity treaties which may provide, during a period not to exceed five years, for concessions, on the following bases, to the contracting nation, in exchange for equivalent advantages secured to the export interests of the United States: —

(1.) Reduction of the present duty upon any article imported from any country, to the extent of not more than 20 per cent.

(2.) Transfer from the dutiable to the free list of any article that is a natural product of any foreign country, and, at the same time, not a natural product of the United States.

(3.) Guarantee of retention on the free list of any article now free.

The pledge of protection was faithfully executed by Congress in the schedules of import duties contained in the first section of the Dingley tariff, while simply the means of carrying out the equally meritorious pledge of reciprocity was provided in Section 4. The former section conserves and defends the home market for American industries, and safeguards the wages and tenure of employment of American labor, while the latter is intended to afford protection and security in foreign markets to our growing export interests, as well as to enlarge the field of their operations. There is no conflict whatever in the objects of these two sections, but rather an admirable harmony. The explanation

is simple. When the rates of duty enumerated in the first section were being formulated, it was clearly understood by the framers of the law and by the interested manufacturers that each and every rate was subject to reduction to the extent of one fifth, under the operation of the reciprocity section. The rates were consequently made one fifth higher than would otherwise have been justified. If the present rates on highly protected articles are reduced by 20 per cent, and the results compared with the corresponding rates of the McKinley tariff of 1890, it will be found that in every instance an ample measure of protection is left to the article, often higher than the duty under the high tariff of 1890. Reciprocity under the Dingley law is, therefore, not in any sense an abandonment of the protective system; nor can it properly be said to be a step in the direction of free trade. It makes for freer, fairer, and larger trade, but is utterly inconsistent with the economic policy commonly denominated "free trade."

It will thus be seen that, in Section 4, the tariff law contains a provision for self-revision within limits that are entirely rational. In fact, the natural inference is that many of the present duties are needlessly excessive, and ought to be reduced to the point contemplated by the framers of Section 4, who, as a matter of fact, were the framers of the entire act. Indeed, it is perfectly consistent to entertain this view, and still hold to the conviction that any more radical reduction in the existing rates, at this time, would be inopportune and fraught with danger to domestic industries.

Considered purely as an agency in the amelioration of possibly excessive duties, reciprocity is infinitely superior to the plan of the tariff revisionists. But when we come to consider the real object of the policy — the expansion of our foreign trade — no comparison is possible. One contemplates a national sac-

rifice in revenue, without the slightest assured return, but with a prospect of serious injury to home interests; the other secures positive advantages to our export interests, without menacing the integrity of the national policy which is the basis of the existing prosperity. Indeed, our export interests are also our home interests, and protection of the former is equally protection of the latter, inasmuch as wider markets abroad create a greater demand for American labor and keep our industrial wheels going. A horizontal reduction of 20 per cent in the tariff by simple act of Congress would constitute a national extravagance, whereas the same reduction through the agency of reciprocity would prove a valuable national investment.

WORK OF COMMISSIONER KASSON.

Soon after the passage of the Dingley law, President McKinley appointed Hon. John A. Kasson, of Iowa, special commissioner plenipotentiary to represent him in the negotiations with foreign governments prescribed by the third and fourth sections. Commissioner Kasson was admirably qualified for this responsible and difficult service by a long and brilliant diplomatic and congressional experience. The negotiations were conducted simultaneously with several governments of Europe and of this hemisphere. In order to secure in each instance the greatest possible commercial advantages on the most favorable terms, the commissioner plenipotentiary applied himself to the careful study of home and foreign tariffs as well as of the official statistics of the international commercial movement; investigating the needs of our foreign commerce; cautiously considering the effect of each proposed reduction in duty; weighing the relative value of the total concessions on each side, with proper allowance for the character of the respective national tariffs; seeking and receiving the expert advice of influential Chambers of Commerce,

Boards of Trade, and other commercial organizations, as well as of manufacturers and exporters in various sections of the United States; and giving personal attention to the representations of Senators and Representatives respecting the business interests of their constituents likely to be affected in any way by the proposed treaties. The fact that the negotiations were in progress was heralded broadcast, and every manufacturer and merchant in the land was given the fullest opportunity to present his views. Many did so, but the few manufacturing interests which are now conspicuously protesting against certain provisions of the completed treaties remained silent and apparently indifferent until after their transmission to the Senate. On the other hand, some important interests have expressed by letters to the commissioner their acceptance of the reductions made in the treaties upon their branch of manufacture.

In his official labors, the commissioner constantly received the able and hearty coöperation of the Secretary of State in diplomatic matters, and the advice of the Secretary of the Treasury in questions of national finance. President McKinley himself manifested a deep concern in the success of the negotiations, and gave his personal approval to all the Kasson treaties.

Besides the reciprocal agreements under Section 3, already mentioned, the substantial results of the work of the Reciprocity Commission are shown in the following list of eleven treaties¹ transmitted to the Senate by the President, and still pending action by that body:—

THE KASSON TREATIES.

| Country. | Concluded. |
|------------------------------------|----------------|
| FRANCE | July 24, 1890. |
| GREAT BRITAIN for | |
| Barbados | June 16, 1899. |
| British Guiana | July 18, 1899. |
| Turks and Caicos Islands | July 21, 1899. |
| Jamaica | July 22, 1899. |
| Bermuda | July 24, 1899. |

¹ A reciprocity treaty with Great Britain on

| | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------|
| ARGENTINE REPUBLIC | July 10, 1899. |
| DENMARK for St. Croix | June 5, 1900. |
| ECUADOR | July 10, 1900. |
| NICARAGUA | October 20, 1899. |
| DOMINICAN REPUBLIC | June 25, 1900. |

The first seven conventions in the foregoing list were transmitted to the Senate at the first session of the Fifty-Sixth Congress, and their contents made public; the other four were submitted at the second session of the same Congress, and, although printed confidentially, the injunction of secrecy on them has not yet been removed. Some of the treaties, including the French, have been favorably reported by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations (to which all had been referred for consideration), but the Senate has not yet taken any of them up for action. The conventional periods for their ratification having expired, additional articles extending the time have been signed, as necessity arose, so as to keep the treaties alive throughout the first session of the Fifty-Seventh Congress, except in two cases in which the requisite steps to that end have been taken.

It is true that the Senate has been unusually occupied with important legislative business since the reciprocity treaties were received, but it is well known that the strong opposition which has developed to certain features of the French, Jamaican, and Argentine treaties has been the principal cause of senatorial non-action.

THE FRENCH TREATY.

The reciprocity treaty with France is opposed because it provides for the reduction of the present average *ad valorem* duty on French cotton knit goods from 64 $\frac{2}{10}$ per cent to 51 $\frac{5}{10}$ per cent; on imitation jewelry from 60 per cent to 57 per cent; on spectacles from 79 $\frac{8}{10}$ per cent to 71 $\frac{8}{10}$ per cent; and on perfumes from 67 $\frac{7}{10}$ per cent to 61 per

behalf of Trinidad was signed on February 13, 1900, but it was never submitted to the Senate, the colonial authorities declining, upon the ex-

cent. There are a few other protesting industries, — certain manufacturers of brushes, tiles, braids, and gas and electric fixtures, — and that is the extent of the opposition. The great majority of American producers are emphatically in favor of the adoption of the treaty.

If the concessional rates above mentioned are compared with the corresponding duties of the McKinley tariff, which was enacted at a period when the industries in question were in greater need of governmental assistance, it will be seen that the French treaty in no way menaces the principle of protection. For example, the treaty would leave the duty on imitation jewelry at 57 per cent *ad valorem*, although under the McKinley law it was only 50 per cent *ad valorem*. The American negotiator confined the United States concessions in duty to 126 of the 463 numbers comprising the dutiable list of the Dingley tariff, although absolutely unrestricted in this respect by Section 4; and although authorized to concede in every instance a remission of 20 per cent of the duty, he granted the full reduction on only eight articles of French merchandise. The average of all the reductions proposed on the part of the United States is actually only 6 $\frac{8}{10}$ per cent, notwithstanding it might have been 20 per cent and still be in perfect conformity with congressional authorization. Surely this is extremely conservative action on the part of the Executive.

On the other hand, the great value of the French concessions to the United States is appreciated only by those American manufacturers who, in recent years, have attempted to gain a foothold for their surplus products in the markets of France, in competition with the products of English, German, Belgian, and Swiss rivals. The difficulty is that, with the single exception of Portugal,

piration of the brief period prescribed for its ratification, to extend the same.

every commercial nation of Europe enjoys in France the benefit of her minimum, or conventional, tariff on imports, while the products of the United States are subjected to payment of the maximum rates of her general tariff. Reduced to an ad valorem basis, the difference between the two tariffs, so far as American products are concerned, averages about 48 per cent (excluding mineral and vegetable oils, 26 per cent). Many of our manufacturers engaged in foreign trade are effectually barred from the French market by this discrimination in rates, and those who have managed to effect an entrance are contending under difficulties.

But the reciprocity treaty of 1899, in a single clause, sweeps away this formidable obstacle to the expansion of our trade in France, and, during the conventional term of five years, establishes conditions of absolute security for our commercial interests there. France agrees, in Article I. of the treaty, that *"all articles of merchandise being the product of the soil or industry of the United States of America exported to France or Algeria (whether shipped directly to a French or Algerian port or arriving by way of an intermediate port) shall be admitted into France and Algeria upon payment only of the minimum rates of duty imposed on the like articles of any other origin ;"* excepting from the provisions of this sweeping grant only nineteen specified articles, which are mostly of little commercial significance. The liberality of this concession has aroused considerable opposition to the treaty in France, on the part of the manufacturing and agrarian interests. The political organization is such, however, that the French government would probably be able to carry the treaty through the Chambers, as soon as its acceptance by the United States should be assured. But, in any case, the agitation in French industrial circles has made it clear that the United

States could not again secure such favorable terms in exchange for no more than has been given in the pending treaty.

THE JAMAICAN TREATY.

The opposition to the ratification of the reciprocity treaty with Jamaica comes from the fruit-growers of California, who complain because it makes a reduction of 20 per cent in the present duty on citrus fruits imported from that island. The duty is now one cent per pound, and hence, under the treaty, would be four fifths of a cent. In view of the facts that the season of importation of the Jamaican fruit is only partially coincident with the market season of the California product, and that already about 98 per cent of the entire crop of Jamaican oranges is sold in the United States, there would seem to be small ground for apprehension of increased competition, and no danger whatever of real injury to domestic interests.

But, considering the colonial concessions, even a cursory examination of the treaty will show that it is highly favorable to the United States. Jamaica agrees to admit free of duty no less than fifty-nine classes of United States merchandise, mostly important articles of manufacture, and also guarantees specified reduced rates on another list of agricultural products.

THE ARGENTINE TREATY.

The reciprocity treaty with the Argentine Republic is, strictly, not one of the Kasson treaties, having been negotiated and signed at Buenos Ayres by the United States Minister to Argentina. It is attacked by the wool-growers of the United States because it provides for a reduction of 20 per cent in the duties on Argentine wools. It is often asserted that the wool tariff is the key-stone of the arch of protection, and certainly the storm of abuse which the proposed concession has brought down upon

the treaty lends some color to the statement. If the treaty were to go into operation, the rate on Argentine wools of Class I. would be reduced from 11 to $8\frac{8}{10}$ cents per pound, and on those of Class III. from 4 and 7 to $3\frac{2}{10}$ and $5\frac{6}{10}$ cents per pound respectively, — and, they tell us, the arch would thereupon fall. The Argentine government made this concession a *sine qua non*; and, after all, it only emphasizes what President Arthur's commissioners to Central and South America discovered so long ago as 1885, namely, that Argentina and Chile will not even discuss the subject of reciprocity with the United States unless their wools enter generously into the bargain.

Aside, however, from this single vulnerable feature, the treaty with Argentina is admirably drawn to develop and safeguard the export trade of the United States; substantial reductions in the present Argentine duties on our lumber, cereal foods, cotton-seed oil, and certain other products being secured.

THE UNCHALLENGED TREATIES.

As respects the eight other reciprocity treaties, they are all carefully framed to stimulate, develop, and protect the foreign trade of the United States in particular markets, and if put into effect would demonstrate their merits within the short period of four and five years specified for their duration. The United States concessions on dutiable articles are confined to three or four natural products, such as sugar and fresh vegetables. In the case of the British and Danish colonies and the Dominican Republic the reduction of duty on sugar is only $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Reciprocally, we secure for the principal products of our soil and industry either entire exemption from import duty or its substantial reduction, exemption from all extra charges (often vexatious and burdensome), and guarantee of the lowest rates of duty granted to the like products of any country. These

treaties, however, have not yet been subjected to any special criticism; why, then, should the storm raised by French cotton knit goods and Jamaican oranges and Argentine wool prejudice them? On the legal principle that where character is not impugned good character must be presumed, they appear before the Senate as meritorious applicants for ratification.

GENERAL OBJECTIONS TO THE TREATIES.

An absurd charge against the pending treaties is that they were not negotiated on the *true* principle of reciprocity, which the objectors define to be the exchange on favorable terms of "dis-similar and non-competing products." In theory this may appear an ideal basis of commercial reciprocity, but among civilized and progressive nations it is impracticable. But this charge is really a criticism of the Dingley tariff, for, as has been shown, Congress had no intention of restricting negotiations for reciprocity to any such narrow basis. In view of the extensive industrial development of the United States, there are practically no non-competing foreign manufactures. This element being eliminated, the suggested basis is confined to crude products of the soil. In fact, one of the provisions of Section 4 is that natural products of foreign countries which are not also produced in the United States may be transferred in reciprocity from the dutiable to the free list. But what are they? In the early history of the country it might have been quite practicable to confine the operations of reciprocity to this basis, but Congress has been so extravagantly generous in placing such articles on the free list that, were dutiable non-competing products to constitute the extent of our available assets in negotiations, the keenest diplomacy of the United States would find its task more difficult than was the manufacture of bricks without straw to the Israelites. Adding to the

producing capacity of the United States that of its outlying possessions, — Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, — there is absolutely nothing left for the operation of that kind of reciprocity which is limited to tariff concessions on “articles which we need, but do not produce.”

Another indefinite assertion designed to throw discredit on the pending treaties, which has gained unworthy currency, is that they were negotiated under conditions which have since changed, and that better bargains might now be secured by the United States. This is not a fact. Some conditions may have partially changed, but they have invariably tended to become more difficult as a basis for successful reciprocity: so that, were the pending treaties to be rejected and negotiations begun afresh, it is extremely doubtful whether the United States could again secure equally favorable terms.

RECIPROCITY AND THE “MOST-FAVORED-NATION” CLAUSE.

Within recent years two or three distinguished Senators have contended that all reciprocity treaties are at variance with the most-favored-nation clause contained in the majority of our treaties of commerce and navigation with foreign powers. They maintain that, under a proper construction of the said stipulations, the United States would, on demand, be obliged to extend to the signatory governments, immediately and without special compensation, any and all concessions this government grants to a particular country in a treaty of reciprocity. If this view were correct, it would, indeed, be a serious menace to the policy of reciprocity. Fortunately, however, the position uniformly taken by the executive branch of the government of the United States, since the time of John Quincy Adams, is that commercial concessions granted in reciprocity by this government to another in ex-

change for an expressed equivalent cannot be lawfully claimed by a third nation *without like compensation*.

The soundness of this construction is clearly demonstrated by Hon. John A. Kasson in a recently published article.¹ Referring to the language of the most-favored-nation clause in the principal commercial treaties of the United States, he writes: —

“It is clearly evident that the object sought in all the varying forms of expression is equality of international treatment, — protection against the willful preference of the commercial interests of one nation over another. But the allowance of the same privileges and the same sacrifice of revenue duties, to a nation which makes no compensation, that had been conceded to another nation for an adequate compensation, instead of maintaining, destroys that equality of market privileges which the ‘most-favored-nation’ clause was intended to secure. It concedes for nothing to one friendly nation what the other gets only for a price. It would thus become the source of international inequality, and provoke international hostility.”

This view is supported by many precedents quoted by Mr. Kasson, and by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1887, in the case of *Bartram et al. vs. Robertson*, 122 U. S. Reps. p. 116, affirmed in *Whitney vs. Robertson*, 124 U. S. Reps. p. 190.

COMMERCIAL WAR OR RECIPROCITY?

It is the function of reciprocity not only to improve present tariff conditions in foreign countries for the benefit of our exporting interests, but to establish effectual guarantees against worse conditions. Perhaps, indeed, this is the most important phase of the whole subject. It is well known that the governments of certain great commercial

¹ The Construction of the Most-Favored-Nation Clause of Treaties, in Philadelphia Record, July 27, 1901.

powers of Europe are contemplating the revision of their customs tariffs at the earliest feasible date. In at least three instances this may be accomplished immediately upon the termination of their commercial treaties with one another at the expiration of the year 1903. Preparations for that event are already in progress, in the form of preliminary tariff studies and projected schedules.

It requires no great political sagacity to perceive that what is termed the "American commercial invasion" of Europe, added to the ultra-protectionism of the Dingley tariff, has aroused a feeling of strong resentment and a spirit of retaliation in the invaded territory. We read much about the threatened official combination of European nations against the commercial interests of the United States, on the lines of the scheme proposed in 1897 by Count Goluchowski, Premier of Austria-Hungary. Although this peril to American commerce may be somewhat exaggerated by some writers, in view of the improbability of any basis of united official action being attained by rival European powers, there is, nevertheless, ample justification for serious apprehension of separate action on their part against our interests. An official coalition would be difficult, but the real danger is that, provoked by the same transoceanic conditions and acting independently, the principal nations of

Europe may enact inimical and highly discriminating tariffs against the United States, to the incalculable injury of American commerce. Indeed, one such tariff is actually in course of official preparation by Germany, and will go into effect, it is said, January 1, 1904.

The recent retaliatory action of Russia in withdrawing from our manufactures the benefit of the minimum rates of her conventional tariff, and subjecting them to the almost prohibitory duties of her general tariff, has already resulted in a considerable loss to our producers. Similar commercial reprisals are to be feared in other quarters unless the Dingley tariff is mollified by the equity of reciprocity. The ratification of the pending reciprocity treaty with France would completely eliminate her from the theatre of commercial hostility to the United States, and would pave the way for negotiations to place American commerce on an equally favorable basis in every menacing quarter. Each one of the pending treaties, if adopted, will tie up one foreign country in the bonds of mutual interest, and effectually disarm it from taking adverse action against our commerce at any time during the conventional period. Reciprocity is, therefore, the only safeguard against a war of retaliatory tariffs, destructive to commerce and prejudicial to international comity.

John Ball Osborne.

THE REAL JUDGE LYNCH.

TRADITION sometimes plays strange pranks with dead men's reputations. It would make an interesting half hour for the eavesdropper beyond the Styx if he could hear the exchange of amenities between Duns Scotus and "Judge" Lynch: the one a shrewd, clear reasoner, whose name now signifies a fool; the other a

simple Quaker gentleman, whose name has come to stand for organized savagery. Charles Lynch was a man whose services to his country as a brave pioneer and righteous judge, as a soldier and a statesman, are by no means deserving of oblivion, still less of obloquy. It seems, indeed, one of the iniquities of

fate that his name should now be universally applied to proceedings that no one would condemn more heartily than he. The records of the court of Bedford County, in Virginia, and those of various Quaker meetings, the journals of the Virginia House of Burgesses and of the first Constitutional Convention, taken together with family documents and traditions, show him to have been an upright and useful member of society, and a wise and energetic leader at the most important crisis of American history.

Charles Lynch was born in 1736, at Chestnut Hill, his father's estate near the ferry across the James, where his older brother afterwards founded the city of Lynchburg. About his ancestry not a great deal is known. There is a tradition that somewhere in the misty past one of his forefathers was mayor of a certain Irish city, where he meted out justice with a hand so stern and swift as to earn the sobriquet of "Hanging Pat." His grandfather perhaps inherited, along with large estates in Galway, the same judicial temper, and, not being in a position to exercise it on municipal malefactors, he kept it from rusting by frequent displays in his family life. The father of the future "judge," much as he may have respected such a temper as an heirloom and token of former distinction, does not seem to have relished its manifestations toward himself, for he fled from home when still a mere lad, and about 1725 made his way as an indentured servant, or "redemptioner," to Virginia. On his arrival in the colony, the captain of the ship that brought him over sold him to a well-to-do planter in Caroline County, named Clark. By his Celtic wit, his industry and pleasant address, the young Irishman soon won the good will not only of his master, but also of his master's daughter, Sarah, whom he married as soon as he was free from his indentures. Then the assistance of an influential father-in-law being added

to that of the good fortune that had hitherto backed his efforts, he became a tobacco planter on a large scale. The records of the Colonial Land Office show that, besides some seven thousand acres of land in the counties of Goochland and Brunswick, he took up large tracts in the fertile valleys of the Rivanna, the Staunton, and the upper James. His career, however, was a short one, for Sarah Lynch was already a widow when she joined the sect of the Quakers at the Cedar Creek meeting on April 16, 1750.

It is in the records of this congregation of Quakers that we find the first mention of the "judge:" "14 of Dec., 1754. Charles Lynch and Anne Terrill published for the first Time their Intentions of Marriage." "11 Jan., 1755. Above Parties are reported clear" by the committee appointed, as was then usual with the Quakers, to look into their previous conduct and reputation. The next day they were married, and soon afterwards set out for the west.

In the division of the Irish immigrant's property, Chestnut Hill, the home he had founded on the James, fell to his eldest son, John. Charles, therefore, was under the necessity of taking his young wife to the family lands that lay nearer the frontier. It was an unpropitious time for beginning life in the wilderness. Settlers were few and far between in that part of the colony. Wild beasts and wilder red men still struggled for the supremacy under the shadow of the Blue Ridge, and, according to the journal of Dr. Thomas Walker, even the buffalo, so quick to disappear before the approach of man, wandered at large over the slopes leading down to the rivers. Moreover, a state of war against the French and Indians was already existing; and as Charles, then only nineteen years old, journeyed with his wife toward the "Green Level" on the banks of the Staunton, Braddock, farther north, was advancing to his defeat at Fort Duquesne. It required a

stout heart and a strong arm to establish civilization in such a country at such a time, but young Lynch was equal to the occasion.

Already in the previous year it had been attempted to meet the necessity of a proper government for the scattered settlers by the organization of Bedford County. The twelve "Gents" of the county, to whom the Commission of the Peace and Dedimus Potestatem had been directed, met in May at the "ordinary" of Mathew Talbot, one of their number, to begin their new duties. But only seven of them were ready to take the usual oaths to his Majesty's person and government, and to "subscribe the Test" which was then required of all holders of public office. The other five, not being members of the Church of England, refused the Test, and therefore were not eligible to act as justices. As there were, however, in the whole county only two other "Gents" available for the office, these five were once more recommended to Governor Dinwiddie as proper persons to be added to the Commission, and in due time they were sworn in. The executive positions were even more difficult to fill than those of the justices. To serve a summons in those wild regions, to arrest and guard prisoners, and to discharge the other orders of the court were duties that no one was fain to assume. The man that had been appointed sheriff by the governor "hath made Oath that he can't get Securitie for his Office, and no one that is already named in the Commission will accept of the Office." So the governor was requested to make an appointment from among those already recommended as proper persons to be added to the Commission, and at the next meeting of the court one of them, Joseph Ray, was prevailed on to give the required security and permit himself to be sworn in. It was then "Ordered, that the Sheriff of this County impress a sufficient Number of Persons to guard such Persons as from

Time to Time shall be arrested and taken into Custody in the County." His duties began immediately, for the next entry is, "Ordered, that the Sheriff summon those Persons that have this Daye behaved in a ryotous Manner in the Court to appear to Morrow to answer the Same." The men engaged in the "Ryot" were next day excused, but their detention had served to show that the equipment for the proper discharge of justice was not yet complete. Therefore, "Mathew Talbot's Store House is appointed for a Prison for the County;" whereupon the sheriff "Protests against the Insufficiency of the said House for all Escaips that may be made by Reason thereof;" but his protest resulted only in an order "to summon a Guard to guard such Persons as may be committed to said Prison." The organization was now complete; and lest justice should miscarry before this august tribunal, the sheriff was ordered "to wait on a Printer for 14 compleat Bodys of the Law for the use of the Justices." It was then "Ordered, that the Rates of Liquor for this County for the Ensueing Year be established as followeth

| | | | |
|---------------------|----------|----------------|------------|
| Rum by the Gallon | 10s | if good | Barbardoes |
| Punch by the Quart | 1s 3d | when made with | leaf Sugar |
| New England Rum | per Gal. | 4s | |
| Whiskie | " " | 5s | |
| Bristol Strong Beer | " Bottle | 1s 6d | |
| Peach Brandie | " Gal. | 6s | |
| Madeira Wine | " " | 10s | |
| Virginia Cyder | " " | 2s, &c | |

After this important measure the court adjourned.

Such were the conditions for maintaining law and executing justice in the county where Lynch attained to manhood. A sparsely settled frontier region, the beginning of a long and mortal struggle with the French and the savages, the mere form of a court of justice meeting in a place of public entertainment, interrupted by "ryotous behaviour," and presided over by men whose ignorance of "compleat Bodys of the Law"

was equaled only by the impotence of the sheriff to prevent "Escaips" of malefactors. Truly, at such a time every log house must be a castle, every man must be his own protector, and justice had no other local habitation than the hearts of the hard-fisted settlers in buckskin breeches who were planting in the wilderness the seeds of civilization.

"*Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem!*" So far in the history of mankind it is only the Anglo-Saxons that have proved able to overcome such obstacles in the course of one generation. Beyond a doubt, one of the main causes of their success has been the practical nature of the religion, not unaccompanied by genuine piety, which they maintained during the period of their "expansion." If, then, some degree of justice and order prevailed in the early days of Bedford County, it was the character of the settlers, and not the county court, that preserved it. It was in forming this character and training those qualities that make for peace that Charles Lynch rendered his first service to his country.

As soon as he had finished his new house at Green Level, Lynch assisted in organizing a Quaker meeting in the county, and contributed money and men to construct for it a building which was the first house of public worship in that part of Virginia. When the meeting was broken up by the Indians during the war, he invited the worshippers, for greater security, to come to his house, where he and his armed negroes would be prepared to ward off hostile attacks. For a number of years he served as clerk of the meeting, as trustee of the new meeting house, and as representative to the Quarterly Assembly in one of the eastern counties. It would be difficult to overestimate the influence of these Quaker pioneers in establishing better relations with the Indians, and fostering a spirit of peace and justice amongst their neighbors. As a leading Quaker, Lynch found his services in

great demand to arbitrate disputes over land, cattle, and other things. There is even a tradition to the effect that he was once called upon to settle a quarrel between the owners of two captive bears, who had bet on a fight between the animals, and disagreed about the result. On that occasion his decision was so unsatisfactory that the disputants turned their wrath from each other upon the umpire. In the struggle that ensued Celtic blood proved too much for Quaker principles, and the brawny man of peace forced the quarrelers to swallow his decision. It was seldom, however, that his judgments met with such ill success, and as the years passed he grew in reputation as a man of integrity, energy, and sober good sense.

When peace was made with the French and Indians in 1763, and the number of settlers began rapidly to increase, Lynch's position as a leading man in the county was already established. Sagacity in the management of his large estate had brought him what his neighbors considered great wealth, chiefly in the form of tobacco, cattle, and slaves. This large "stake in the country," his unflagging zeal in promoting good government, his familiarity with the interests of the east, where he was a frequent visitor among his mother's kinsfolk, and his high personal qualities pointed him out as the logical representative of his county in the colonial Assembly. Already in 1764 it is said that he was asked to become a candidate; but he refused, on the ground that holding public office was inconsistent with his Quaker principles. But the excitement attending the discussion of the Stamp Act, and the increasing gravity of the disagreement between the counties of the east and those of the west, caused him to see his duty in another light; and in 1767, at the age of thirty-one, he was elected to the House of Burgesses, and held his seat till the colony became an independent state.

In thus entering public life he severed his official connection with the Quaker congregation that he had helped to bring into existence. It became necessary for him, as a burgess, to take the usual oath, which was the same as that administered to members of the House of Commons; and in consequence, at the meeting of December, 1767, "Charles Lynch is disowned for taking Solemn Oaths." It is interesting to know, however, that his relations with his former brethren in the faith always remained friendly, and that his children were reared in the tenets of the sect.

During the period from the Stamp Act to the Revolution, it was not only the relations to the mother country that came before the Virginia Assembly for grave consideration; there was also a matter of home policy pressing for settlement, and the history of America was to be strongly influenced by the position that members of the House should take upon it.

In the eastern counties of the colony, although there was a slight infusion of Scotch and Huguenot blood, by far the greater number of inhabitants were of English descent. These men had developed the plantation system, and their prosperity depended upon maintaining close commercial relations with the Old World, where they sold their tobacco and purchased their manufactured supplies. Under this system of agriculture and commerce they had grown rich, and by reason of their wealth they were called on to pay nearly all the taxes that the burgesses imposed. In the western counties, on the other hand, the majority of the settlers were German and Scotch-Irish that had made their way down from the north; and amongst them, because of the difficulty of getting agricultural produce to market, the plantation system had not yet grown up. They lived chiefly by cattle-raising, cultivated only enough land to provide their families, and seldom owned slaves or

had any other kind of property that was taxed. Between the two sections there were several minor causes of disagreement. The Lutherans and Presbyterians of the west felt oppressed by the Established Church, the main strength of which lay in the east. The cultured and lordly burgesses from the lowlands distrusted the democratic principles of the men in homespun and buckskin that rode down to the Assembly from the mountains. But the main cause of sectional divergence lay in the contrary notions the members held about the most expedient way of raising and spending the colonial revenue. If the western regions were to increase in prosperity, it could only be through developing better means of transporting their produce to the east. But roads and bridges and canals required money to build, and this the western settlers did not have. There was, therefore, a constant struggle in the Assembly between the western members, who were trying to impose heavier taxes on slaves and real estate, and the eastern members, who thought they were being robbed to construct improvements from which they would derive no benefit. It was an early stage of the strife over internal improvements that afterwards arose in the Federal Congress, to be waged bitterly there for more than a generation.

In Virginia, the differences of race and of economic condition during the colonial period brought it about that the two sections developed along entirely different lines. The struggle between them became a struggle for power; and it was western influence in the convention of 1828 that extended the suffrage and changed the representation of the counties. In the secession convention of the next generation it was realized that the divergence had gone too far to be bridged, and the economic and social forces making for disunion were at last strong enough to rend the old commonwealth asunder.

In the colonial period of this struggle Lynch's vote and influence were always cast in favor of the west. Although he was himself a tobacco planter and a slaveowner, he lived far enough beyond the head of navigation to appreciate the disadvantages of the western farmer's situation. He knew also the possibilities of the country just across the mountains, and was convinced that the benefit of opening means of transportation would accrue, not to any one section, but to the whole colony. As a Quaker, furthermore, he was opposed to the Established Church, and as a sturdy pioneer to the aristocratic organization of eastern society. His influence in the Assembly seems to have been based on the same qualities that had won him distinction in his own county. To shine as an orator before an audience that was accustomed to Patrick Henry, Cary, Page, Pendleton, and Randolph, Lynch was prepared neither by education nor by temperament. There could be no stronger contrast than that between the heated debates of the House of Burgesses and the dignified monotony of the Quaker meetings where he had been wont to give "admonitions" against unchristian dealings. Yet he was not without a following. Though he was of quiet manner and not given to much speaking, there was something impressive in the evident sincerity and determination of the tall backwoodsman; and the consistency of his politics, the conservatism of his principles, the clearness with which he saw and expressed what he believed to be right, enabled him, in time, to command as many votes by a quiet expression of opinion as some of his more brilliant colleagues could do by polished eloquence.

Now it is not to be supposed that in a sectional struggle such as was then in progress the officials sent over by England would assume an attitude of indifference. It might be naturally expected that an impartial governor, representing the interests of the mother country, and

therefore desiring the growth and prosperity of the colony as a whole, would be inclined to promote the development of the west and to conciliate the settlers there, even though some heavier burden must be laid upon the east to accomplish it. But such was not the case. An inherent Anglo-Saxon respect for the rights of property, and a constant intercourse with the men of the lowlands among whom he lived, enlisted the governor's sympathies in behalf of the east, so that the whole weight of English influence was thrown against the cause that Lynch and his party supported. The consequence was a gradual weakening of western loyalty. Even before Lynch's appearance in the House, Patrick Henry's resolutions against the Stamp Act had been passed by the western vote; and at a later date it was the same vote that severed the political connection with England, and saved Virginia for the cause of independence.

In addition to internal improvements, there came up for discussion, during Lynch's career as a burgess, two measures of importance which excited sectional hostility. In 1769 there was passed an act regulating the suffrage, and determining the qualifications and powers of members of the Assembly. The conservative east stood for a freehold qualification for voters. In the west such a qualification was not satisfactory. The explanation of this is that the land in the latter region had been largely settled by squatters; and though many of these, in the course of years, had become men of substance and position, they could show no legal title to the land they held, and hence would be excluded from voting. In the discussion of this question Lynch and several other western representatives stood with the east, on the ground that the suffrage could not be extended so as to admit the desirable non-freeholders without at the same time admitting a large class of men to whom the right of voting could not be safely

intrusted. The result of this defection was an overwhelming victory for the cause of the east, the fruits of which that section long enjoyed. The main principles of the act as it was finally passed were preserved by the Constitutional Convention of 1776, and remained in force till overthrown by the increasing power of the west in 1828.

The other measure on which sectional lines were sharply drawn was the issue of paper money, and in his advocacy of this Lynch did not display his usual sagacity. By reason of her economic condition, Virginia was among the last of the colonies to have recourse to a debased currency. Under the plantation system there was little demand for money for internal trade, and in foreign trade her great staple, tobacco, was an acceptable return for the manufactured supplies of all kinds that were imported. When the west was settled, however, the same circumstances prevailed there that had already forced fiat money upon the colonies farther north. There was no plantation system there, little tobacco was grown, and some kind of currency was needed, not only for the every-day transactions of life, but especially for the construction of those internal improvements upon which the development of that region depended. In seeking a means to meet this necessity, it is not surprising that Lynch showed no greater wisdom than Franklin and others of his contemporaries whose eminence as statesmen is beyond cavil. In sinning against economic law he was in good company. His sins, however, were visited not so much upon his children as upon himself. Virginia entered the struggle for independence with a currency so defective that it prevented her from profiting by her great natural resources, prolonged the war, and added vastly to the sufferings of all classes. Lynch's private losses were great, and he lived bitterly to repent the support he gave to the cheap money policy.

The time was at hand, however, when these matters of money, of suffrage, of representation, and even of internal improvements were to be banished from men's minds by the greater matter of our relations to England. It is not necessary to trace here the course of events that led to the dissolution of the House of Burgesses and the flight of Governor Dunmore. Lynch, as a member of the Assembly, became a member of the Convention that met in 1776 to determine the course Virginia should take in regard to the troubles that had now reached a head. It does not seem that in the early days of these troubles his constituents had shown any special interest in the agitation that was going on; for in 1775, when all the eastern part of the colony was ablaze with excitement over the discussion of English oppression and the prospect of war, a court had been held in Bedford to present any grievances the people had to complain of. We hear no mention of Stamp Act or Boston Port Bill or unjust taxation, but the court sends in a petition setting forth the "Inconveniences of Treats and Entertainments at and before the Election of Representatives." These "Inconveniences," it may be remarked, were not confined to the representatives from Bedford and their competitors for office; they formed one of the grave political abuses of the age, and the immaculate Washington himself, when a candidate for the Assembly, found it necessary to spend large sums in "Treats and Entertainments." Lynch, however, by reason of his nine years' experience as a burgess, appreciated better than his constituents the gravity of the crisis that had now arrived, and the position he took on the points at issue was of epoch-making importance.

In view of the consistency and zeal that Virginia afterwards displayed in the cause of independence, the opinion has come to prevail that from the beginning of the troubles the sentiment in the colony

was almost unanimously hostile to England. Such, however, was far from being the case. The class of men that controlled the eastern counties still retained the Cavalier principles that had led their forefathers, in earlier days, to offer a refuge to Charles II. when a fugitive before the victorious army of the Parliament. This Cavalier class, "not inconsiderable in numbers and more potent in influence, partook of the character that marked the English original, imitated English manners in its modes of life, practiced English sports, cherished English prejudices, and were proud of the glory of their English forefathers." These men, moreover, in the event of war, would be the chief sufferers; for not only did they sell in England the produce of their plantations, and procure there all the luxuries and many of the necessities consumed in their families, but the location of their estates near the seaboard and along the great waterways rendered them peculiarly exposed to the ravages of an invading force. There was, therefore, in the Convention a party, strong both in numbers and in influence, that favored using the greatest moderation in all measures directed against the mother country.

And yet it is a part of the knowledge of every American schoolboy that the Declaration of Independence was the result of instructions sent by the Convention of 1776 to the Virginia delegates in the Continental Congress. It is a whimsical and fantastic truth that "Judge" Lynch was prominent among the men who caused these instructions to be sent, and thus determined the severance of this country from England. When the Virginia Convention of 1776 met, no man could tell what the decision of the members would be. The population of the eastern counties were known to be for moderation, and their representatives reflected their views. The masses of the people in the west were indifferent so far as England was concerned, for they

were ignorant not only of the merits of the case, but for the most part even of the points at issue between the two countries. So far as a spirit of antagonism to England existed in that region, it had grown out of the support that the English government had given to the Cavalier party in the sectional rivalry described above. It was the burgesses from the west that best appreciated what the nature of this support had been, and these men realized better than their constituents how great an advantage would accrue to their party from the removal of English influence altogether. This explains the statement of the English historian, Lecky, that the "popular or democratic party in this colony showed more zeal in breaking down precedence than in combating the English." It was, then, in large measure for the purpose of securing control of colonial affairs that the western members, under the influence of Charles Lynch, gave a solid vote for ending the connection with England. It is true that in the journal of the Convention the vote for the resolution instructing the delegates in the Continental Congress is said to have been unanimous; but it is known from a letter of George Mason to R. H. Lee, and from other sources, that there was a strong minority against it. This does not mean that the men of the lowlands were unwilling to resist English oppression, — to resist it, if necessary, by force of arms; but they were opposed to breaking the political connection with the mother country, and they hoped that England could be brought to yield to the American demands without taking this step. There were some among them, however, who allied themselves on all points with the men of the west. The very man, indeed, who offered the resolution was no other than the aristocratic Nelson of York, who was afterwards himself a delegate to Congress, and a signer of the Declaration which he had advocated. So soon as it became obvi-

ous that Lynch and his westerners, with these allies from the east, would have a majority in the Convention, the Cavalier party, appreciating the necessity of presenting a united front to the enemy, ceased their opposition, permitted the vote to appear as unanimous, and — to their credit be it said — stood loyally by the decision of the Convention, and offered as much in money, in blood, and in brains to the cause of liberty as any other section of the Union.

Having thus determined on the Declaration of Independence, the Convention proceeded to draw up a constitution for the new commonwealth. It was the first written constitution that a state had ever given itself, and the difficulty of the task can hardly be realized at the present day. In this work, also, the influence of Lynch and his western followers was strongly felt, and their votes succeeded in impressing on the new constitution the decidedly democratic character it presented when compared with the government of the colony under a crown charter. In the Convention, as in the House of Burgesses, Lynch did little speaking; he left that to Henry, Madison, and other allies from the east. But he knew what he wanted, and he carried his western colleagues as a solid mass for or against a measure according as he approved or disliked it.

When the work of the Convention was over, Lynch returned to his duties in Bedford. He had been made a justice of the peace under a commission from Dunmore in 1774, and when the county court was reorganized according to the ordinance of the Convention, passed on the 3d of July, 1776, he retained the position. Several of his former associates on the bench, however, were of Tory sentiments, and refused to serve under a republican government. He did not enlist in the army, partly because of his Quaker principles, but chiefly because his presence was imperatively necessary at home. He had to

rouse the spirit of his constituents to support the action he had advocated in the Convention. He had to raise and equip troops for the army. He had, as it were, to mobilize the forces of his county, and to attend to all the duties of a commissary department. In addition, he had to make some provision in the event of an attack from hostile Indians. His county, lying as it did near the frontier, was not less exposed to such an inroad than "fair Wyoming," whose woes, some years later, afforded a theme to a British poet. It was in such work as this, together with that devolving upon him as a member of the legislature of the young state, that he passed the first years of the war. He let it be known, however, that neither Quaker principles nor other duties would prevent his going to the front, if his services became more necessary there than at home. Accordingly, we find, in 1778, that the court of Bedford "doth recommend to his Excellency, the Governor, Charles Lynch as a suitable Person to exercise the Office of Colonel of Militia in this County." He accepted the commission, and immediately went to work to organize what able-bodied men still remained in the county into a regiment of cavalry.

For two years after Lynch received his commission as a militia colonel the war was waged outside of Virginia, and he and his regiment were not called to the field. But in 1780 the British determined to shift the war to the South, and the scene changed. Lord Cornwallis was dispatched to roll up the American line from Georgia to the river Dan, and then to coöperate with General Philips and Benedict Arnold, who were sent to Norfolk, in subjugating Virginia. The course of the campaign that followed need not be traced here: it forms an interesting passage in every standard textbook of American history. At first Cornwallis's success on his march to the north was such as might have been expected from his eminent ability, whilst

the devastations of Phillips and Arnold in Virginia spread terror and dismay throughout the colony. The prospects of the Southern patriots were dark.

It was under these circumstances that Colonel Lynch found it necessary to take those steps that have given his name a world-wide notoriety.

From the beginning of the movement for independence there had been Tories in Bedford. Numerous records of the county courts, taken together with other sources of information, show that here, as in many other western counties, there was a strong and influential party opposed to the struggle for independence. For the most part they were quiet, thrifty men, far different from the ruffians and desperadoes that prejudice has since represented them to be. So long as the British forces were at a distance, the same means commonly applied in other parts of the country had sufficed to prevent them from giving trouble; they were placed under heavy bonds, were confined to the forks of rivers, or were kept under close supervision by the justices and militia officers. But as Cornwallis approached from the south, these Bedford Tories believed the time had come when they might do something for the cause they had at heart. They therefore entered into a conspiracy to upset the county organization, and to seize for the use of Cornwallis on his arrival the stores that Lynch had collected for Greene's army in North Carolina. Tradition says that Colonel Lynch was made aware of the conspirators' plans by one of their own number. He had them all arrested, and found among them some of the leading men of the county; two of them, indeed, Robert Cowan and Thomas Watts, had formerly been his fellow justices on the bench of the county court. It was a very serious situation. Lynch himself was on the point of setting out with his regiment for the east, to oppose the British under Benedict Arnold. To leave these

domestic foes at large was to invite disaster; to be hampered with them as prisoners on the rapid march he was forced to make was out of the question. What was to be done with them?

Rough as were the lives of these western pioneers, and bloody as were their frequent encounters with the Indians, they were no ruthless destroyers of human life. In moulding the character of the people, in teaching respect for life and property, in enlarging the sphere of the Quakers' gentle influence, no man had been more active than Colonel Lynch. The records of the county court bear strong testimony to the peaceful and orderly conduct of the inhabitants, to the humanity and Christian principles that governed their conduct. Too little attention has been paid by historians to such records, in studying the civilization borne by the Anglo-Saxons in their western expansion. Most of the business transacted by the Bedford court was of a civil nature; criminal cases were few. "John Williams in order to take up fifty Acres of Land made Oath that he was imported from London into this Colony about eight Years ago and that this is the first Time of proving the Same." "Ordered that George Thomas be fined twenty-five Shillings for prophaine Swearing and Costs." "Ordered that the Church Wardens of Russel Parish bind out the Children of Joseph Richardson, deceased, according to Law." "George White's Ear Mark [to distinguish his cattle, grazing in the forest along with those of his neighbors] a Swallow Fork in the left Ear and a Half Moon under it and a Slit in the right Ear. Ordered to be recorded." "The Grand Jury returned, and presented James Robinson for prophaine Swearing, and not having any other Presentments to make were discharged." Such are typical selections from the Bedford records.

The infliction of capital punishment was extremely rare. There were only

three instances of it, and these for most heinous offenses, between the organization of the county and the Revolution. The first case was on May 24, 1756, when the court assembled "to hear and determine all Treasons, Petit Treasons, Murders, and other Offences committed or done by Hampton and Sambo belonging to John Payne of Goochland, Gent."

"The said Hampton and Sambo were set to the Bar under Custody of Charles Talbot [then sheriff] to whose Custody they were before committed on Suspicion of their being Guilty of the felonious Preparing and Administering Poysonous Medicines to Ann Payne, and being Arraigned of the Premises pleaded Not Guilty and for their Trial put themselves upon the Court. Whereupon divers Witnesses were charged and they heard in their Defence. On Consideration thereof it is the Opinion of the Court that the said Hampton is guilty in the Manner and Form as in the Indictment. Therefore it is considered that the said Hampton be hanged by the Neck till he be dead, and that he be afterwards cut in Quarters, and his Quarters hung up at the Cross Roads. And it is the Opinion of the Court that the said Sambo is guilty of a Misdemeanor. Therefore it is considered that the said Sambo be burnt in the Hand, and that he also receive thirty-one Lashes on his bare Back at the Whipping Post. Memo: That the said Hampton is adjudged at forty-five Pound which is ordered to be certified to the Assembly [that his owner may be remunerated according to law]." That it was a convincing proof of his guilt, and not race prejudice, that led the court to impose this savage punishment is evident from the fact that in the same year a negro was tried for murder, another for poisoning, and a third for arson, and all were cleared.

It appears, then, that both custom and sentiment were violently opposed to visiting capital punishment upon the detected Tory conspirators. But fines and

warnings would evidently be inadequate, for they had already been imposed to little purpose for numerous minor offenses in aiding the enemy, and this was a much more serious case. After careful deliberation, Colonel Lynch, as the presiding justice, sentenced them to terms of imprisonment varying from one to five years. Robert Cowan, who seems to have been the ringleader, was sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a fine of £20,000. The fine was not so heavy as it seems, for in that year the prices fixed by the court were: rum and brandy per gallon £40, corn and oats per gallon £2 8s., dinner at an "ordinary" £4 10s., etc.

Such was the result of the trial that has made the name of Lynch a byword and a hissing in the tongues of the nations!

In passing these sentences, comparatively mild though they were, the county court was transcending its powers; the General Court alone had jurisdiction in cases of treason. After the war, therefore, the Tories that had suffered at his hands threatened to prosecute Colonel Lynch and his friends, and the affair attracted wide attention. To avoid the trouble of a lawsuit, Lynch had the matter brought up before the legislature, of which he was still a member; and after a long and thorough debate, that aroused the interest of the whole country, the following act was passed:—

"Whereas divers evil-disposed persons in the year 1780 formed a conspiracy and did actually attempt to levy war against the commonwealth, and it is represented to the present General Assembly . . . that Charles Lynch and other faithful citizens, aided by detachments of volunteers from different parts of the state, did by timely and effectual measures suppress such conspiracy, and whereas the measures taken for that purpose may not be strictly warranted by law although justifiable from the imminence of the danger, Be it therefore enacted that the said Charles Lynch and

all other persons whatsoever concerned in suppressing the said conspiracy, or in advising, issuing, or exacting any orders or measures taken for that purpose, stand indemnified and exonerated of and from all pains, penalties, prosecutions, actions, suits, and damages on account thereof,

“And that if any indictment, prosecution, action or suit shall be laid or brought against them or any of them for any act or thing done therein, the defendant or defendants may plead in bar and give this act in evidence.”

The proceedings in Bedford which the legislature thus pronounced to be illegal, but justifiable, were imitated in other parts of the state, and came to be known by the name of Lynch's Law. In justice to Colonel Lynch, it should be remembered that his action was taken at a time when the state was in the throes of a hostile invasion. The General Court, before which the conspirators should have been tried, was temporarily dispersed. Thomas Jefferson, then the governor of the state, was proving himself peculiarly incompetent to fill the position. The whole executive department was in a state of partial paralysis. It was, therefore, no spirit of insubordination or disregard of the law that induced Lynch to act as he did. There were few men living more inclined than this simple Quaker farmer to render due respect in word and deed to the established authorities.

But the seed that had been sown sprung up and bore evil fruit. When a legislative body has expressly admitted that circumstances may arise under which breaches of its laws are justifiable, it has enunciated a dangerous principle. It struck deep root in the minds of Lynch's fellows on the western frontier, and they transmitted it to their descendants, who carried it constantly with them as they rolled that frontier back to the westward and southward. It is the principle on which it is attempted to justify the practice of lynching to the present day : men

believe that circumstances may arise under which measures, though not strictly warranted by law, are justifiable from the nature of the offense ; and those circumstances, now as in the days of Colonel Lynch, consist in the weakness of the executive. In districts that are thinly settled and comparatively poor it is impossible to keep up a sufficient police to enforce the laws. Men are obliged to protect themselves against dangers that they believe are threatening, because there is no one else to whom they can look for protection. The gravest social danger arising from such a condition is this : that when the members of a community have once become accustomed to self-help against misdoers, they are slow to lay aside the practice. The feeling comes to prevail that, after all, no injustice is done in lynching a criminal ; that such summary punishment, in fact, is more effective, is a stronger deterrent, than that meted out by the slow process of law.

When he had suppressed the Tory conspiracy, Colonel Lynch set out with his regiment for the east. With his Rough Riders of the west, he aided in checking the invasion under Benedict Arnold and in driving him back to the sea. Then, accompanied by his eldest son, a lad of sixteen, he led his men to join Greene in North Carolina, and was in time to take part in the battle of Guilford Court House. His services on the field of battle with his farmer cavalry have been worthily described by General R. E. Lee, in his history of his father's regiment ; they were such as to call forth special commendation from General Greene, who kept Lynch with him until the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

After that event Colonel Lynch resumed his duties as justice of the peace and member of the Assembly. Time and again, as before the war, we find him mentioned in the court records as active for the welfare of the community. We find him acting as umpire to settle

the little disputes of his neighbors; as executor of the estates of his friends, as one by one they passed away; as guardian of the orphan; as overseer of the poor; in nearly every field where a man of honor and firmness was needed. He lived to see his country free and peace declared with England, to renew his friendship with those of his Tory neighbors that had felt his severity in time of war, to see the

government of the United States reorganized, and to vote for the new Constitution in 1788. In 1796 he died, at the age of sixty, and was buried at his home on the banks of the Staunton, in a country which he had found a primeval wilderness, where the savage and the beast of prey shared the supremacy, and which he left a prosperous, peaceful, and law-abiding community.

Thomas Walker Page.

WILL ITALY RENEW THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE?

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the Triple Alliance is a secret convention, the text of which is known only to the chiefs of the official world in Rome, Vienna, and Berlin, the key to its various clauses is possessed to-day by most European governments. Moreover, during the eighteen years of its existence, statesmen and politicians have more or less successfully discounted its connection with international politics and the balance of power both in continental Europe and the Mediterranean basin. Nevertheless, it has never ceased to exert a potential restraint over European political ambitions and international combinations.

The object of this study is, as its title implies, the examination, from the Italian point of view, of the past achievements and possible eventual benefits of this much-discussed convention.

Within a year Italy will be called upon to decide between the renewal of the treaty and its denunciation twelve months later (1903). Will her statesmen, in view of altered political and commercial conditions at home and abroad, again subscribe to the convention? And should Italy decide on the severance of the ties now binding her to the two great Teutonic powers, would such action necessarily be detrimental to her political, commercial, and financial interests?

Signor Zanardelli, the present Premier, recently stated that the weights which are to decide Italy's course are not yet in the scales. These words would seem to imply that the considerations which evoked the pact of 1882, and prompted its renewal in 1892, either no longer exist, or are likely to be so altered in the immediate future as to necessitate a recasting of fundamental principles or the abandonment of the Agreement. In truth, the interests of at least one of the parties concerned have undergone radical alteration. The psychology of Italian home politics, as well as existing foreign relations, reveals in a measure the pressure which will be brought to bear upon King Victor Emmanuel's ministers next year. Yet without attempting a forecast of the probable action of Italian statesmen a twelvemonth hence, we shall be able to obtain a tolerably clear perception of the motive forces if we glance rapidly at the peculiar circumstances which called the treaty into being, on May 20, 1882, and led to its subsequent renewal.

No ties of race, no considerable commercial interests, bound Italy to the Teutonic peoples. One of the contracting parties had been Italy's hereditary foe, the bitterest opponent of her national unity, and, moreover, still held in bondage

districts geographically and ethnologically claimed as intrinsic portions of the Latin kingdom. With Germany (more especially Prussia) there had long existed, it is true, a vague traditional friendship, which, however, at that moment (1881-82) was seriously strained by Bismarck's equivocal diplomacy in connection with the ambitions of the Vatican, — a policy which even after the conclusion of the treaty continued to give umbrage to Italians.

The action of France in Tunis, resulting in the signature of the Bardo treaty on May 12, 1881, came to Italy as a bolt from the blue. Panic seized upon Italian politicians as the realization of the political isolation of their country was thus rudely impressed upon them. It is now known that Bismarck encouraged France in the execution of her Tunisian policy, hoping to divert inconvenient ambitions for the reconquest of Alsace and Lorraine, and at the same time effectually detach Italy from any latent sympathetic leaning toward her ally of 1859. Napoleon III. had lost no opportunity of meddling in Italian affairs, and although the services rendered were undeniable, the subsequent action of the Emperor in maintaining his troops in Rome, in spite of repeated promises of speedy evacuation, had gone far to efface all sense of gratitude or obligation. On the other hand, that Italy should avail herself of her neighbor's bitter humiliations in 1870 had wounded alike the national and religious susceptibilities of Frenchmen. During the ten years following the transfer of the capital from Florence to the Eternal City, France had seized upon every occasion to intimate very clearly that the temporal independence of the papacy was still an unsolved problem, and, moreover, one which might at any moment require readjustment at the hands of Catholic Europe.

Harassed by the consciousness of general insecurity, Italians saw in the French occupation of Tunis not only the usurpa-

tion of what had been tacitly considered their legitimate sphere of influence in Africa, but a military menace to the neighboring shores of Sicily and Sardinia. Strategically France had scored a distinct advantage, and economically the loss to Italy might be computed not inconsiderable. From the point of view of diplomacy, also, Italy had been worsted, her international prestige impaired, and her statesmen and diplomatists made fools of. Yet, sore and disgruntled as Italians might feel over the moral humiliation they had been subjected to, there existed a general reluctance toward any step which must inevitably jeopardize the tangible advantages gleaned from the existing commercial relations with France. Public — or, more correctly speaking, official — opinion was greatly inflamed; the feeling of exasperation being intensified by the knowledge that Italy was practically helpless to avenge the encroachment on alleged time-honored privileges, or avert the destruction of — perhaps vague, yet possible — colonial ambitions at her very gates.

While fully realizing Italy's inability to maintain, without alliances, her prestige in the family of Great Powers she had so recently been admitted to, her statesmen, notwithstanding the gravity of the present crisis, still hesitated to sacrifice the traditional though vague and unsubstantial bonds uniting the Latin cousins. Nor was Prince Bismarck's attitude calculated to lessen their anxiety. With consummate diplomatic skill the German Chancellor played a double game, and when approached contrived to give subsequent negotiations the appearance of having been spontaneously initiated by Italy.

According to the obligations laid upon the contracting parties, not only the terms of the treaty were to remain secret, but the very existence of the convention was to be concealed. It is difficult to appreciate, under these circumstances, the principle which prompted both Bismarck

and Mancini, the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, officially to hint at the existence of an understanding within a few weeks of the exchange of ratifications. Nevertheless, in spite of current rumors, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Challemeil-Lacour, replying in the Chamber to an interpellation of the Duc de Broglie, admitted, as late as May 1, 1883, that he knew of nothing more definite than a *rapprochement* between the Italian Cabinet and those of Vienna and Berlin. And he further stated that he used the term *rapprochement* advisedly, because it was more "vague," and excluded the idea of a convention, or treaty, of formal alliance implying territorial guarantees.

Yet, while appreciating the dangers of isolation, and admitting the efficacy of the Alliance as a potent factor in the preservation of the political *statu quo*, there were not lacking in Italy thinking men who still doubted the wisdom of the step, and mistrusted its effect on the jealously guarded democratic institutions of the kingdom. They argued that the alliance with the great military empires beyond the Alps must inevitably exert an influence on internal politics, and expressed doubts lest such influence prove of an ultra-conservative or reactionary character. In their opinion, France was not only the representative of the great liberal principles of 1889, but was also, economically, Italy's natural ally. They held that France could still, as in the past, lend efficacious aid in the evolution of financial reforms and the reestablishment of the national currency on a firm and stable basis, a problem at that moment of vital import. Once the treaty divulged, they reasoned, the hostility and opposition of France must be reckoned with in all issues, political, financial, and commercial. If the Alliance was popular in Germany, for the very obvious reason that Germany desired peace in order to preserve what she had acquired, it must, on the contrary, be most distaste-

ful to France, who still desired an opportunity to recover what she had lost. For this reason, if for no other, the course adopted by Italy was interpreted for many years as an act of overt hostility toward her Latin sister, and as such bitterly resented in the press, while tingeing official relations with a frigid constraint little short of enmity.

That the Dreibund has been instrumental in preserving peace few will question. During the last eighteen years the knowledge of its existence has constrained the adoption of the "sober second thought" in moments of international irritation. Political meteorologists, parliamentary buccaneers, socialistic agitators, and popular demagogues have alike bowed before its hidden yet dreaded might.

Has the Alliance really outlived its usefulness, as so many affirm?

The original political significance, as viewed from the international standpoint, has undoubtedly been completely transformed. The restoration of the temporal power is now a chimera, utterly beyond the range of practical politics, although still an annoyance confronting parliamentary and local elections in Italy. The occupation of Tunis has been accepted as an accomplished fact, the permanency of which is unquestioned. But if politically Italy has perhaps little to expect from her Teutonic allies, commercially her stake is still considerable.

Public opinion in Italy, as well as abroad, accuses the Triplice of imposing military obligations totally beyond the meagre financial resources of the Latin partner. The peninsula has to-day a population of thirty-two millions. Military service is compulsory, as it is in France, Germany, Austria, and most other European countries. The standing army is larger than many of her most eminent statesmen and economists consider advisable; and in proportion to her revenues, the four hundred and fifty million lire spent (1898-99) on her military and naval defenses constitute, at first

sight, an enormous item. But the expenditure, if disproportionate, is not in itself a crushing financial burden, or a totally unproductive one.¹ Moreover, it would be erroneous to presume that the abrogation of the Triplice would entail a diminution of military and naval expenditure. We have been repeatedly assured, by those in a position to know, that no explicit military obligations are laid upon Italy by her allies. If this be true, the alleged disproportionate allotment of the national financial resources would appear to be dictated by internal rather than by foreign political considerations.

The political history of the last decade and the actual composition of the Italian Chamber effectually refute the theory, held by the original opponents to the treaty, of a threatened tendency toward reactionary conservatism. A Germanizing influence has undoubtedly resulted, but is to be found in commercial and financial centres alone, and is quite without political significance, while even the court sympathies of the last reign are believed to be on the wane.

That the Triple Alliance has outlived its political usefulness recent European coalitions would seem to attest; but that its commercial possibilities have been exhausted is still a much-debated question.

Count Robilant, Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, in 1886 qualified the Triplice "an unfruitful alliance," asserting that the perils which had driven Italy to ally herself with the two central empires had even then ceased to exist. Certainly the renewal of the Alliance would have been impossible in 1892, had not the Marquis di Rudini succeeded in grafting upon the political pact economic innovations of considerable value.

¹ General Cerruti, a well-known Italian soldier, recently stated, in the course of an interesting lecture delivered at Genoa, that the percentage of military expenditure in the general budget amounted (1899) to 14.43, while in the neighboring Swiss Republic it reached 28.29. He urged that during their term of service the youth of the country received that moral edu-

To him is due the insertion of a clause which, it is claimed, not only conceded to Italy the position of the most favored nation, but promised all such economic concessions as can be reciprocally accorded. The tariffs in favor of Italian wines are the outcome of this agreement.

The alterations in the original scope of the treaty, effected in 1892, while they weakened its purely political significance, undoubtedly strengthened substantially bonds of a more tangible nature. In 1891 the exports and imports of Italy amounted to 2,003,384,738 lire, a sum which had steadily increased to 30,375,817,115 lire in 1900.² Exactly how far this is due to the aid and support of German financial institutions it is difficult to affirm, but none can question that the enormous industrial development of the north has been largely fostered by the influx of German capital, and the concessions granted by her Teutonic allies. There are those who assert, however, that the high-water mark of industrial prosperity under existing tariffs has been reached, and that a large percentage of Italian manufacturers would prefer a more protective system, which would curtail the activity of their German competitors, whose goods are beginning to flood the Italian market, at prices with which even Italian labor is powerless to compete.

The difficulty with which Italian statesmen will have to contend, in entering upon negotiations for the renewal of the Alliance, is the feasibility of reconciling the industrial with the agricultural interests of their country; for, as has been seen, the ground has shifted from the political to the commercial. Italy is essentially an agricultural nation. Numerically, the class which derives its

education which results from strict discipline; and that this not only fitted them to fulfill the perfunctory obligations imposed, but sent them back to their villages with a higher appreciation of the responsibilities of citizenship.

² Figures taken from the *Deutsche Revue*, September, 1901.

living from the soil vastly exceeds the scattered industrial populations of the south and centre, while even in the north the manufacturing interests are comparatively insignificant, from a political as well as an economic standpoint.

Prince Herbert Bismarck, addressing his constituents at Burg a few weeks ago, voiced the sentiments of a very large body of German Agrarians when he urged the necessity for protective duties. The adoption of such measures, even to a limited extent, must necessarily add to the agricultural distress now prevailing throughout Italy, and greatly influence political considerations. France needs the wines of the Puglie; Austria does not, nor can they find a sale in Germany.

The recent disturbances in the Puglie and Basilicata, and the disorders last spring in rural Piedmont, have impressed upon politicians of all shades of opinion the urgent necessity for legislation which can promise some measure of relief to the burdened populations whose very existence depends on their finding a market for their produce. That such relief can be obtained only at the partial sacrifice of industrial interests would, alas, seem inevitable. Any rebate on rural taxation must be compensated for by a corresponding increase on the valuation of other property; for the exigencies of the budget are inexorable, and the financial equilibrium so recently achieved must be maintained at all costs, while Italy, her political economists tell us, has reached the limit of her fiscal tether.

But there is yet another aspect to be considered. The road from Rome to Berlin no longer passes through Vienna, as Bismarck asserted in 1882 that it must. Aside from financial and commercial relations, the purely political bonds uniting Italy and Germany are stronger than those between Italy and Austria. Politically, Italy may have much to gain from the attitude of Germany on issues which may at any moment be forced upon the consideration of Europe, namely, the po-

litical readjustment of the eastern shore of the Adriatic and the coast and hinterland of Tripoli. From Austria she can expect nothing, and has much to fear. Already the aggressive policy fostered by the Viennese Cabinet in its dealings with the populations of the eastern Adriatic seaboard, and the alleged strategical nature of the work actively carried on there, as well as the commercial development of the hinterland, have excited discussion in the Italian Parliament, and stirred the official and popular press throughout the peninsula. If we are to credit the recent warnings of two French writers, MM. Chéradame and Loiseau, who have made the subject one of special study, the propaganda (political and commercial) carried on in Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Albania, and even in Montenegro is calculated not only to destroy, at no distant date, Italian commercial activity, but seriously to menace her strategical situation in the Adriatic.

Given these motives for mistrust, together with the apparently trivial yet significant fact that the relief offered by the Austrian market to the congested wine industries of the Italian Adriatic provinces has not responded of recent years to the expectations based thereon, and it will be understood why Italians are already asking themselves if a more advantageous political and commercial combination is not within their rights. They urge the consideration of such significant details as the growing might of democratic principles, and their inevitable influence in fiscal reform, and point, incidentally, to the spontaneous character of the Toulon fêtes last autumn, to the satisfactory quotations of Italian Rentes on the Paris Bourse, and to the increasingly reassuring economic conditions of the national credit as evinced by foreign exchange.

All these are momentous considerations, demanding the careful scrutiny of the negotiators of the political or commercial Pact of the Future.

Remsen Whitehouse.

THE GUESTS AT THE INN.

THE Princess came to Bethlehem's Inn :
The Keeper he bowed low ;
He sent his servants here and yon,
His maids ran to and fro.

They spread soft carpets for her feet,
Her bed with linen fine ;
They heaped her board with savory meats,
They brought rich fruits and wine.

The Chieftain came to Bethlehem's Inn,
With clash and clang of steel ;
Into the wide court swift strode he,
And turned on armed heel.

"Room for your lord !" he cried aloud.
"He brooks no long delay !"
The Keeper and his servitors
Did his behests straightway.

The Merchant came to Bethlehem's Inn,
Across the desert far,
From Ispahan, and Samarcand,
And hoary Kandahar.

Rich Orient freight his camels bore :
The gates flew open wide,
As in he swept, with stately mien,
His long, slow train beside.

The Pilgrim came to Bethlehem's Inn :
Wayworn and old was he,
With beard unshorn and garments torn,
A piteous sight to see !

He found a corner dim and lone ;
He ate his scanty fare ;
Then laid his scrip and sandals by,
And said his evening prayer.

The Beggar came to Bethlehem's Inn :
They turned him not away ;
Though men and maidens scoffed at him,
They bade the varlet stay.

"The dogs have room: then why not he?"
One to another said;
"Even dogs have earth to lie upon,
And plenteous broken bread!"

Maid Mary fared to Bethlehem's Inn:
Dark was the night and cold,
And eerily the icy blast
Swept down across the wold.

She drew her dark brown mantle close,
Her wimple round her head.
"Oh, hasten on, my lord," she cried,
"For I am sore bestead!"

Maid Mary came to Bethlehem's Inn:
There was no room for her;
They brought her neither meat nor wine,
Nor fragrant oil, nor myrrh.

But where the hornèd oxen fed
Amid the sheaves of corn
One splendid star flamed out afar
When our Lord Christ was born!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

LITERATURE AND THE CIVIL WAR.

A CRITICAL journal of authority has pronounced the literary result of our Civil War unimportant and disappointing. And Mr. Stedman, in his very thorough review of American poetry, says: "The late Civil War was not of itself an incentive to good poetry and art, nor directly productive of them. Such disorders seldom are; action is a substitute for the ideal, and the thinker's or dreamer's life seems ignoble and repugnant." This same thought, of the superiority of life to art, of the deed to the word which records it, in every period of intense historical activity, — in what Matthew Arnold has called an age of concentration as distinguished from an age of expansion, — has been always entertained by the thinker and the artist.

"The end of man," says Carlyle, "is an action, not a thought."

"My life has been the poem I would have writ,

But I could not both live and utter it,"
is Thoreau's complaint. And Lowell begins his Commemoration Ode with a like confession: —

"Weak-winged is song,
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height
Whither the brave deed climbs for light."

As a poet just beginning to win the ear of the public when the war broke out, Mr. Stedman himself has felt the disturbing effect of which he speaks: "The Civil War was a general absorbent at the crisis when a second group of poets began to form. Their generation pledged itself to the most heroic struggle of the

century. The conflict not only checked the rise of a new school, but was followed by a time of languor in which the songs of Apollo seemed trivial to those who had listened to the shout of Mars."

I once expressed my surprise to the veteran poet, Mr. R. H. Stoddard, at the slight impression made upon the general public by Mrs. Stoddard's novel, *The Morgesons*, published in 1862. One seldom reads a novel twice. *The Morgesons* is not an easily forgettable book, yet I had read it at least four times and at intervals of years. But I had found few readers who knew it. Mr. Stoddard explained the fact by the date of its publication. The war monopolized attention so entirely that no mere fiction had a chance. The newspapers were more exciting than any romance. *The Morgesons*, after being out of print for years, was reissued in 1888, in a popular edition, and again this year. It has been publicly praised of late by Mr. Stedman as well as by Julian Hawthorne; but it has never recovered from the unfavorable circumstances of its first publication, nor overtaken that belated recognition which it missed a quarter century before. It finds a new school of fiction in possession of the field.

Indeed, in respect to fiction, the Civil War interposes a sort of crevasse between our earlier and our later literature. The spirit of the former age was lyrical, — dithyrambic almost, — and its expression was eloquence and poetry. The spirit of the present age is observant, social, dramatic, and its expression is the novel of real life, the short story, the dialect sketch. When Mr. James's *Passionate Pilgrim* appeared, in 1870, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the signal seemed to be given for a newer and finer art in American fiction. Here was a novel attitude toward life, cool, dispassionate, analytic, sensitive to the subtler shadings not only of character, but of manners and speech, and registering the most delicate impressions. A new style, too, studied in

some points from Hawthorne's, but less literary, more colloquial. The dialogue was not book talk, but the actual speech of men and women in society. No art can be more exquisite for its purposes than Hawthorne's. But the persons of his romances are psychological constructions — types sometimes hardly removed from allegory — engaged in working out some problem of the conscience in an ideal world. His books are not novels in any proper sense.

As to the novels, properly so called, of ante-bellum days, how faulty they now appear in details, when put in comparison with the nicer workmanship of modern schools! *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, — how crude it is! *The Leather Stocking Tales*, — how rough in parts, and in parts how stilted! *Judd's Margaret*, — how hopelessly imperfect as a work of art! *Holmes's Elsie Venner*, — a delightful book, but quite impossible as a novel. *Winthrop's Cecil Dreeme*, — poetic in conception, youthfully raw in execution. And yet all of these are works of undoubted talent.

The Civil War, in fact, wound up one literary era and set the seal to it. Our literature has since developed along different lines. It would be unphilosophical to consider the writings produced during the four years of actual fighting, or those that have since been produced relating to the war itself, apart from the work of the thirty years of agitation which led up to the open outbreak of hostilities between North and South. The first series of *Biglow Papers*, the speeches of Sumner and Phillips, belong as truly to the literature of the Civil War as do *Barbara Frietchie* and the *Gettysburg address*. And this is recognized by Mr. Stedman when, to the passage already quoted, he adds this saving clause: "But we shall see that the moral and emotional conflicts preceding the war, and leading to it, were largely stimulating to poetic ardor; they broke into expression, and buoyed with earnest and fervid sen-

timent our heroic verse." And elsewhere, in writing of Whittier, he says: "He was the singer of what was not an empty day, and of a section whose movement became that of a nation, and whose purpose in the end was grandly consummated. We already see, and the future will see it more clearly, that no party ever did a vaster work than his party; that he, like Hampden and Milton, is a character not produced in common times; that no struggle was more momentous than that which produced our Civil War, no question ever affected the destinies of a great people more vitally than the anti-slavery issue as urged by its promoters. Neither Greece nor Rome, nor even England, the battleground of Anglo-Saxon liberty, has supplied a drama of more import than that in which the poets and other heroes of our Civil Reformation played their parts."

If this be true, is it also likely to be true that such an occasion lacked its poet, — *caret sacro vate*? Here was a conflict involving not merely material interests, but high questions of right and wrong, fought by an educated people, a nation of readers and speakers, among whom literary talent is not uncommon. Is it to be expected that such a war will be barren of literary fruit? Or do we not instinctively listen, as the hosts draw near, for some echo of that

"Dorian mood

Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle"?

Instead of seeking a direct answer to the question, let us for a moment strike into "the high *priori* road," and inquire what additions to literature are to be reasonably anticipated from a civil war fought under modern conditions, and turning on such issues as negro slavery and the constitutional right of secession. Of war in general as literary material there is no need to speak. Fighting and love-making have furnished, between them, half the poetry of the world. Man

is a fighting animal, and no arbitration treaties will ever eradicate the *gaudium certaminis*. It is the theme not only of the primitive epics, like the Iliad, the Nibelungenlied, the Chanson de Roland, but of the more modern and literary heroic poems which endeavor to reproduce the spirit of the ancient folk songs. It is the theme of the Æneid, the Orlando Furioso, the Gerusalemme Liberata, the Faërie Queene.

"Fierce wars and faithful loves," announces Spenser, following upon Virgil's "Arma virumque" and Ariosto's "L'arme, gli amori." Milton felt himself obliged to introduce a military element into his theological epic in battles between the hosts of Michael and Satan which do not altogether escape the grotesque. If Lowell's saying is true, that the Odyssey is the only epic which is everywhere and always interesting, it is due to its exceptional character in this respect, and to the fact that the human mind does sometimes tire of fighting and desire something else. There is much killing in the Odyssey, but no pitched battle; and there is a great deal more of sea wandering and of strange adventures among strange peoples, so that the poem is in effect, as has been said, a romance.

It is doubtful whether any modern war — any later than the crusades, for example — will lend itself to epic treatment. Certainly Tasso's poem, which dealt with the capture of the holy city, was not quite a success, and Voltaire's *Henriade* was a flat failure. Perhaps the epic, as a literary species, is extinct, anyway, like the dodo and the mastodon. That legendary remoteness, that primitive and heroic state of manners, that anonymous character, that mixture of popular superstition, which distinguish the ancient epic and saga literature are no longer procurable. We know too much about modern wars. How can an epic be made out of a war in which we have the military history of every campaign and battle, — dispatches, bulletins,

reports, statistics of killed, wounded, and captured, articles in the newspapers by special correspondents, strategical and tactical criticisms of operations by professional authorities? A certain unfamiliarity is necessary for picturesque effect. The day is still distant when torpedo boats will seem to the poet as available properties as the galleys of Salamis, or bicycles and gun carriages as the chariots of Achilles and the car-borne heroes of Morven. I recall now a saying of one of my elders, when reading aloud from a newspaper report of one of the battles of our Civil War. He said it would be impossible for the future poet of the war to deal effectively with the names of our battlefields. "What can he do with such names as Bull Run, Pig's Point, Ball's Bluff, Paddy's Run, and the like?" Possibly the remark was trivial, possibly untrue. Thermopylæ, after all, means nothing more than "hot gates." But the point illustrates the stubbornness of modern warfare as epic material.

If we may not expect, then, a great narrative poem founded on the events of the American war, may we not look with confidence for some historical novel, or a series of such, when time shall have given the required perspective, and the large, significant, dramatic aspects stand forth in outline, freed from prosaic circumstance? The historical romance — an invention of Walter Scott — is perhaps the nearest modern equivalent of the ancient epic. The hand-to-hand combats of Homeric heroes, the encounters of mediæval knights, are themes for the poet. The evolutions of modern armies find their more appropriate vehicle in prose. Macaulay pointed out the absurdity of most of the poems called forth by Marlborough's victories, in which the English general was described in conventional epic language as overthrowing the enemy by the prowess of his single arm. And although he praised Addison for discarding this fiction in his Campaign, those who have read it know that

Addison cannot be entirely acquitted of the same mistake. Thackeray had his laugh at Southey's very uninspired verses on Waterloo; and of the most famous passage in British poetry relating to that gigantic conflict, it is not the reflections of Childe Harold upon the battlefield itself, but the description of the Duchess of Richmond's ball at Brussels, on the night before Quatre-Bras, that is famous. Indeed, the lyric rather than the epic mood would seem to be that in which the most successful war poetry of modern times has been conceived. Campbell's Hohenlinden and Battle of the Baltic, Tennyson's Charge of the Light Brigade, Browning's Incident of the French Camp, and Thompson's High Tide at Gettysburg do all, to be sure, tell a story; but they are lyrical in form and spirit. While of narrative poems like Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome, — in which the form of the popular minstrel ballad, partly lyric, partly epic, and partly even dramatic, is adopted, — it is to be observed that the kind of warfare which they describe is not modern, but ancient, Homeric in fact, the single combats of chieftains renowned for bodily strength and personal valor.

There are many spirited relations of battles, sieges, naval engagements, marches, and retreats, in historical fiction, such as Hugo's Waterloo, Tolstoi's Borodino and retreat from Moscow, and Zola's Sedan; while many pages in the historians, like Motley's chapters on the siege of Antwerp and Froude's on the defeat of the Armada, are as brilliant as anything in romance. On these frontiers history and fiction touch hands. The novelist has to get up his facts, the historian to exert his imagination; and each must use his utmost art to paint a graphic scene. But in general I believe it to be true that battle descriptions are tedious. In reading Carlyle's Frederick, it is gradually borne in upon one that war maps are a weariness to the flesh, and one battle is very like another. One of the most

vivid impressions that I have received of Waterloo was derived from that old French novel, *La Chartreuse de Parme*. The author, De Stendhal (Henri Beyle), had the originality not to attempt a general view of the action. His hero, a young Italian noble, has run away from home, possessed with revolutionary enthusiasm and enamored of Napoleon's glory. He arrives upon the field while the fight is going on, and hovers about the edge of it, trying to join some French regiment. At one time he comes within a few yards of Wellington and his staff. He never actually succeeds in getting into the battle, but his experiences and adventures upon the fringes of it convey an excellent notion of the vast confusion of the whole, together with near-at-hand glimpses of characteristic details: a wounded man dropping out and going to the rear; an orderly with dispatches skirting the army of the allies; a disemboweled horse in a furrow; a peasant unconcernedly ploughing in the next field; a squad of men on picket duty or waiting the signal to go in, and meanwhile — not being under fire — busy over a game of cards. It is a battle scene piecemeal and by sample. Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage* gives a remarkably realistic view of the circumstance as distinguished from the pride and pomp of glorious war, — our own war. It is the unheroic side of it, the side seen by the private soldier, very much disposed to grumble, and not seldom inclined to run away; unaware of the large movement of the battle, but intensely alive to the discomforts and risks of his own little corner of it. The narrative is as convincing as if it were the record of a personal experience, though the author was not born, I believe, until after the close of the Civil War.

It cannot be said that as yet the Scott or Tolstoi of the American Civil War has arrived. I have rummaged among shelves full of novels, more or less historical, dating from that period; but,

with here and there an exception like Major De Forest's excellent *Miss Ravenel's Conversion*, they are already obsolete. Has the reader of to-day ever chanced to hear of *Bullet and Shell*, for example; or of George Ward Nichols's story, entitled *The Sanctuary*; or of *Inside*, a *Chronicle of Secession*, by W. P. Baker, a name not unknown to novel-readers;¹ or of *The Three Scouts*, by J. T. Trowbridge, who is certainly not an obscure person? Perhaps we are not yet far enough away from the war for the purposes of the historical novelist. He must wait till more atmosphere has accumulated between himself and his subject, and mellowed the sharp edges of fact; till the disentangling process has gone farther, and the significant and dramatic features have been selected out by time. Already the process has begun. Certain leaders, turning points, battles, and localities, particular mottoes, sayings, catchwords, have impressed themselves upon the national memory. They have become salient, and the rest have receded into the background. Upon these points the imagination has fastened: tradition begins to crystallize about them; in time they may grow almost legendary. Harper's Ferry, the Shenandoah Valley, the prison pen at Andersonville, the death of Stonewall Jackson, Ellsworth, Winthrop, and Shaw, the battle of Gettysburg, the proclamation of emancipation, Sherman's march to the sea, Sheridan at Winchester, the fight between the Monitor and the Merrimac, the murder of Lincoln, — some quality of picturesqueness has attached itself to these, and to a number of other men, places, and incidents; and it is such as these that will furnish material for the future poet or romancer.

In the recent revival of historical fiction the Civil War has had its share. The present year has witnessed three noteworthy additions to this department:

¹ See *The New Timothy*, His Majesty Myself, etc.

Mr. Winston Churchill's *The Crisis*, Mr. Owen Johnson's *Arrows of the Almighty*, and Mr. George W. Cable's *The Cavalier*. It is interesting to compare the first of these — the best selling novel of the season — with a book written so long ago as 1867. Miss Ravenel's *Conversion*, whose author was an officer in the Union army, is an honest, solid, old-fashioned story; a little encumbered in its movement, but veraciously reflecting the confusion and uncertainty of the time, and the clash of opposing principles and passions. Major De Forest was near to the events described, and was therefore under the necessity of being discreet. The time had not yet arrived for "historical portraits." General Butler looms dimly in the background. Some incidents of the Red River campaign are worked into the plot. The action oscillates between New Orleans and New Haven, but the latter place is thinly disguised under the pseudonym of New Boston, in the state of Barataria.

In *The Crisis*, on the other hand, the local color, which is laid on thick, is frankly of St. Louis. Full-length figures of Lincoln, Grant, and Sherman occur, in accordance with the Waverley formula for the construction of historical romance; and the censorious reader who knows the slang of the sixties can please himself with detecting anachronisms like "nickel," "sand," and "What are you giving us?" These are trifles, but possibly the *laudator temporis acti* who declines to accept them will also refuse his assent to the saliences of Mr. Churchill's Lincoln and Mr. Churchill's Sherman.

To turn now from historical fiction to the distinct but kindred art of the historian, it is clearly too early for the final history of the war to be written, — that great Thucydidean work which we may with all confidence predict, at once an impartial narrative of events, a philosophical exposition of causes and results, and a piece of literary art. The generation that fought the war has not yet

passed away, and every day it is recording its memories of the conflict. Beginnings have been made by writers like Greeley, Draper, Stephens, the Comte de Paris, and others, but their books are partial and premature, — little more than *mémoires pour servir*. Meanwhile material grows fast: in compilations like the eleven volumes of Frank Moore's *Rebellion Record*; in serials like the *Century's Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*; in countless regimental histories, military biographies, journals, letters, and reminiscences, by statesmen, ambassadors, generals, private soldiers, refugees, hospital nurses; by Cabinet ministers, Federal and Confederate, who disclose the secret diplomacies and policies of innermost government circles; by women who reveal the domestic economies of households in besieged cities and on impoverished plantations. "The real war," said Walt Whitman, "will never get in the books." He meant, of course, that no dignified, formal history, dealing with things in their *ensemble*, will ever give a notion of the details of private suffering, individual sacrifice, personal heroism, which are known only to eyewitnesses and participants. For perhaps the best way to study history is in the documents. Contemporary chroniclers, like Joinville, Villehardouin, and Froissart, have a secure advantage in point of vividness. But surely the American war is not unfurnished of such. And many of the actors in, many of the observers of it, were skillful writers, able to turn their impressions into literature. I may instance, in passing, such papers as Theodore Winthrop's *Washington as a Camp*, Colonel Higginson's *Army Life in a Black Regiment*, Dr. Holmes's *My Hunt after "The Captain,"* and Walt Whitman's hurried but singularly picturesque jottings of camp and hospital life in *Specimen Days and Democratic Vistas*, particularly his description of the assassination of Lincoln.

As the war recedes farther into the past, we are enabled to see more clearly not only its political importance as a crisis in the history of popular government, but likewise its availability for poet, dramatist, and romancer. There were spectacular things in it, — the spectacle, for example, of the liberation of a race from bondage. A crusading spirit animated the Union armies.

"As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free."

Or read Whittier's *Laus Deo*! "On hearing the bells ring on the passage of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery."

"Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal.

"Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea,
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
'He hath triumphed gloriously!'"

Again, what act upon the scene of history, what climax on the mimic stage, was ever more sublimely spectacular than the death of Lincoln? "Memorable even beyond credit," as Bacon said of the last fight of the *Revenge*, "and to the height of some heroical fable." Not Charles on the scaffold, not Bonaparte on his island, not Henry under the dagger of Ravallac, enacted such a high-tragedy end. Such a tragedy it was that not even its histrionic surroundings, nor the cheap melodramatic posturing of the vain mime who was the paltry occasion of it, had power to vulgarize its dignity. If a dramatic poet had composed the war, could he have imagined a more effective close than history did, when she set the seal of death on the work of her protagonist in his hour of triumph, and consecrated him forever with the halo of martyrdom? It would be strange if the poets had missed this occasion, nor did they. Lowell, in his *Commemoration Ode*, has touched it nobly; and Whitman, with a more intimate tenderness, in the only

one of his poems which is really popular: —

"O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear
the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you
the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths — for
you the shores acrowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their
eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

"My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale
and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no
pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its
voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in
with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead."

But there is more to a war than fighting. In every great war certain leaders, civil and military, come forward on either side, certain imposing personalities, who embody and represent the ideals in conflict. Already these have emerged from the crowd, and our future poet or romancer will find them ready drawn to his hand. There is no need to attempt again the portrait of Lincoln. It has become a part of the national consciousness. But it is worth noticing that among the foremost contributors to the literature of the Civil War was the chief actor in it. The Gettysburg speech is now a classic, and is committed to memory by the children of our public schools. Hardly less classic are his numerous sayings, with their homely sagacity and their humor which endeared the President to a nation of humorists. Such phrases as "government of the people, by the people, for the people," are not more familiar than the caution not to swap horses while crossing a stream; or the maxim, "You can fool some of the people all the time, and all of the people some

of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all the time;" and many others than which Bacon said nothing wiser and Sydney Smith nothing wittier. Even the rougher and more broadly comic facetiæ of the war time — the fooleries of Josh Billings, Petroleum V. Nasby, and Orpheus C. Kerr — are not without an historic value. We cannot quite consent to Matthew Arnold's dictum that our humorists are a national calamity.

And this reminds me that the same fastidious critic, after reading Grant's memoirs, found him lacking in distinction. Colonel Higginson says that Matthew Arnold never understood the Americans. Grant was unquestionably the second great personality on the Northern side developed by the Civil War; and his book, the record of this personality, is one of its greatest literary monuments. Does it, or did the character of its author, lack distinction? It is easy to see what the English scholar meant by his charge. But it is wrong to weigh such a work in mere æsthetic balances. More exclusively than Lincoln, Grant was the man of action, of executive genius. His fibre was less fine, his nature less various, and he had not in equal degree the gift of expression. To a man of scholarly pursuits, there might well seem a certain commonness about his tastes, his intellectual habits, his companionships. Yet in many ways it seems to me that Grant's mind and character were of high distinction. The simplicity, the modesty, that were among his prominent traits are reflected in his book, and they always tend to make good writing. And whatever his want of æsthetic sensitiveness may have been, there was a moral delicacy which well supplied its place. One remembers the current anecdote concerning the officer who was about to tell a risky story because, as he said, there were no ladies present; and was stopped by the general's quiet rebuke, "But there are several gentlemen present." As a mere writer he was far superior to Cromwell,

with whom as a military leader he had some traits in common, such as tenacity, confidence and the power to inspire it in others, and a genius for wide combinations. Cromwell's letters and speeches are confused almost to the point of being inarticulate; and in spite of that powerful religious emotion which lifted his utterances high above commonness or middle-class Philistinism, his constant use of the Puritan verbiage leaves upon the modern reader a disagreeable impression of unctuousness. It is in better taste to do God's will without an incessant reference in words of one's every action to God.

Upon the Confederate side, the most striking personalities were, perhaps, Stonewall Jackson, a Southern Puritan, and Lee, who embodied very nobly the Virginian ideal, — the Cavalier tradition, — and who inherited those social graces denied to men of the people, like Lincoln and Grant, but which were naturally included in Mr. Arnold's definition of "distinction." The President of the Confederacy, on the other hand, is not a sympathetic figure in the picture of the war. Mr. Davis was an upright and able man, but there was something rigid, narrow, and bitter about him. If the Confederacy had succeeded, he never could have become as dear to his people as Lincoln would have been to the North even in defeat.

Let us now put ourselves the question whether there was anything about the American conflict which would recommend it especially for poetic or literary handling. Not all wars are poetic. Apart from the pomp, pride, and circumstance which are the commonplaces of military life, apart from the dangers and chances of battle, and the opportunities for the display of individual daring and devotion, war is not always heroic. Wars of conquest or selfish aggression, like Frederick the Great's and Napoleon's; diplomats' wars, which are made by governments, and not by peoples; even popu-

lar wars, in which old national enmities and the mere brute fighting instincts are unchained, — like the Hundred Years' War between England and France, and the last French and German war, — these may be imposing by the scale of their operations or the generalship shown, but they have no message for the soul. They produce no precious and lasting literature. Surely pieces like Addison's Campaign and Prior's Ode on the Taking of Namur were a very paltry result of Marlborough's brilliant victories. Southey's little poem, The Battle of Blenheim, exposed the nothingness of it all.

"T was a famous victory,"

but it meant nothing, it settled nothing. All Alexander's conquests left no such mark on literature as the defensive stand of the Greeks at Thermopylæ and Marathon. The English invasions of France in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are not responsible for much poetry. Shakespeare's Henry V. and Drayton's spirited ode on the battle of Agincourt are the best that the English have to show for that business. On the other hand, consider how the one heroic figure of those wars, the Maid of Orleans, whom the old chronicle play of Henry VI. treats with such coarse brutality, — consider how Joan of Arc has inspired, and is to-day inspiring, the poet, the painter, the sculptor, the romancer, the historian. I never could believe that Shakespeare wrote Henry VI., not only for other and critical reasons, but because, in spite of national prejudice, he never could have so missed a great dramatic opportunity.

Truly patriotic wars, wars for freedom, for national defense, such as was that war of the French against the foreign invader; such as was the Greek resistance to Persia; such as was the German war of liberation in which Theodore Körner fought and sung; such as were the wars of Wallace and the Bruce; such as was our own Revolution and the wars

of the French Republic in its early days, when it stood on the defensive, and faced and beat Europe, — these are the stuff of which literature is made.

I have said that not all wars are poetic. Milton, who, like Heine, was a valiant soldier in the war for liberation, acknowledged this in his most martial sonnets.

"For what can war, but endless war still breed?"

he asks, and says again, "Peace hath her victories." But Tennyson, in disgust at the frauds and corruptions of a stagnant peace, would fain persuade us that blood-letting is in itself a purge for the diseases of a selfish, commercial society: —

"Better, war! loud war by land and by sea,
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a
hundred thrones!

"For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder
round by the hill,

And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the
three-decker out of the foam,

That the smooth-faced snub-nosed rogue
would leap from his counter and till,

And strike, if he could, were it but with his
cheating yardwand, home."

And so he sends his young man in Maud off to the Crimea. Truly the charge at Balaklava was *magnifique* even though it was not *la guerre*; but what inspiration could the poet find in such a *cause*? The Crimean war was not a crusade, a holy war; it was a most unholy war, a mistake, a mere struggle of material interests and political ambitions, — what I have called a diplomatists' war.

Next to patriotic wars, wars for national independence or existence, those most fruitful in literature have been, in the wide sense of the word, *Cultur-kämpfe*: contests of religion or of opposed principles and ideas, such as the crusades, the long struggle between the Christians and Moors in Spain, the wars of the Protestant Reformation all over Europe, the conflict of democracy with feudalism which centred in the French Revolution. And this is also true — is especially true — of civil wars. We find

a striking example of it in comparing the two great civil wars of English history: the York and Lancastrian feud of the fifteenth century, and the Great Rebellion — as Clarendon calls it — of the seventeenth. I call the former a feud, because it was, in fact, nothing but a gigantic family vendetta, a dynastic quarrel, in which no principle was at stake, and which involved, like all vendettas or domestic feuds, horrible treacheries and cruelties: stranglings in prison, murders of captives, wholesale proscriptions and forfeitures. The nobility was decimated, but the people cared nothing about the cause of the strife. "A plague of both your houses" doubtless expresses the popular attitude. What has all this contributed to literature? Practically a single figure, Shakespeare's Richard III., — a dramatic creation rather than an historical verity, embodying in himself the craft and bloodthirstiness of a whole epoch of turbulent, meaningless confusion. Does any one ever read Daniel's long poem, *The Civil Wars*? Or Bosworth Field, by Sir John Beaumont, a cousin of the dramatist? Wordsworth, indeed, borrowed a line from Beaumont in his *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*, though it was to celebrate, not the martial exploits of the Cliffords, but the peaceful virtues of that "good Lord Clifford" who had been reared as a shepherd, and in whom, under the softening influences of nature,

"the savage virtue of the race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts, were
dead.

"Love had he found in huts where poor men
lie;

His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

No, the wars of York and Lancaster have no moral interest for us to-day: they are "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." But because, by a lucky chance, the white and the red rose became the insignia of the hostile houses, some po-

etry has, in later times, attached itself, not to the dark struggle, but to its floral symbols; and we have, for example, such a "lily in the mouth of Tartarus" as those famous stanzas on *The White Rose* sent by a Yorkist Lover to his Lancastrian Mistress.

"If this fair rose offend thy sight,
Placed in thy bosom bare,
'Twill blush to find itself less white
And turn Lancastrian there."

This is pretty, but *ce n'est pas la guerre*.

Colonel Deming, of the 12th Connecticut, who was military mayor of New Orleans under General Butler, used to deliver a lecture on *The Passage of the Forts*. His regiment went up the river on the transports which followed in Farragut's wake, and was quartered for a few days in Fort Phillips. The fort had been knocked to pieces by Porter's shells. In a fragment of one of these, which had partly buried itself in the earthworks, a wild pigeon had made its nest; and Colonel Deming suggested the incident to our Hartford poetess, Mrs. Sigourney, as a good subject for a poem. Mrs. Sigourney might have done something with it; or so might Longfellow, who was not above dealing with the rather obviously emblematic. But this is not what I mean by the poetry of war.

Take, now, by way of contrast to the Wars of the Roses, the English civil war of the seventeenth century, and think of what it has given and is still giving to literature: half of the *Waverley Novels*, with the songs of the Cavaliers — Love-lace, Suckling, Montrose — and of modern poets who have continued the vein, — Burns, Aytoun, Browning. This on the side of Church and King; and on the Parliament side Milton, — a literature in himself, — to say nothing of Puritan poets such as Marvell and Wither, books like Lucy Hutchinson's memoirs of her husband, and modern things like Victor Hugo's *Cromwell*. Why are these wars so perennially interesting to the human mind? Not merely because of the po-

litical importance of the constitutional questions at issue between the Stuarts and their Parliaments. Poetry does not easily attach itself to questions of prerogative and privilege, to petitions of right, exclusion bills, and acts of uniformity. It is because this was not a mere struggle of factions, but a war of conscience, which aroused all that is deepest in man's nature. It was the shock of opposed ideals, — ideals not only in government and religion, but in character, temperament, taste, social habit, and the conduct of life.

"Roundhead and Cavalier!

Dumb are those names erewhile in battle loud."

Yes, dumb are the names, but the things subsist. There are Roundheads and Cavaliers to-day: there is room for them both in our now tolerant society, which allows a man to pursue his ideals in peace, but forbids him to impose them forcibly upon his neighbor.

Now apply these tests to our own Civil War. Was it, as Carlyle said, nothing but "the burning of a dirty chimney," or was it, as Carlyle came later to acknowledge, a crisis in the eternal warfare of right with wrong, of civilization with barbarism? On each side was the grandeur of high convictions, and that emotional stress which finds its natural utterance in eloquence and song. To the South it appeared as a war of national defense, — a war in resentment of interference with local rights and social conditions. And this was the constant cry of the Southern writers during the war: "Repel the invader. Clear the sacred soil of him. Let the North take its hands off us. Let it mind its own business." On the Northern side the patriotic motive was the preservation of the Union; and here the great speeches of Webster, the Reply to Hayne and the Seventh of March Speech, memorized and declaimed by thousands of schoolboys throughout the North, became influential against secession, and belong properly to the literature of the war.

But what supplied the fire to the Northern cause was the moral enthusiasm of the anti-slavery reformers. This underlay the constitutional question, just as the religious issue in the Cromwellian wars underlay the political issue. In each case the political issue was really subordinate. Charles would not have broken with Parliament if Laud had not tried to prelatize the Church and met resistance. South Carolina would not have seceded if she had not thought that slavery was threatened. In his addresses at Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Mr. Beecher was always trying to convince the British public that the war for the Union was, at bottom, a war for the abolition of slavery; and he was right. Hence the solemn fervor, the religious zeal, the moral indignation, of our war poets and war orators; their appeal to God, their Biblical speech, their Hebrew spirit. Whittier's *Voices of Freedom* and poems *In War Time* are like the sound of the trumpet blown before the walls of Jericho, or the words of the prophets denouncing woe upon Amalek. Here are the Roundheads again, then, under new conditions; here is the old Miltonic, the old Puritan strain once more. Once more here is the "good, old cause," and the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, and we seem to hear Cromwell exclaiming, as the fog rose on the "arméd mountains of Dunbar," "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered; like as the sun riseth, so shalt thou drive them away!" This Hebraic temper and this Scriptural phrase are a constant note in the war poetry of the North.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,"

opens Mrs. Howe's *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, set to the Hallelujah chorus of the John Brown marching song. My fellow townsman, Henry Howard Brownell, who was private secretary to Commodore Farragut, on whose flagship, the *Hartford*, he was present during sev-

eral great naval engagements, — Henry Brownell, I say, was by no means a Puritanical nor a theologically given person. He was, on the contrary, an easy-going gentleman, of liberal opinions and social, not unconvivial habits. But in his War Lyrics, when the old Free-Soil rage came upon him, he could be as apocalyptic in manner as Garrison or Whittier : —

“ Full red the furnace fires must glow
That melt the ore of mortal kind ;
The mills of God are grinding slow,
But ah, how close they grind !
To-day the Dahlgren and the drum
Are dread apostles of his name ;
His kingdom here can only come
By chrism of blood and flame.”

And it is curious to see how this same exalted utterance, this same Biblical language, is caught by a Southern poet, when he confesses that the future belongs to the North, and that the Northern sword was the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. I allude to the Confederate soldier Will Thompson's High Tide at Gettysburg, one of the best poems of the war :
“ God lives ! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.”

In general, it is not unfair to say that the South was as badly overmatched at the lyre as at the sword. Timrod and Hayne may perhaps offset such poets as Brownell and Forceythe Willson and the author of *The Blue and the Gray*, but

they are no names to put against Whittier and Lowell. Certain passages in Lowell's Commemoration Ode are thus far the high-water mark of our war poetry, — the third strophe, “ Many loved Truth,” etc., the close of the eighth strophe, and the passionate exordium : —

“ O Beautiful ! my Country ! ours once more !
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare ?
What were our lives without thee ?
What all our lives to save thee ?
We reck not what we gave thee ;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare ! ”

“ A great literature,” says Walt Whitman, “ will yet arise out of the era of those four years, those scenes — era-compressing centuries of native passion, first-class pictures, tempests of life and death — an inexhaustible mine for the histories, drama, romance, and even philosophy of peoples to come ; indeed, the vertebra of poetry and art (of personal character too) for all future America, far more grand, in my opinion, to the hands capable of it, than Homer's *Siege of Troy*, or the French wars to *Shakespeare*.”

Henry A. Beers.

THE LAME PRIEST.

If the air had not been December's, I should have said there was balm in it. Balm there was, to me, in the sight of the road before me. The first snow of winter had been falling for an hour or more ; the barren hill was white with it. What wind there was was behind me, and I stopped to look my fill.

The long slope stretched up till it met the sky, the softly rounded white of it

melting into the gray clouds — the dove-brown clouds — that touched the summit, brooding, infinitely gentle. From my feet led the track, sheer white, where old infrequent wheels had marked two channels for the snow to lie ; in the middle a clear filmy brown, — not the shadow of a color, but the light of one ; and the gray and white and brown of it all was veiled and strange with the blue-

gray mist of falling snow. So quiet, so kind, it fell, I could not move for looking at it, though I was not halfway home.

My eyes are not very good. I could not tell what made that brown light in the middle of the track till I was on it, and saw it was only grass standing above the snow; tall, thin, feathery autumn grass, dry and withered. It was so beautiful I was sorry to walk on it.

I stood looking down at it, and then, because I had to get on, lifted my eyes to the skyline. There was something black there, very big against the low sky; very swift, too, on its feet, for I had scarcely wondered what it was before it had come so close that I saw it was a man, a priest in his black soutane. I never saw any man who moved so fast without running. He was close to me, at my side, passing me even as I thought it.

"You are hurried, father," said I, meaning to be civil. I see few persons in my house, twelve miles from the settlement, and I had my curiosity to know where this strange priest was going. For he was a stranger.

"To the churchyard, my brother, — to the churchyard," he answered, in a chanting voice, yet not the chanting you hear in churches. He was past me as he spoke, — five yards past me down the hill.

The churchyard! Yes, there was a burying. Young John Noel was dead these three days. I heard that in the village.

"This priest will be late," I thought, wondering why young John must have two priests to bury him. Father Moore was enough for every one else. And then I wondered why he had called me "brother."

I turned to watch him down the hill, and saw what I had not seen before. The man was lame. His left foot hipped, either in trick or infirmity. In the shallow snow his track lay black and uneven where the sound foot had taken the weight. I do not know why, but that black track had a desolate look on the

white ground, and the black priest hurrying down the hill looked desolate, too. There was something infinitely lonely, infinitely pathetic, in that scurrying figure, indistinct through the falling snow.

I had grown chilled standing, and it made me shiver; or else it was the memory of the gaunt face, the eyes that did not look at me, the incredible, swift lameness of the strange priest. However it was, virtue had gone from me. I went on to the top of the hill without much spirit, and into the woods. And in the woods the kindness had gone from the snowfall. The familiar rocks and stumps were unfamiliar, threatening. Half a dozen times I wondered what a certain thing could be that crouched before me in the dusk, only to find it a rotten log, a boulder in the bare bushes. Whether I hurried faster than I knew, for that unfriendliness around me, I did not trouble to think, but I was in a wringing sweat when I came out at my own clearing. As I crossed it to my door something startled me; what, I do not know. It was only a faint sound, far off, unknown, unrecognizable, but unpleasing. I forgot the door was latched (I leave my house by the window when I go out for the day), and pushed it sharply. It gave to my hand. There was no stranger inside, at least. An old Indian sat by the smouldering fire, with my dog at his feet.

"Andrew!" said I. "Is anything wrong?" I had it always in my mind, when he came unexpectedly, that his wife might be dead. She had been smoking her pipe and dying these ten years back.

"I don' know." The old man smiled as he carefully shut and barred the door I had left ajar. "He want tobacco, so I come. You good man to me. You not home; I wait and make supper; my meat." He nodded proudly at the dull embers, and I saw he had an open pot on them, with a hacked-off joint of moose-meat. "I make him stew."

He had done the same thing before, a sort of tacit payment for the tobacco

he wanted. I was glad to see him, for I was so hot and tired from my walk home that I knew I must be getting old very fast. It is not good to sit alone in a shack of a winter's night and know you are getting old very fast.

When there was no more moosemeat we drew to the fire. Outside the wind had risen, full of a queer wailing that sounded something like the cry of a loon. I saw Andrew was not ready to start for home, though he had his hat on his head, and I realized I had not got out the tobacco. But when I put it on the table he let it lie.

"You keep me here to-night?" he asked, without a smile, almost anxiously. "Bad night, to-night. Too long way home."

I was pleased enough, but I asked if the old woman would be lonely.

"He get tobacco to-morrow." (Andrew had but the masculine third person singular; and why have more, when that serves?) "Girl with him when I come. To-morrow" — He listened for an instant to the wind, stared into the fire, and threw so mighty a bark-covered log on it that the flames flew up the chimney.

"Red deer come back to this country!" exclaimed he irrelevantly. "Come down from Maine. Wolves come back, too, over the north ice. I s'pose smell 'em? I don' know."

I nodded. I knew both things, having nothing but such things to know in the corner of God's world I call my own.

Andrew filled his pipe. If I had not been used to him, I could never have seen his eyes were not on it, but on me.

"To-morrow," he harked back abruptly, "we go 'way. Break up here; go down Lake Mooin."

"Why?" I was astounded. He had not shifted camp for years.

"I say red deer back. Not good here any more."

"But" — I wondered for half a minute if he could be afraid of the few stray wolves which had certainly come,

from Heaven knew how far, the winter before. But I knew that was nonsense. It must be something about the deer. How was I to know what his mind got out of them?

"No good," he repeated; he lifted his long brown hand solemnly, — "no good here. You come too."

I laughed. "I'm too old! Andrew, who was the strange priest I met to-day crossing the upland farm?"

"Father Moore — no? Father Underhill?"

"No. Thin, tired-looking, lame."

"Lame! Drag leg? Hurry?" I had never seen him so excited, never seen him stop in full career as now. "I don' know." It was a different man speaking. "Strange priest, not belong here. You come Lake Mooin with me."

"Tell me about the priest first," though I knew it was useless as I ordered it.

He spat into the fire. "Lame dog, lame woman, lame priest, — all no good!" said he. "What time late you sit up here?"

Not late that night, assuredly. I was more tired than I wanted to own. But long after I had gone to my bunk in the corner I saw Andrew's wrinkled face alert and listening in the firelight. He played with something in his hand, and I knew there was that in his mind which he would not say. The wind had died away; there was no more loon-calling, or whatever it was. I fell to sleep to the sound of the fire, the soft pat of snow against the window. But the straight old figure in my chair sat rigid, rigid.

I opened my eyes to broad, dull daylight. Andrew and the tobacco were gone. But on the table was something I did not see till I was setting my breakfast there: three bits of twig, two uprights and a crosspiece; a lake-shore pebble; a bit of charred wood. I supposed it was something about coming back from Lake Mooin to sit by my fire again, and I swept the picture-writing

away as I put down my teapot. Afterwards I was glad.

I began to wonder if it would ever stop snowing. Andrew's track from my door was filled up already. I sat down to my fly-tying and my books, with a pipe in my mouth and an old tune at my heart, when I heard a hare shriek out. I will have no traps on my grant, — a beggarly hundred acres, not cleared, and never will be; I have no farmer blood, — and for a moment I distrusted Andrew. I put on my boots and went out.

The dog plumped into the woods ahead of me, and came back. The hare shrieked again, and was cut off in midcry.

"Indian is Indian!" said I savagely. "Andrew!" But no one answered.

The dog fell behind me, treading in my steps.

In the thick spruces there was nothing; nothing in the opener hardwood, till I came out on a clear place under a big tree, with the snow falling over into my boot legs. There, stooping in the snow, with his back to me, was a man, — the priest of yesterday. Priest or no priest, I would not have it; and I said so.

He smiled tightly, his soutane gathered up around him.

"I do not snare. Look!" He moved aside, and I saw the bloody snow, the dead hare. "Something must have killed it and been frightened away. It is very odd." He looked round him, as I did, for the fox or wild-cat tracks that were not there. Except for my bootprints from my side, and his uneven track from his, there was not a mark on the snow. It might have been a wild cat who jumped to some tree, but even so it was queer.

"Very odd," he said again. "Will you have the hare?"

I shook my head. I had no fancy for it.

"It is good meat."

I had turned to see where my dog had gone, but I looked back at the sound of his voice, and was ashamed. Pinched,

tired, bedraggled, he held up the hare; and his eyes were sharp with hunger.

I looked for no more phantom tracks; I forgot he had sinned about the hare. I was ashamed that I, well fed, had shamed him, empty, by wondering foolishly about wild cats. Yet even so I had less fancy for that hare than ever.

"Let it lie," said I. "I have better meat, and I suppose the beasts are hungry as well as we. If you are not hurried, come in and have a bite with me. I see few strangers out here. You would do me a kindness."

A very strange look came on his face. "A kindness!" he exclaimed. "I — do a kindness!"

He seemed so taken aback that I wondered if he were not a little mad. I do not like madmen, but I could not turn round on him.

"You are off the track to anywhere," I explained. "There are no settlements for a hundred miles back of me. If you come in, I will give you your bearings."

"Off the track!" he repeated, almost joyfully. "Yes, yes. But I am very strong. I suppose" — his voice dragged into a whisper — "I shall not be able to help getting back to a settlement again. But" — He looked at me for the first time, with considering eyes like a dog's, only more afraid, less gentle. "You are a good man, brother," he said. "I will come."

He cast a shuddering glance at the hare, and threw it behind him. As I turned to go he drifted lamely after me, just as a homeless dog does, half hope, half terrified suspicion. But I fancied he laid a greedy eye at the bloody hare after he had turned away from it.

Somehow, he was not a comfortable companion, and I was sorry I had no lunatic asylum. I whistled for my dog, but he had run home. He liked neither snow nor strangers. I saw his great square head in my bed as I let the priest in, and I knew he was annoyed. Dogs are funny things.

Mad or sane, that priest ate ravenously. When he had finished his eyes were steadier, though he started frightfully when I dropped some firewood, — started toward the door.

"Were you in time for the funeral yesterday, father?" I asked, to put him at his ease. But at first he did not answer.

"I turned back," he said at last, in the chanting voice of yesterday. "You live alone, brother? Alone, like me, in the wilderness?"

I said yes. I supposed he was one of the Indian priests who live alone indeed. He was no town priest, for his nails were worn to the quick.

"You should bar your door at night," he continued slowly, as if it were a distasteful duty. "These woods are not — not as they were."

Here was another warning, the second in twenty-four hours. I forgot about his being crazy.

"I always bar it." I answered shortly enough. I was tired of these child's terrors, all the more that I myself had felt evil in the familiar woods only yesterday.

"Do more!" cried the priest. He stood up, a taller man than I had thought him, a gaunt, hunted-looking man in his shabby black. "Do more! After nightfall keep your door shut, even to knocking; do not open it for any calling. The place is a bad place, and treachery" — He stopped, looked at the table, pointed at something. "Would you mind," said he, "turning down that loaf? It is not — not true!"

I saw the loaf bottom up on the platter, and remembered. It is an old custom of silent warning that the stranger in the house is a traitor. But I had no one to warn. I laughed, and turned the loaf.

"Of course there is no traitor."

If ever I saw gratitude, it was in his eyes, yet he spoke peevishly: "Not now; but there might be. And so I say to you, after nightfall do not open your door — till the Indians come back."

Then he was an Indian priest. I wondered why Andrew had lied about him.

"What is this thing?" — I was impatient — "that you and they are afraid of? Look out there," — I opened the door (for the poor priest, to be truthful, was not savory), and pointed to the quiet clearing, the soft-falling snow, the fringe of spruces that were the vanguard of the woods, — "look there, and tell me what there is in my own woods that has not been there these twelve years past! Yet first an Indian comes with hints and warnings, and then you."

"What warnings?" he cried. "The Indian's, I mean! What warnings?"

"I am sure I do not know." I was thoroughly out of temper; I was not always a quiet old man in a lonely shack. "Something about the red-deer coming back, and the place being bad."

"That is nonsense about the red deer," returned the priest, not in the least as if he meant it.

"Nonsense or not, it seems to have sent the Indians away." I could not help sounding dry. I hate these silly mysteries.

He turned his back to me, and began to prow about the room. I had opened my mouth to speak, when he forestalled me.

"You have been kind to an outcast priest." He spoke plainly. "I tell you in return to go away; I tell you earnestly. Or else I ask you to promise me that for no reason will you leave your house after dark, or your door on the latch, till the Indians come back —" He stopped in the middle of a word, the middle of a step, his lame leg held up drolly. "What is that?"

It was more like the howl of a wild beast than a question, and I spun round pretty sharply. The man was crazier than I liked.

"That rubbish of twigs and stones? The Indian left them. They mean something about his coming back, I suppose."

I could not see what he was making

such a fuss about. He stood in that silly, arrested attitude, and his lips had drawn back from his teeth in a kind of snarl. I stooped for the things, and it was exactly as if he snapped at me.

"Let them be. I—I have no fancy for them. They are a heathen charm." He backed away from them, drew close to the open door, and stood with a working face,—the saddest sight of fierce and weary ruin, of effort to speak kindly, that ever I saw.

"They're just a message," I began.

"That you do not understand." He held up his hand for silence, more priest and less madman than I had yet seen him. "I will tell you what they mean. The twigs, two uprights and a crosspiece, mean to keep your door shut; the stone is—the stone does not matter—call it a stranger; the charcoal"—for all the effort he was making his hand fell, and I thought he trembled—"the charcoal"—

I stooped mechanically to put the things as he described them, as Andrew had left them; but his cry checked me.

"Let the cruel things be! The charcoal means the unlucky, the burned-out souls whose bodies live accursed. No, I will not touch them, either. But do you lay them as you found them, night after night, at your door, and—and"—he was fairly grinding his teeth with the effort; even an outcast priest may feel shame at believing in heathenry—"and the unlucky, the unhappy, must pass by."

I do not know why such pity came on me, except that it is not right to see into the soul of any man, and I knew the priest must be banned, and thought Andrew had meant to warn me against him. I took the things, twigs, stone, and charcoal, and threw them into the fire.

"I'd sooner they came in," I said.

But the strange priest gave me a look of terror, of agony. I thought he wrung his hands, but I could not tell. As if I had struck him he was over my threshold, and scurrying away with his swift lame-

ness into the woods and the thin-falling snow. He went the way we had come in the morning, the way of the dead hare. I could not help wondering if he would take it with him if it were still there. I was sorry I had not asked him where he was going; sorrier I had not filled his pockets with food. I turned to put away my map of the district, and it was gone. He must have moved more silently than a wolf to have stolen it, but stolen it was. I could not grudge it, if I would rather have given it. I went to the bunk to pull out my sulky dog, and stood amazed. Those books lie which say dogs do not sweat.

"The priest certainly had a bad smell," I exclaimed, "but nothing to cause all this fuss! Come out!"

But he only crawled abjectly to the fire, and presently lifted his great head and howled.

"Snow or no snow, priest or no priest," said I, "we will go out to get rid of these vapors;" for I had not felt much happier with my guest than had the dog.

When we came back we had forgotten him; or why should I lie?—the dog had. I could not forget his lameness, his poor, fierce, hungry face. I made a prayer in my bed that night. (I know it is not a devout practice, but if the mind kneels I hold the body does not matter, and my mind has been kneeling for twenty years.)

"For all that are in agony and have none to pray for them, I beseech thee, O God!" And I meant the priest, as well as some others. But, however it was, I heard—I mean I saw—no more of him. I had never heard of him so much as his name.

Christmas passed. In February I went down to the village, and there I heard what put the faint memory of the lame man out of my head. The wolves who had followed the red deer were killing, not deer in the woods, but children in the settlements. The village talked of packs of wolves, and Heaven knew how many children. I thought, if it came to

bare truth, there might have been three children eaten, instead of the thirty rumor made them, and that for the fabled pack there probably stood two or three brutes, with a taste for human flesh, and a distaste for the hard running of pulling down a deer. And before I left the village I met a man who told the plain tale.

There had been ten children killed or carried off, but there had been no pack of wolves concerned, nor even three nor two. One lame wolf's track led from each robbed house, only to disappear on some highroad. More than that, the few wolves in the woods seemed to fear and shun the lonely murderer; were against him as much as the men who meant to hunt him down.

It was a queer story; I hardly thought it held water, though the man who told it was no romance-maker. I left him, and went home over the hard shining of the crusted snow, wondering why the good God, if he had not meant his children to kill, should have made the winter so long and hard.

Yellow shafts of low sunlight pierced the woods as I threaded them, and if they had not made it plain that there was nothing abroad I should have thought I heard something padding in the underbrush. But I saw nothing till I came out on my own clearing; and there I jerked up with surprise.

The lame priest stood with his back to my window, — stood on a patch of tramped and bloody snow.

"Will you never learn sense?" he whined at me. "This is no winter to go out and leave your window unfastened. If I had not happened by, your dog would be dead."

I stared at him. I always left the window ajar, for the dog to go out and in.

"I came by," drawled the priest, as if he were passing every day, "and found your dog out here with three wolves on him. I — I beat them off." He might speak calmly, but he wiped the sweat

from his face. "I put him in by the window. He is only torn."

"But you" — My wits came back to me. I thanked him as a man does who has only a dumb beast to cherish. "Why did you not go in, too? You must be frozen."

He shook his head. "The dog is afraid of me; you saw that," he answered simply. "He was better alone. Besides, I had my hands full at the time."

"Are you hurt?" I would have felt his ragged clothes, but he flinched away from me.

"They were afraid, too!" He gave a short laugh. "And now I must go. Only be careful. For all you knew, there might have been wolves beside you as you came. And you had no gun."

I knew now why he looked neither cold nor like a man who has been waiting. He had made the window safe for the dog inside, and run through the woods to guard me. I was full of wonder at the strangeness of him, and the absurd gratitude; I forgot — or rather, I did not speak of — the stolen map. I begged him to come in for the night. But he cut me off in the middle.

"I am going a long way. No, I will not take a gun. I have no fear."

"These wolves are too much!" I cried angrily. "They told me in the village that a lame one had been harrying the settlements. I mean a wolf" — Not for worlds would I have said anything about lameness if I had remembered his.

"Do they say that?" he asked, his gaunt and furrowed face without expression. "Oh, you need not mind me. It is no secret that I — I too am lame. Are they sure?"

"Sure enough to mean to kill him." Somehow, my tongue faltered over it.

"So they ought." He spoke in his throat. "But — I doubt if they can!" He straightened himself, looked at the sun with a queer face. "I must be going. You need not thank me, — except, if there comes one at nightfall, do not,

for my memory, let him in. Good-night, brother."

And, "Good-night, brother," said I.

He turned, and drifted lamely out of the clearing. He was out of my sight as quickly as if he had gone into the ground. It was true about the wolves; there were their three tracks, and the priest's tracks running to the place where they had my dog down. If, remembering the hare, I had had other thoughts, I was ashamed of them. I was sorry I had not asked in the village about this strange man who beat off wolves with a stick; but I had, unfortunately, not known it in the village.

I was to know. Oh, I was to know!

It might have been a month after — anyhow, it was near sunset of a bitter day — when I saw the lame priest again.

Lame indeed. Bent double as if with agony, limping horribly, the sweat on his white face, he stumbled to my door. His hand was at his side; there was a dry blood stain round his mouth; yet even while he had to lean against the doorpost he would not let me within arm reach of him, but edged away.

"Come in, man." I was appalled. "Come in. You — are you hurt?" I thought I saw blood on his soutane, that was in flinders.

He shook his head. Like a man whose minutes are numbered, he looked at the sun; and, like a man whose minutes are numbered, could not hurry his speech.

"Not I," he said at last. "But there is a poor beast out there," nodding vaguely, "a — a dog, that has been wounded. I — I want some rags to tie up the wound, a blanket to put over him. I cannot leave him in his — his last hour."

"You can't go. I'll put him out of his misery: that will be better than blankets."

"It might," muttered he, "it might, if you could! But I must go."

I said I would go, too. But at that he seemed to lose all control of himself, and snarled out at me.

"Stay at home. I will not have you. Hurry. Get me the things."

His eyes — and, on my soul, I thought death was glazing them — were on the sinking sun when I came out again, and for the first time he did not edge away from me. I should have known without telling that he had been caring for some animal by the smell of his clothes.

"My brother that I have treated brotherly, as you me," he said, "whether I come back this night or not, keep your door shut. Do not come out — *if I had strength to kneel, I would kneel to you* — for any calling. And I — I that ask you have loved you well; I have tried to serve you, except" (he had no pause, no awkwardness) "in the matter of that map; but you had burnt the heathen charm, and I had to find a way to keep far off from you. I am — I am a driven man!"

"There will be no calling." I was puzzled and despairing. "There has been none of that loon-crying, or whatever it was, since the night I first met you. If you would treat me as a brother, come back to my house and sleep. I will not hurt your wounded dog," though even then I knew it was no dog.

"I treat you as I know best," he answered passionately. "But if in the morning I do not come" — He seized the blanket, the rags; bounded from me in the last rays of sunlight, dragging his burden in the snow. As he vanished with his swift, incredible lameness, his voice came back high and shrill: "If I do not come in the morning, come out and give — give my dog burial. For the love of" — he was screaming — "for the love I bore you — Christian burial!"

If I had not stayed to shut the door, I should not have lost him. Until dark I called, I beat every inch of cover. All the time I had a feeling that he was near and evading me, and at last I stopped looking for him. For all I knew he might have a camp somewhere; and camp or none, he had said pretty plainly he did

not want me. I went home, angry and baffled.

It was a freezing night. The very moon looked fierce with cold. The shack snapped with frost as I sat down to the supper I could not eat for the thought of the poor soul outside; and as I sat I heard a sound, a soft, imploring call, — the same, only nearer and more insistent, as the cry on the wind the night after I first saw the priest. I was at the door, when something stopped me. I do not exaggerate when I say the mad priest's voice was in my ears: "If there comes one to your door after nightfall, do not let him in. Do not open for any crying. *If I had strength to kneel, I would kneel to you.*"

I do not think any pen on earth could put down the entreaty of that miserable voice, but even remembering it I would have disregarded it if, before I could so much as draw breath, that soft calling had not broken into a great ravening howl, bestial, full of malice. For a moment I thought the priest had come back raving mad; I thought silly thoughts of my cellar and my medicine chest; but as I turned for my knitted sash to tie him with, the horrid howl came again, and I knew it was no man, but a beast. Or I think that is a lie. I knew nothing, except that outside was something more horrible than I had ever dreamed of, and that I could not open my door.

I did go to the window; I put a light there for the priest to see, if he came; but I did no more. That very day I had said, "There will be no more calling," and here, in my sober senses, stood and sweated because my words were turned into a lie.

There seemed to be two voices, yet I knew it was but one. First would come the soft wailing, with the strange drawing in it. There was more terror for me in that than in the furious snarl to which it always changed; for while it was imploring it was all I could do not to let in the one who cried out there.

Just as I could withstand no longer, the ravening malice of the second cry would stop me short. It was as if one called and one forbade me. But I knew there were no two things outside.

I may as well set down my shame and be done. I was afraid. I stood holding my frantic dog, and dared not look at the unshuttered window, black and shining like new ice in the lamp-light, lest I should see I knew not what inhuman face looking at me through the frail pane. If I had had the heathen charm, I should have fallen to the cowardice of using it.

It may have been ten minutes that I stood with frozen blood. All I am sure of is that I came to my senses with a great start, remembering the defenseless priest outside. I shut up my dog, took my gun, opened my door in a fury, and — did not shoot.

Not ten yards from me a wolf crouched in the snow, a dark and lonely thing. My gun was in my shoulder, but as he came at me the sound that broke from his throat loosened my arm. It was human. There is no other word for it. As I stood, sick and stupid, the poor brute stopped his rush with a great slither in the snow that was black with his blood in the moonlight, and ran, — ran terribly, lamely, from my sight, — but not before I had seen a wide white bandage bound round his gray-black back and breast.

"The priest's dog!" I said. I thought a hundred things, and dared not meddle with what I did not understand.

I searched as best I might for what I knew I should not find, — searched till the dawn broke in a lurid sky; and under that crimson light I found the man I had called brother on the crimson snow. And as I hope to die in a house and in my bed, my rags I gave for the dying beast were round his breast, my blanket huddled at his hand. But his face, as I looked on him, I should not have known, for it was young. I put down my loaded

gun, that I was glad was loaded still, and I carried the dead home. I saw no wounded wolf nor the trace of one, except the long track from my door to the priest's body, and *that* was marked by neither teeth nor claws, but, under my rags, with bullets.

Well, he had his Christian burial! — though Father Moore, good, smooth man, would not hear my tale.

The dead priest had been outcast by his own will, not the Church's; had roamed the country for a thousand miles, a thing afraid and a thing of fear. And now some one had killed him, perhaps by mistake.

"Who knows?" finished Father Moore softly. "Who knows? But I will have no hue and cry made about it. He was once, at least, a servant of God, and these," — he glanced at the queer-

looking bullets that had fallen from the dead man's side as I made him ready for burial, — "I will encourage no senseless superstition in my people by trying to trace these. Especially" — But he did not finish.

So we dug the priest's grave, taking turn by turn, for we are not young; and his brother in God buried him. What either of us thought about the whole matter he did not say.

But the very day after, while the frozen mound of consecrated earth was raw in the sunshine, Andrew walked in at my door.

"We come back," he announced. "All good here now! Lame wolf dead. Shoot him after dark, silver bullet. *Wēgūlādīmōoch. Bochtūsūm.*"¹

He said never a word about the new grave. And neither did I.

S. Carleton.

MAETERLINCK AND MUSIC.

ONE is always meeting with curious literary and artistic affinities where one least expects them. The human mind, of course, is really homogeneous throughout. We have all to build up our inner and outer universe out of very much the same kind of brain and sense organs: so that it is hardly surprising if here and there one feels that the work of this or that musician or artist is the counterpart of the work of this or that poet or prose writer, or *vice versa*. One sees, for example, a good deal of Weber and the German Romanticists in the stories of Hoffmann; of Lessing and Diderot in the work of Gluck; of Tourgeniev and Dostoevsky in the music of Tschai-kovsky; of Berlioz's music — as Heine suggested — in the pictures of Martin. This phenomenon is so frequent as to excite little wonder. What is rather more curious is to find, here and there,

that one of the main spiritual principles of a certain artist is implicit in the æsthetic system of another artist who works in an entirely different medium, and whose whole work, at first sight, seems to be of a diametrically opposite order. Between Wagner and Maeterlinck, for instance, who would say that there is a fundamental sympathy of soul and a community of artistic outlook, — between the musician of stupendous passion and restless activity and the quiet mystic who seems to be serenely poised far above all activity and all passion, placing, in his lofty philosophizing, so little store by all the things that appeared so vital, so real, to the musician? Nevertheless, there is, as I shall try to show, a curious similarity between the æsthetic systems of the two men. They share something of the

¹ Evil spirit, wolf. *Wēgūlādīmōoch* is a word no Indian cares to say.

same excellencies ; they break down or find their limitations almost at the same point. Let us examine the two systems cursorily.

I.

If we did not possess Maeterlinck's own dramas, we might be able to judge from his essays what his position toward the drama and fiction would be. Here we have revealed to us a manner of feeling life and of looking out upon the world that could find expression only in some such dramatic form as Maeterlinck's. The dramatist himself, however, has given us, in his exquisite chapter on *The Tragical in Daily Life*, a statement, at once explicit and impassioned, of his creed. He expounds the theory that the ordinary tragedy of startling incident is, or ought to be, a thing of the past, a concept of barbaric ages, when men could lay hold of the secret underforces of life only by reaching after them through crude and violent action. In a more refined and subtle age, we should be able to trace the hand of destiny even when it does not work through media so coarse and palpable. It is not the primitive sensation of seeing one man act the murder of another that is the essence of tragedy. It is the sense of spiritual enlightenment that comes to us ; the feeling that, somehow or other, the murder itself, the passion and events that led up to it, the consequences that flow from it, are all subtly interwoven threads of the great indwelling laws of things. Most of the action, indeed, that is associated with our current notion of tragedy is, from a higher point of view, both superfluous in itself and an evidence of our degradation. We should be capable of being moved to pity, of feeling the most refined tragic sorrow, by a play that eliminates the coarser facts, and relies on gentler and more intimate suggestions of universal truth. Our present age, he thinks, is capable, or is becoming capable, of this. "In former days," he says in his essay on *The*

Awakening of the Soul, "if there was question, for a moment, of a presentiment, of the strange impression produced by a chance meeting or a look, of a decision that the unknown side of human reason had governed, of an intervention or a force, inexplicable and yet understood, of the secret laws of sympathy and antipathy, of elective and instinctive affinities, of the overwhelming influence of the thing that had not been spoken, — in former days these problems would have been carelessly passed by ; and, besides, it was but seldom that they obtruded themselves upon the serenity of the thinker. They seemed to come about by the merest chance. That they are ever pressing upon life, unceasingly and with prodigious force, — this was unsuspected of all ; and the philosopher hastened back to familiar studies of passion, and of incident that floated on the surface."

This is clearly part of a philosophy of life and art in which the cruder nervous strands are put aside, as useless for that spiritual illumination which the thinker desires. They are too thick to be sensitive to the finer currents that pass through them ; only the more delicate nerve tracts, alive to every wave of feeling, can be stimulated to philosophic light and heat. The essence of all Maeterlinck's work, of course, is this supersensitiveness. He is endowed with other senses than ours, other modes of apprehending the universe. His finer nerves catch vibrations in men, in life, in the very air around him, that fall dead upon our coarser fibres. Most of his thinking and writing is too subtle, too tense, too rarefied, for ordinary men, even for ordinary artists. And he, for his part, seems always hampered by having to express supersensuous, superintellectual things in a language that was made, in the first place, to express the usual sensuous and intellectual life. He is beset by intuitions that can never find adequate expression in words. "How strangely,"

he* says, "do we diminish a thing as soon as we try to express it in words!" Speech hardly seems necessary to him as a means of carrying on his thoughts, which, as they lie in deeper, more obscure places than language — the invention of the majority — has ever visited, must seek a more immediate way of passage from his own brain to that of another. "A time will come, perhaps, when our souls will know of each other without the intermediary of the senses. . . . A spiritual epoch is perhaps upon us." Thus the favorite means of communication between the souls of the spiritual elect is, not speech, but silence, — silence, which is far more eloquent, far more illuminative of the profoundest depths of being, than language can ever be. "It is idle," he writes, "to think that by means of words any real communication can ever pass from one man to another. . . . It is only when life is sluggish within us that we speak." As the mystic despises words as instruments of communication, so he looks down upon facts as guides to knowledge. As the inner life is too subtle to be expressed in ordinary language, so its interests are too refined to be spent upon crude facts. These are "nothing but the laggards, the spies and camp followers, of the great forces we cannot see."

II.

Here, then, is a philosophy of life which, in the hands of the artist, aims at creating a new type of "static" drama, in which speech shall give way, as far as possible, to suggestion, incident and action to the immediate revelation of soul states. Though the drama is to deal with real life in a way that Maeterlinck would regard as most rigorously real, there is to be a progressive withdrawal from most of the points that the average man regards as the essence of reality. In the first place, naked facts and violent actions are to be passed over, as not necessary to the true dramatic spirit; in

the second place, mere words are no longer to be looked upon as indispensable intermediaries between the thought and the expression. Now all this, in its main features, finds a very close parallel in the work and the arguments of Wagner. Let us look for a moment at his theories as they figure in actual practice, taken out of the wordy metaphysic in which he delighted to obscure them. The drama and the novel, as we now have them, represent an attempt to fill the reader with a certain emotion that is in the brain of the writer. The tragedy of *King Lear*, for example, aims at inspiring in us a sentiment of pity for an old man who is shattered by filial ingratitude. *Othello* aims at enlisting our sympathies for an affectionate man and wife whose happiness is broken to pieces partly by misunderstanding, partly by diabolical machinations. There are innumerable other points in the plays, but these are the great central forces. These are what moved Shakespeare to the composition of the dramas. These are the ideas from which he started; and these are the ideas that remain with us when we have seen or read the plays. But, owing to the clumsy, intractable nature of the material in which he works, the dramatist can project this central idea or feeling into us only by a most round-about process. He cannot plunge at once into his subject. He must commence at a point far distant from that to which he wishes to lead us, and then work up to it gradually. He cannot communicate an emotion without unfolding before our eyes the long and complex scenes or set of circumstances that give rise to this emotion. He cannot confine himself to the characters and the events that make up the real drama; he has to illustrate these, — to draw sparks from them, as it were, by the impact of minor incidents and persons. In a word, he has to fill us with a multiplicity of superfluous feelings before he can communicate to us the one feeling that is really essential.

In music all this is altered. There being no distinction between the feeling and the expression, no bar between the emotion and the speech, the musician can plunge at once into the very heart of his subject. Further, he need never leave it; he can devote all his energies to elucidating the really necessary things; he has no need to waste half his time in showing, from the description of extraneous things, how such and such a situation has come about, or how a man comes to feel in such and such a way. It takes an hour's reading of the Tristan legend, or any poem on the subject, before we feel the atmosphere of tragedy closing round us, or know precisely why it should come. In Wagner's opera, not only is the fact that there is a tragedy suggested in the first bars of the music, but the very tint and spiritual quality of the tragedy are painted for us at once. All through the work, again, we are concerned with nothing but precisely that territory of emotion, of love, grief, and pity, to which the legend and the poets have to guide us by devious and frequently uncolored paths. We see Tristan and Isolde in the first bar and in the last; we never leave them for a moment. Thus not only does the musician draw us at once to the point he wishes us to reach, but his independence of all the scaffolding necessary to the poet gives him more freedom of development. He can wring from the souls of his characters the last bitter juices of their emotions. Wagner himself was fond of pointing out his gradual growth in these respects. In the Flying Dutchman he tried "to keep the plot to its simplest features; to exclude all useless detail, such as the intrigues one borrows from common life." The plot of Tannhäuser will be found "far more markedly evolving from its inner motives;" while "the whole interest of Lohengrin consists in an inner working within the heart of Elsa, involving every secret of the soul." Wagner's aim was to shake

himself clear of the wearisome mass of detail that, in the poetical drama, is necessary to show the "whence and wherefore" of each feeling. "I too, as I have told you," he writes, "felt driven to this 'whence and wherefore;' and for long it banned me from the magic of my art. But my time of penance taught me to overcome the question. All doubt at last was taken from me, when I gave myself up to the Tristan. Here, in perfect trustfulness, I plunged into the inner depth of soul events, and from out this inmost centre of the world I fearlessly built up its outer form. A glance at the volumen of this poem will show you at once that the exhaustive detail work which an historical poet is obliged to devote to clearing up the outward bearing of his plot, to the detriment of a lucid exposition of its inner motives, I now trusted myself to apply to these latter alone. Life and death, the whole import and existence of the outer world, here hang on nothing but the inner movements of the soul. The whole affecting Action comes about for the reason only that the inmost soul demands it, and steps to light with the very shape foretold in the inner shrine."

Here the analogy with Maeterlinck's theory becomes evident. Both men despise the cruder, external, historical, active facts on which the drama has felt itself till now compelled to rely; both aim at a subtle form of drama in which the soul states shall be the first and last thing. There is more in life, they say, than conscious reason; it is the innermost processes of the soul that we desire to have laid bare to us in drama. This reflection led Wagner to the choice of the myth as the best material on which to work. "I therefore believed," he writes, "I must term the 'mythos' the poet's ideal Stuff, — that native, nameless poem of the Folk, which throughout the ages we ever meet new handled by the great poets of periods of consummate culture; for in it *there almost vanishes*

the conventional form of man's relations, merely explicable to abstract reason, to show instead the eternally intelligible, the purely human." To Maeterlinck, also, the "purely human" — the whole man, the essential man — lies deeper than what is "merely explicable to abstract reason." "A new, indescribable power," he says, in speaking of Ibsen's Master Builder, "dominates this somnambulistic drama. All that is said therein at once hides and reveals the sources of an unknown life. And if we are bewildered at times, let us not forget that our soul often appears, to our feeble eyes, to be but the maddest of forces, and that there are in man many regions more fertile, more profound, and more interesting than those of his reason or his intelligence."

For these obscure regions of the soul words alone are plainly an inadequate mode of expression. Hence both Wagner and Maeterlinck feel that some more direct kind of utterance is required, some more immediate means of communication between the feeling of the artist and the feeling of the auditor. Wagner finds this in music, which substitutes a direct appeal for the indirect appeal of the ordinary poet. The dramatic poem must be draughted "in such a fashion that it may penetrate the finest fibres of the musical tissue, and the spoken *thought* entirely dissolve into the *feeling*." Not that there is to be any surrender of that grip upon the inner life that is the essence of thoughtful drama. On the contrary, Wagner maintains, after the manner of Maeterlinck, it is only when the soul is set free from the disturbing accidents of the temporary life that it can see clearly into the movements of the universal life. Wagner holds that in the Beethoven symphony, for example, a world view is presented, quite as philosophical, quite as logically connected, as any that can be put together in words. "In this symphony, instruments speak a language whereof the world at no previous time

had any knowledge; for here, with a hitherto unknown persistence, the purely musical expression enchains the hearer in an inconceivably varied mesh of nuances; rouses his inmost being, to a degree unreachable by any other art; and in all its changefulness reveals an ordering principle so free and bold that we can deem it more forcible than any logic, yet without the laws of logic entering into it in the slightest; nay, rather, the reasoning march of thought, with its track of causes and effects, here finds no sort of foothold. So that this symphony must positively appear to us a revelation from another world; and in truth it opens out a scheme of the world's phenomena quite different from the ordinary logical scheme, and whereof one foremost thing is undeniable: that it thrusts home with the most overwhelming conviction, and guides our feeling with such a sureness that the logic-mongering reason is completely routed and disarmed thereby."

Now set beside this view of the relations of the musical drama to the poetical drama Maeterlinck's comparison of his own dramatic ideals with those of the "active" poet. The latter passes unthinkingly over many of the feelings that give significance to a tragic event. Why should not these feelings, the essential core of the drama, be given fuller play, and the mere incidents be looked upon as either superfluous or purely ancillary? The whole of Maeterlinck's magnificent passage must here be quoted: "The mysterious chant of the Infinite, the ominous silence of the soul and of God, the murmur of Eternity on the horizon, the destiny or fatality that we are conscious of within us, though by what tokens none can tell, — do not all these underlie King Lear, Macbeth, Hamlet? And would it not be possible, by some interchanging of the rôles, to bring them nearer to us, and send the actor farther off? Is it beyond the mark to say that the true tragic element,

normal, deep-rooted, and universal, — that the true tragic element of life only begins at the moment when so-called adventures, sorrows, and dangers have disappeared? . . . When we think of it, is it not the tranquillity that is terrible, the tranquillity watched by the stars? And is it in tumult or in silence that the spirit of life quickens within us? Is it not when we are told, at the end of the story, 'They were happy,' that the great disquiet should intrude itself? What is taking place while they are happy? Are there not elements of deeper gravity and stability in happiness, in a single moment of repose, than in the whirlwind of passion? Is it not then that we at last behold the march of time, — ay, and of many another on-stealing besides, more secret still, — is it not then that the hours rush forward? Are not deeper chords set vibrating by all these things than by the dagger stroke of conventional drama? Is it not at the very moment when a man believes himself secure from bodily death that the strange and silent tragedy of the being and the immensities does indeed raise its curtain on the stage? Is it while I flee before a naked sword that my existence touches its most interesting point? Is life always at its sublimest in a kiss? Are there not other moments, when one hears purer voices that do not fade away so soon? Does the soul flow only on nights of storm? Hitherto, doubtless, this belief has prevailed. It is only the life of violence, the life of bygone days, that is perceived by nearly all our tragic writers; and truly may one say that anachronism dominates the stage, and that dramatic art dates back as many years as the art of sculpture."

He places the spiritual purposes of painting and music on a higher plane; "for these," he says, "have learned to select and reproduce those obscurer phases of daily life that are not the less deep-rooted and amazing. They know that all that life has lost, as regards mere superficial ornament, has been more than

counterbalanced by the depth, the intimate meaning, and the spiritual gravity it has acquired. The true artist no longer chooses Marius triumphing over the Cimbrians, or the assassination of the Duke of Guise, as a fit subject for his art; for he is well aware that the psychology of victory or murder is but elementary and exceptional, and that the solemn voice of men and things, the voice that issues forth so timidly and hesitatingly, cannot be heard amidst the idle uproar of acts of violence. And therefore will he place on his canvas a house lost in the heart of the country, an open door at the end of a passage, a face or hands at rest, and by these simple images will add to our consciousness of life, which is a possession that it is no longer possible to lose."

III.

The excellence and the wisdom of these thoughts need no pointing out. What is the defect in them, — or, rather, wherein are they incomplete?

This may be seen, in the first place, by playing off Maeterlinck's theory against that of Wagner. It is quite true, as Wagner says, that his kind of music-drama has one great advantage over the poetical drama: that by surrendering certain outlying interests it can expend all its power on the central interest, — giving full play, as Wagner would express it, to the inner motives of the dramatic action. But, on the other hand, music must, from its very nature, fail to touch a score of ideas and passions that are within us, and for whose expression we are compelled to go to poetry unhampered by music. Thus there are certain mental states with which music can have absolutely no communion. The girl can sing, as Ruskin has told us, of her lost love, but the miser cannot sing of his lost money bags. For a study of the miser, then, and of all the shades of character that resemble his, we must look, not to music, but to poetry. Again,

any one who has seen Verdi's Othello on the stage must have been struck with the feebleness of the character-drawing of Iago. A monster of this kind, of cunning and deception, is a concept almost entirely foreign to the art of music, which does indeed give a heightened value to the primary emotions, but, on the other hand, cannot get beyond these. One has frequently the utmost difficulty in believing that Wagner's Mime is a hateful character, owing to the inability of music to express the mean and despicable. It can render, mainly by physical means, the horrible and the terrible, but the contemptible is beyond its sphere.

Nor, again, even in the field where music and poetry meet, does music so far cover the ground, as Wagner would contend, as to make non-musical poetry superfluous, a mere echo. For the sheer emotional beauty of pity, for exquisite tenderness and complete consolation, nothing, in any art, could surpass certain portions of Parsifal. But it is essentially an inward emotion here; it achieves its miracle by casting its own lovely atmosphere round the crude, hard facts of the world. If we want an expression of pity that shall bear more closely on our real life, give us the emotional balm at the same time that it puts our severer thought to rest, we must go to poetry. Look at the colloquy of the poets in the *Rubáiyát*, in which Omar pours out the vials of his compassion upon the marred and broken beings of this world:—

"Said one among them — 'Surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again.'

"Then said a Second — 'Ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank
in joy:

And He that with his hand the Vessel made
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy.'

"After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make;
'They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
What! did the Hand then of the Potter
shake?' "

There is not here the sensuous anodyne of Wagner's music, but there is something equally precious; the thought is farther flung; it brings more elements of reality back with it to be bathed and softened in emotion; it stirs the more vital philosophic depths. So, again, with the line Maeterlinck himself places in the mouth of old Arkel, after one of the most terrible scenes in *Pelleas and Melisanda*: "If I were God, how I should pity the heart of men!" Music, in its grave speech after a dire catastrophe, may almost compass some such wealth of tragical significance as this; but there is in Maeterlinck's line a peculiar, ultimate divination that can be conveyed to us only in words. Numberless other instances might be cited, all proving this existence of a philosophic sphere to which even the greatest music can never have access. Matthew Arnold may have been a prejudiced witness, being a poet himself; yet one feels that he has the right with him in that passage, in his *Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoön*, in which he points out how the painter and the musician excel respectively in expressing "the aspect of the moment" and "the feeling of the moment," but that the poet deals more philosophically with the total life and interlacement of things:—

"He must life's *movement* tell!

The thread which binds it all in one,
And not its separate parts alone.
The *movement* he must tell of life,
Its pain and pleasure, rest and strife;
His eye must travel down, at full,
The long, unpausing spectacle;
With faithful unrelaxing force
Attend it from its primal source,
From change to change and year to year,
Attend it of its mid career,
Attend it to the last repose,
And solemn silence of its close."

Arnold's expression might have been a little more artistic, but there is no controverting the general truth he voices: that poetry looks before and after in a way that music cannot possibly do; is wider in its sweep than music, clearer in its vision, making up for its diminished

idealism by its sympathetic evocation of a hundred notes that are denied to music.

IV.

And just as we pass from music to poetry to reach certain emotions that are not to be found in the more general art, so we pass from Maeterlinck's æsthetic world to that of the cruder realist, in the search for certain further artistic satisfactions. Mysticism has this in common with music: that it gives voice to the broader, more generalized feelings of mankind, and hesitates to come into contact with the less ecstatic faculties that are exercised upon the harder facts of life. Maeterlinck, like Wagner, tries to lay hold upon the universal in art; but he does so simply because, again like Wagner, he is comparatively insensitive to other stimuli. And as Wagner's æsthetic holds good only of a musical drama like his own, so Maeterlinck's theory of drama is completely valid only for those who share his general attitude toward life and knowledge. If in the semi-swoon of the faculties before the abyss of the universal we come closest to the real roots of things, then is there nothing to be added to or taken from Maeterlinck's statement of the essence of drama. If, on the other hand, the evolution of the more acutely specialized perceptions in us points to our need of a mental system that shall embrace ever more and more of the phenomena of the world, then must we have an art that shall shape these perceptions into a beauty of their own. Did we all apprehend the universe as Maeterlinck does, — through a kind of sixth sense that is an instantaneous blend of the ordinary five; could we all arrive at his serenely philosophical outlook, and be content with so much understanding of the world as came to us in immediate intuitions, — we should then see in his art a mode of expression coextensive with all that we could know or feel. But since we do not all look at life with the semi-Oriental fatalism of

Maeterlinck, in whose soul the passive elements seem to outweigh the active, we have to turn to other modes of dramatic art for the satisfaction of our cravings. "The poet," he says in one place, "adds to ordinary life something, — I know not what, — which is the poet's secret: and there comes to us a sudden revelation of life in its stupendous grandeur, in its submissiveness to the unknown powers, in its endless affinities, in its awe-inspiring misery." Well, for a great many of us there are moments when "submissiveness to the unknown powers" does not express the be-all and the end-all of life, — more vivid moments of revolt, of struggle with uncertainties, of passionate assertions of personality, far removed from the gray resignation of the mystic. If life is ugly and bitter, there is an art that can interest us deeply in this bitterness and ugliness, because it ministers to that deep-seated need of ours to leave no corner of life and nature unexplored. This art of the mercilessly real may not be so "philosophical" as Maeterlinck's; it may not speak to us so clearly of the "mysterious chant of the Infinite, the ominous silence of the soul and of God, the murmur of Eternity on the horizon," for these voices can make themselves heard only in a wider, less troubled space than ours. But just as the poet relinquishes some of the formal perfection of the musician, finding his compensation in his power to touch a wider range of things, so the realist finds in the bracing, ever interesting contact with the cruder facts of life something that compensates him for missing the broader peace of the mystic, — a sense of personality, of struggle with and dominion over inimical forces, that the languor of mysticism cannot provide. No human reason, says Maeterlinck, in our actions; "no human reason; nothing but destiny." Well, thought and action, to the mystic, may be only the children of illusion; but may there not be as much illusion in passivity, in the ecstatic

collapse of the intellect under the pressure of an incomprehensible world? In the Maeterlinck drama, beautiful as it is, we cannot all of us find complete satisfaction. To quote the words that he himself has used in another context: "Here we are no longer in the well-known valleys of human and psychic life. We find ourselves at the door of the third inclosure, — that of the divine life of the mystics. We have to grope timidly, and make sure of every footstep, as we cross the threshold." And when we have crossed the threshold, we find ourselves hungering and thirsting for the more troubled, but at any rate broader life we have left behind us; just as the Wagnerian drama, mighty as it is, brings home to us the fact that there are needs of our nature that music cannot satisfy. Formal perfection, absolute homogeneity, are obtainable in an art only when we abstract it from outer incident and long reflection. Music comes before poetry in this respect, poetry before the drama, the drama before fiction. Take, from a master of reticence, an example of apparent dissipation of artistic force that Wagner would have held to prove his theories. It is the scene in *Madame Bovary* where Léon, expecting to see Emma, is detained at dinner by Homais. "At two o'clock they were still at table, opposite each other. The large room was emptying; the stovepipe, in the shape of a palm tree, spread its gilt leaves over

the white ceiling, and near them, outside the window, in the bright sunshine, a little fountain gurgled in a white basin, where, in the midst of watercress and asparagus, three torpid lobsters stretched across to some quails that lay heaped up in a pile on their sides." "Three torpid lobsters"! Wagner would have said: "What have these to do with art? Music's manner of describing the impatience of two separated lovers is that of the mad prelude to the duet in *Tristan*. Here we have all the essential soul states, without the admixture of crude external realities." But there is something in Léon's impatience that music cannot express, — the dreary boredom of his companion, the helpless wandering of the mind over the insignificant uglinesses of his surroundings. This also is part of human psychology, and a part that can find expression only in words. In consideration of the wider sweep of the artistic net, we gladly abate our demands for perfection of quality in the yield; for the phenomena of the extensive and the intensive are intended to be compensatory, the one taking the burden upon itself where the strength of the other fails. Wagner erred in thinking that the union of all the arts in music-drama could render each separate art superfluous; Maeterlinck errs in thinking that the mystic, in his withdrawal to the centre of consciousness, can tell us all we desire to know of the outer circle.

Ernest Newman.

LORD MANSFIELD.

IN the days before the coming of the Coquecigrues, a phenomenon was apparent in the land which students of society knew as the "grand manner." It was primarily an affectation of the *beau monde*, and he who adopted it considered himself bound to attain distinction

in many paths. A man is above his profession, it was held, especially if he be a gentleman, and it is his duty to do much, but to do it with ease and the grand air. He must bear no traces of the struggle; he must be ready at any hour to play a quite different part: if he is a states-

man, he must be also a scholar; if a poet, a man of fashion; if a wit, a man of affairs. He should come fresh from port and the classics to the bench or the council board, and do his work as to the manner born; but, granted the presumption of competence, he must wear his honors lightly, and excel in other things. And so a great and full-blooded race of men arose, men like the Elizabethans, who were soldiers and poets: a Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who was philosopher, physicist, and bravo in one, or the Carterets and Foxes of the eighteenth century, who were statesmen by trade, and wits and scholars at their leisure. The manner, to be sure, found its critics, chiefly from the ranks of the incompetent. "It is with genius as with a fine fashion," wrote Pope: "all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it." Learned serjeants "shook their heads at Murray as a wit," and excellent persons looked askance at Fox. But for the connoisseur, who ranges history for what pleases him, there is much to attract in the florid personages who refuse to be classified by their professions; for when their solid achievement is deducted, much fascinating human stuff remains to delight the biographer.

The great Lord Mansfield (such is the title on his statue in the Abbey) is a notable example of the race. In many ways he is the most imposing figure in the history of the English bench. He had a profound effect upon the development of law; he held one or other of the great law offices for almost half a century; and he dominated his colleagues as no other chief justice has ever done. But it is possible to disregard this technical side, and still find a wonderful figure of a man, a statesman, and a scholar. Lord Campbell devotes an unwilling chapter to the consideration of his decisions; for, he says, to write of Mansfield and take no note of them would be like writing of Bacon with no hint of his philosophy, or of Marlborough without mention of his

wars. But there is much in Bacon besides philosophy, and the duke was more than a strategist, and the great lord chief justice may be profitably studied apart from his profession.

Mansfield has been notoriously unfortunate in his biographers. The only professed Life is by the egregious Mr. Holliday, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, which is by universal consent one of the most dull and inaccurate in the language. Lord Brougham has written a short sketch, and Lord Campbell has dealt with him, as with all the chief justices, in a spirit of warm and uncritical appreciation. But the materials for history are everywhere. No memoir-writer of the time neglects him, every anecdotist gives him his share, and his public life is written large in law reports and parliamentary journals. He was as bitterly hated as he was extravagantly admired, and Horace Walpole and Junius are careful to preserve this odium. He was the friend of Pope, and one of the few objects of Dr. Johnson's respect. His long life extended from the days of Jacobitism to the French Revolution and the rise of Fox. He was Scots by birth and descent, and English by education, so the interest of two very different peoples has centred upon his career. In such an embarrassment of riches it is hard to pick and choose, and the proper biographer, when he arises, will have a complicated task to his hand.

The most notable figures at the eighteenth-century bar came from two classes: a Hardwicke and an Eldon from the English bourgeoisie; a Mansfield, a Loughborough, and an Erskine from Scotch younger sons. In many ways the latter had the smaller chance of success. As a rule they were extremely poor, and they were without exception absurdly proud. In the end their perfervid genius and their northern wits carried them into power, but they had a hard path to travel. Of them all Mansfield had the easiest life. His was a nature born to success,

free from the little roughnesses which impede; a soul self-contained, clear-sighted, dispassionate, and patient. He was given a fair chance, for he had the best education which his time could afford, and he had a certain ready-made circle of friends. But, when all has been said, his achievement is remarkable. He was famous when little more than a youth; he conquered his profession while living as a friend of wits and poets and a gentleman of the town. And when he had reached his desire, then came those many years of serene and dignified work, where there is no sign of effort, the fine flower of an industrious youth.

He was the eleventh child of the fifth Lord Stormont, descended from the Murrays of Tullibardine, and connected with the houses of Buccleugh and Montrose. The family fortune was not great, and in the tumble-down castle of Scone, where he was born, the bringing-up of the fourteen children must have been Spartan. For some reason or other, a story has got about that he was taken to London as a child, which is as accurate as the other legend, that he was born at Bath and educated at Lichfield. Dr. Johnson believed it, and used to say that "much may be made of a Scotsman if he be caught young;" but there is little doubt that the young Murray was first sent to the grammar school of Perth, and abode there till his fourteenth year. Scots grammar schools of that time may have been deficient in many things, but they could teach Latinity; and Mansfield used to declare that it was there, also, he first learned the genius and structure of his mother tongue. At first he lived at home, riding to school on a pony, and running about barefoot with the small boys of the place. Long afterwards Grub Street pamphleteers made merry with this early training. "Learning was very cheap in his country," wrote one scribbler; "and it is very common to see there a boy of *quality* lug along his books to school, and a scrap of oatmeal

for his dinner, with a pair of brogues on his feet, posteriors exposed, and nothing on his legs." But the family soon removed, for cheapness' sake, to Comlongan, in Dumfriesshire, and Mr. William was boarded with a master at Perth. There exists an account of moneys expended on the boy, whereby it appears that a pair of boots for Mr. William cost £3 12s. Scots, and the cutting of his hair six shillings.

At fourteen arose the difficult question of his profession. It was proposed to send him to St. Andrews; again, the Scots bar was thought of; but the advice of his elder brother prevailed, and he was put upon the foundation of Westminster School. This James Murray was in every way a remarkable man. Originally a Scots lawyer, he had entered the House of Commons as member for the Elgin burghs, and immediately joined the High Tory party of Atterbury and Bolingbroke. At Queen Anne's death he openly went over to the Stuarts, and lived for the rest of his long life as an outlaw, abroad. His master made him Earl of Dunbar, and he seems never to have wavered in his loyalty to the forlorn cause. He is said to have been at least as able as his younger brother, but in the petty intrigues of St. Germain and Avignon he found no field for his talents. His advice, so fortunate in its issue, had probably a purpose, for Westminster under Atterbury could be no bad training ground for a possible Jacobite recruit. At any rate, the boy gladly fell in with his plan. He did not take either of the orthodox routes to the south, by a smack from Leith or the weekly coach from the Black Bull in the Canongate to St. Martin's le Grand, but set out for Perth on horseback, on the 15th of March, 1718. At Queensferry the horse fell lame, and he had to walk into Edinburgh, where he bought his outfit. He visited his parents at Comlongan, and then, like Gil Blas, set off on his country-bred pony for the new

world. It was a strange experience for the Perthshire boy, whose horizon had been bounded by the Edinburgh High Street and Mr. Martine's Academy. The Bridge of Esk was his last sight of Scotland, for the lonely child who stared at the fortifications of Carlisle, and fancied London to be a compound of Rome and the New Jerusalem, was to make the strange country his own, and in a little time to control its destinies.

A certain John Wemyss, an old retainer of the Murrays, and now a flourishing apothecary, received the traveler, sold his mount, bought him a sword, two wigs, and proper clothes, entered him with the head master of Westminster, and settled him at a dame's in Dean Yard. Little is told of his schooldays. By dint of hot blood and a hard fist he fought his way to some standing among his schoolfellows. But he was always the industrious apprentice, working hard at his books, and excelling, we are told, in his declamations. Dr. Nicholl was his teacher, and Samuel Wesley, a brother of the great John, was an usher in the place. Atterbury, Bishop Smalridge, and Bentley used to examine the school at elections, and seem to have been taken with the young Murray. At any rate, in May, 1723, his name appears first on the list of King's scholars who were recommended for the foundation at Christ Church. Of his holidays we know little, save that his kinswoman, Lady Kinnoull, used to invite him to her house, and doubtless there were other Scots families who showed kindness to the handsome boy.

From Westminster he went to Oxford, the Oxford of the eighteenth century, a curious backwater of learning, where Robert Boyle was held a fine scholar and Bentley a charlatan, and the real business of life was port and prejudice in the common rooms, and, for undergraduates, high politics in the taverns. It would welcome gladly a young man of good Jacobite stock, the protégé of Atterbury and the brother of Dunbar. But it is to

Murray's credit that he was wise enough to keep the place at arm's length, for eighteenth-century Oxford was not a promising school for a strenuous man. He had the advantage of a clear aim, for about this time he finally chose the bar for his profession. Once he had thought of the Church; but when he heard Talbot and Yorke in Westminster Hall, he felt, in the quaint Scots phrase, "called" to the vocation. So, with the aid of the rich Lord Foley, he entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, and began to keep his terms while still at Christ Church. For the rest, he lived like any other young man of quality, — a little more studious, considerably poorer, but no recluse, and certainly no pedant. He professed liberal sentiments, like Lord Magnus Charters in Pendennis, and patronized the Dissenters in the most approved fashion of the High Tory, who hated parochial Whiggery. His chief studies, we are told, were Aristotle and oratory, and the labors he went through to learn the theory of his future art fill a slack modern with despair. Not Demosthenes with his mouthful of pebbles was more painstaking than this boy, who translated Cicero into English, and back again into Latin, that he might get at the heart of his cadences. He wrote Latin prose with great ease and elegance, though his excursions in hexameters are as bad as may be. He won the prize for a poem on the death of George I., that calls the Muse to refuse no tribute to the wondrous worth, and Minerva and Phœbus to strew olive and laurel on the bier, of the cultured monarch whose simple creed was, "I hate all boets and bainters." Pitt was his disappointed rival, and it is only fair to say that Pitt was, if possible, more absurd. Indeed, the only merit of the productions is that they have given occasion for some of Macaulay's neatest sentences. "The Muses are earnestly entreated to weep over the urn of Cæsar; for Cæsar, says the poet, loved the Muses. Cæsar, who would not read a line of Pope, and who

loved nothing but punch and fat women !”

When he came to London, he took up his abode in a set of rooms in the Gatehouse Court of Lincoln's Inn, which is now called Old Square. For three years he studied the law in his upper chamber, lighting his own fire of a morning ; but keeping his evenings for his friends and the other side of life. It was the age of great taverns, where busy men went for good talk and a good dinner : Button's, where Addison dined, and sat late over his punch ; the Mitre, where Boswell met Johnson ; not to speak of Will's and the Grecian, the Covent Garden chop houses, the ordinaries in the city, and the superior clubs of St. James's. The Temple was then the intellectual centre of London ; not, as now, a bare place, too far east for convenience, and hedged round and about with commerce. Great men had their rooms in the little streets off the Strand ; Lincoln's Inn Fields was a superb and fashionable square, containing Betterton's theatre and the Duke of Newcastle's town house ; and, if the Embankment was a vile place, the Surrey shore was still unspoiled. The young Oxford scholar found himself in the thick of a very fascinating life. He had his severe hours of study, for he had the sense to revere his profession. There were no short cuts to legal knowledge, no textbooks or pupil rooms, and the common law was still imprisoned in a desert of black-letter learning. Murray planned out an elaborate course for himself in Roman law, international law, Scots law, real property ; but at the same time he was diligently at work on other things, as is shown by the extraordinary scheme of historical studies which he drew up for the young Duke of Portland. He took a short trip to the Continent, but he had no money to make the grand tour with which certain biographers have credited him. He could not afford to dispense with his industrious mornings, but must seek his

pleasure in quieter paths. Through his kinsmen and friends, the Kinnoulls and Marchmonts, he made his entry into polite society. Well-mannered, well-born, with some Oxford reputation, and, as we are told, a very handsome and modest presence, he was welcomed by the little lords and great ladies who made up the fashion of the day. “ Lord Mansfield,” Dr. Johnson once declared, “ was no mere lawyer. Lord Mansfield was distinguished at the university ; when he first came to town, he drank champagne with the wits ; he was the friend of Pope.”

Pope, indeed, he had known at Westminster, and between the two a warm friendship sprang up. To Pope, the young Scot, with his good looks and “ silver voice,” his talents and his frank hero worship, came as a relief from the oppressive smartness of the coffee houses. It was no one-sided attachment : if Murray went to Twickenham, Pope came to Lincoln's Inn, and, as the story goes, used to coach his friend in the gestures of oratory. When Murray was called to the bar, in 1730, he took chambers at No. 5 King's Bench Walk, and there Pope was a constant visitor. The young barrister was no better off than others before and since. For two years he did nothing ; then he began to acquire some practice in Scots appeals, but his name was “ known and honored in the House of Lords ” when he was as little seen in the Chancery and King's Bench as, say, a minor parliamentary junior of to-day. The ordinary myth is told of him as of every great lawyer, — no practice, a chance brief, absence of his leader, a great opportunity, and then a boundless income ; and he is reported to have said, in his old age, that he “ never knew the difference between poverty and £3000 a year.” The record of his practice, however, shows a slow and gradual advance ; there is no sudden dazzling leap, like Erskine's, into fame ; and in three years, if he had a fair business, it was very re-

stricted in kind. But those early years were full of varied activity. He worked hard at his profession; he read widely; he saw much society. He had the common Scots admiration for French writers, notably Voltaire, and to the end of his life he kept up a considerable scholarship in the sister literature. And in all his busyness there is a pleasing affection for his kinsfolk and his own land. His first earnings went to buy a tea service of silver and china for his sister-in-law, Lady Stormont, who had been in the habit of sending him Scotch marmalade; and in his speech against the disfranchisement of Edinburgh, after the Porteous Riots, there is a ring of something more than vicarious forensic earnestness.

Sometime in those years he committed the indiscretion of falling in love. Some have identified the lady with Lord Winchelsea's daughter, Lady Elizabeth Finch, whom he afterwards married, and supposed that her family insisted only upon the postponement of the wedding till his fee book grew larger. I find it difficult to accept this view. Rather it seems to have been the one grand passion which Murray's equable nature ever entertained, and it ended disastrously with the lady's marriage to "lands in Kent and messuages in York," and, for a time, the lover's utter prostration. One summer was lost to him, and he retired to a small cottage on the river, near Twickenham, to brood over the foppery of the world. It was not till the next Michaelmas term that he forgot his disappointment in his profession. One would give much to learn Chloe's name, for no common charms could have overthrown so cold and placid a heart. Pope acted the part of the philosophic comforter, and, in imitation of Horace's "*Intermissa, Venus, diu,*" implores the goddess to send her doves to No. 5 King's Bench Walk, and bids the "smiling loves and young desires" haunt the suburban cottage. Murray is

"equal the injured to defend,
To charm the mistress or to fix the friend."

I do not suppose that the mythological consolation went far, for the object had notably failed to charm one mistress; but in an imitation of the famous "*Nil admirari*" Epistle there are some manly and comforting lines on his friend's case. The poet discourses on the vanity of human wishes:—

"If not so pleased, at council board rejoice
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;
From morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and
Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late or not at
all.

But wherefore all this labour, all this strife
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall one whom native learning, birth con-
spired

To form not to admire but be admired,
Sigh while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth!"

It is the old consolation of philosophy, and the patient in time recovered. Still, we should like to know the truth of Murray's one romance, and the name of the girl who conquered his austere heart. Did she become one of the hooped and powdered ladies of fashion, or was she learned like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, or did she sink into a country shrew like Mrs. Hardcastle? "*Discord*" and "*a noble wife,*" as in Addison's case, were too often synonyms, and certainly there was no discord with the amiable Lady Elizabeth.

His profession drove love out of his head, for he found himself in many notable cases, from some of which the scandal has scarcely yet departed. Such was the Cibber case, where a fashionable actress, wife of Colley Cibber's son, and sister of Dr. Arne, the musician, paid the price of her gallantries. He was counsel for the English merchants in the famous affair of Captain Jenkins's case, and he may have suggested to that perjured mariner the phrase which set England aflame, "*I recommended my soul to God, and my cause to my country.*" He declined silk, when Lord

Hardwicke, at the Duke of Newcastle's instance, made him the offer, and so he won the distinction of going direct from the junior bar to office. In all he had a full and pleasing life: Chancery in the morning, the House of Lords in the afternoon; and then running from the courts to routs and supper parties, and returning late to find some client like the Duchess Sarah sitting in his arm-chair, "swearing so dreadfully," said his clerk, "that she must be a lady of quality." On the 20th of November, 1738, he married his Lady Elizabeth, gaining the double benefit of an exemplary wife and a father-in-law in the Cabinet. They took a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, that fashionable neighborhood, and began to entertain. And with it all the busy counsel had leisure for common human courtesies. He would write long and kind epistles to his friends in Scotland, Grant of Prestongrange and Lord Milton, and there is a very admirable letter of consolation to one Mr. Booth, an unsuccessful conveyancer.

In 1742, after resisting all unofficial invitations to politics, he was made solicitor-general, and soon afterward entered Parliament for Boroughbridge. At the same time, at a meeting of the council of Lincoln's Inn, it was ordered that "the Hon. William Murray Esquire, His Majesty's Solicitor-General, be invited to the Bench of this Society." He was now thirty-seven years of age, his character formed, his future assured. It is safe to say that the Mansfield we know was the Murray who became Mr. Solicitor. In a sense he came to perfection early; for, if his fame rests on the work of his mature years, the conditions of fame had already been prepared to the full. So we may leave an awkward chronological narrative for a study of the man, the finished product, in his many aspects. But we may note, in passing, that the years of his elevation saw the last of that brilliant figure who had been the friend of his youth.

Pope died in 1744, having appointed Murray his executor, and leaving him as remembrances two marble heads and a picture for his own trust. A few days before his death he had been carried, at his own request, from Twickenham to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Bolingbroke and Warburton had been of the company. A curious dinner party indeed, — a young lawyer with his life before him, a pragmatic doctor, a genius who had proved too clever for the world, and a worn-out poet!

The attorney-generalship was reached in 1754, and two years later came the chief-justiceship of the King's Bench and a peerage. He might have had the wool-sack several times for the asking, and on at least one occasion a word would have made him Prime Minister. But he had the wisdom to gauge his powers well; he knew himself born for a good judge, but as signally unfit for a great minister. Not that he did not take his full share of politics. Few lawyers have been so prominent as statesmen; as solicitor, he virtually led the House of Commons for twelve years, he sat in many Cabinets, and he was pitted against Chatham in the Lords as the most formidable of the Tories. But he was never the professional statesman; merely a great judge with a talent for statecraft, who came for relaxation from the bench to the senate house. We do not propose to attempt to do justice to his judicial work, in these pages. Sufficient that he introduced a new spirit into English law, and broke, once and for all, the old black-letter chain which Coke had riveted. It became the fashion among his successors, as it was certainly the fashion among his weaker rivals, to declare that, like necessity, he knew no law, and that he introduced an evil experimental habit into the profession; and the great name of Lord Eldon has lent itself to the charge. We do not deny the habit. His advice to a colonial governor — "Give no reason for your decisions, for

they are sure to be right, while your reasons are sure to be wrong" — was an index to a consistent habit of mind. He strove to the best of his power to do away with the forms which hampered justice, and it is small wonder if the mild black beetles of the courts hated him, when they found their occupation gone. We are told that he would lie back in his chair yawning, or write letters, or read the newspaper, when some confused serjeant-prosed before him. On occasions, to be sure, when policy or humanity demanded it, he could be formal and technical enough, as in his judgment in the Wilkes case, or in his curious direction to the jury in the case of a priest accused of celebrating mass. But generally he strove after simplicity and common sense, interpreting the letter of the law with a freedom and fairness uncommon among his contemporaries. A list of his decisions would be meaningless, but we are told that he so impressed his colleagues that there was rarely a dissenting voice. Two branches of his work deserve special mention. He took the principal part in the disposing of Scotch appeals in the Lords, and in the Duntreath case he "struck off the fetters of half the entailed estates in Scotland." In commercial cases, again, he found a field awaiting the hand of the reformer, and by his judgments in the Guildhall sittings he created English commercial law, and conferred an incalculable benefit on English trade. And all his work — such is the report of his contemporaries — he did with that masterful ease which is the industrious lawyer's chief reward. To have a branch of knowledge which in no way fills the whole of life or infringes upon pleasure, yet at the same time grows daily in bulk, till the law is no formless bludgeon, but a keen sword in a ready hand, is the final triumph of the profession. Of this Mansfield is a conspicuous instance, and what has been said of Weir of Hermiston may be

written of him: "He tasted deeply of recondite pleasures. To be wholly devoted to some intellectual exercise is to have succeeded in life; and perhaps only in law and the higher mathematics may this devotion be maintained, suffice to itself without reaction, and find continual rewards without excitement."

On the legal side we have the materials for judgment, but on his wit and scholarship we must take our opinions from others. Nothing is so tantalizing, and yet so permanent, as a reputation for *esprit*. Every one believes Charles Townshend a wit of the first order, and yet we have scarcely a saying of his on record. We do not suppose Mansfield to have been a classical scholar of the stamp of Carteret, but he had the respectable stock in trade of an industrious Oxford man; and we are told that once, in his extreme old age, he defended the use of a Greek word in Burke by quoting offhand a long passage from Demosthenes. In history, on the other hand, and especially in the history of law, few of his contemporaries approached him. Burke had the same synoptic view, the same catholic breadth of knowledge, but Mansfield had the more exact and critical scholarship. Had the law treatises, memoirs, and essays, which perished in the Gordon Riots, survived till our own day, he might have shared with Bacon the fame of a great lawyer who was also a great writer.

"But ages yet to come shall mourn the burning of his own,"

Cowper sang; and we desire to mourn with the ages. He was not a patron in the eighteenth-century sense, and his name adorns the dedicatory pages of no minor poet, but he has the supreme merit of discovering Blackstone. It was at his advice that Blackstone settled in Oxford, and the Vinerian Professorship, and indirectly the Commentaries, were the result. So much for learning. But there is also a tradition of extraordinary wit and vivacity in conversation, a social tact which

made him the finest of hosts and the most engaging companion. It is possible that the tradition has been overdone. Seward, who has a scent like Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's for any sort of *mot*, has only a few flimsy jokes to record, and Horace Walpole, who was ever tender to a hint of brilliance, will have none of Mansfield's. In contrasting him with Fox and Pitt, Walpole declares that they had wit in their speeches, though not in conversation, but Murray neither in one nor the other. We find a few sayings in court quoted, wonderfully few, and by no means good, of which the best is the advice to a counsel: "No case, abuse plaintiff's attorney." Perhaps he was too fluent and copious for the parsimony of language which is the basis of wit. But the word has many meanings, and if grace of manner and an extraordinary knowledge of men be a form of it, then Mansfield had it in abundance. His courtesy and ready kindness delighted the world, and contemporary memoirs (except Horace Walpole's) abound in praises of the lord chief justice in society. He had the freshness of spirit which men of his balanced and capable type carry often far into old age, and his favorite toast of "Young Friends and Old Books" is an epitome of his art of life.

From Lincoln's Inn Fields the family moved to a great house in Bloomsbury Square, of which more hereafter. About the same time they seem to have bought the charming little estate of Caen Wood, on the slopes of Highgate, and there, after his retirement from the King's Bench, Mansfield spent his days. Only in these mellow autumn years have we any picture of the man at home. Before that he is a brilliant figure, much hated and widely feared, but in the purple and splendor of his public appearances we lose sight of one aspect, and that the most pleasing. He was very clannish, like all his countrymen, and when the little Murrys, Lord Henderland's children, came to Westminster School, he would have

them out to Highgate on holidays, and tell them old stories of his boyhood, — how he had seen a man who had been at the execution of Charles I., and how at school he had boiled a plum pudding in his nightcap. He took immense pains to have his peerage given the proper remainder, for he had a Scots pride in founding a great family. But if he had a warm heart for his family, he had also a long memory for his friends. Lord Foley had been kind to him at Oxford, and so, when a rising junior and a young man much sought after in society, he used continually to isolate himself, from Saturday to Monday, in the company of the old nobleman, who had become very fussy and exacting. Once he was asked the reason of it all. "It is enough," he replied, "if I contribute by my visits to the entertainment of my fast friends." At Caen Wood he had often parties of King's Bench lawyers down for the day, who would tell him the gossip of the courts and Lord Kenyon's latest misquotation, while he would recite passages from Pope, or take their advice on landscape gardening, or repeat to them, under his beech trees, —

"O Melibœe, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit."

He had always looked forward to this old age of leisure; for we are told that when in the thick of his work he used to talk of the *dolce far niente*, and quote, "Liber esse mihi non videtur, qui non aliquando nihil agit." His dinners became famous in the town. Abstemious himself, — his only love was claret, and Heaven knows how many hogsheads of priceless claret perished in the Bloomsbury fire! — he yet, like many temperate men, loved hilarity. His eulogists dilate on the charm of his conversation. "He was ever as ready to hear as to deliver an opinion," says one. "I cannot recollect the time," says another, "when, sitting at table with Lord Mansfield, I ever failed to remark that happy and engaging art which he possessed of

putting the company in a good humor with themselves. I am convinced that they liked him the more for his seeming to like them so well." And then they conclude, one and all, with that quaint eighteenth-century phrase which means so much, "He was a sincere Christian, without bigotry or hypocrisy."

Much of this, to be sure, was due to endowments which are not necessarily Christian, — his voice and his superb presence. From the Vanloo, painted when he was twenty-eight, to the great Reynolds, which represents him in the robes of the chief justice, we see through his numerous portraits a wonderful majesty of face. As Reynolds saw him, in his regal old age, the bench can have witnessed no nobler figure of a man. If race means anything, it is here in its perfection. The arch of the brows, the keen, invincible eyes, the leonine cast of the head, and, above all, the mouth, tart, humorous, infinitely wise, make the figure a kind of archetype, *the* Lord Chief Justice for all time. And his voice matched with his presence. By all accounts, it was singularly clear and sweet and penetrating, with the liquid, silvery tone found in some women's voices. He spoke with great slowness and distinctness, giving each syllable its full quality, but it is pleasant to learn that to the last he pronounced some words broadly, *more Boreali*. It was right that Westminster and Oxford should not wholly drive out the old idiom of the Perth grammar school. He said "brid" for "bread," we are told, and "reg'ment" for "regiment," and he would always call upon "Mr. Soleester." This was displeasing to a purist like Chief Justice Willes, whose attack upon Mansfield's voice is curious in its isolation. "He was cursed," he wrote, "with a loud, clamorous monotony, and a disagreeable discordance in his accents, as struck so harsh upon the ear that he seemed rather to scream than to plead; and from thence was called 'Orator Strix' or the 'Caledonian

Screecher.'" But Dr. Johnson, who did not love a Scots accent, having many odd pronunciations of his own, was captivated by his "sweetness," and the testimony of the world gave him the epithet of "silver-tongued," as it afterwards gave it to Erskine.

But the real man behind all this external charm is the true object of interest. His character and intellect were so fully revealed during his long career that there is small divergence in men's judgments. Certain broad qualities are universally granted, certain obvious faults censured. But the common portrait does not hang together, and dogma is easily answered by an appeal to fact. The truth is that he is a more puzzling figure than the world will readily admit. Men love a garish, high-colored sketch, and history, generally speaking, is intolerant of niceties. We are told that Mansfield subordinated all things to personal ambition; that he lost in heart what he gained in intellect; that he had no moral courage; that he was the polished, capable man of the world, a high product of a bloodless age. Such a criticism deserves a word; for though it has truth it needs much explanation, and taken baldly it leads to an estimate which is radically unjust. "The condemnation which a great man lays upon the world," Hegel has written, "is to force it to explain him;" and the saying is true of others than the philosopher.

The common accusation is that he was without moral courage, a sun worshiper who frankly loved the easy path and the sweet things of life. It is impossible wholly to deny the charge; but the cowardice was an intricate quality, curiously bound up with his virtues. Certain antagonisms were so hateful to him that he shrank from open conflict. The Junius affair is a case in point. The master of invective who used the bludgeon was an opponent difficult to meet for one whose weapon was the rapier. In the libel actions he maintained

honestly a real point of view, but he was obviously ill at ease, and in the altercation with Lord Camden which followed he seems to have deserved Horace Walpole's abuse. Unpopularity, so long as it was confined to paper and spoken words, seems to have given him acute uneasiness, and he was apt to make an unworthy peace with his adversary. Camden, who was far from his intellectual equal, won several victories in debate from this curious sensitive complaisance of his rival. Sometimes it would seem that he felt himself standing on a razor edge, his early Jacobitism, his Scots birth, his professional hauteur, raising a host against him; and then he was apt to agree with his enemy quickly, to the delight of the baser sort. On the other hand, he could on occasions show himself independent enough. On the bench he might often have won an easy popularity, but he remained true to his own ideals of equity and toleration. He was for religious equality, when it was the most forlorn of causes; and if he was a loyal Tory, he could speak against his party and his interest. In 1766 he attacked the Prerogative on the question of the Order in Council which laid an embargo on corn, though his primary motive may have been his lawyer's constitutionalism; but in 1770 he was the chief agent in carrying George Grenville's Controverted Elections Bill, which from the High Tory point of view was a piece of unleavened radicalism. The truth is that he paid the penalty of the affection of his friends. A hatred of the unpleasant, a love for easy ways, grew upon him till it became second nature, and the cause must be urgent indeed before it could wake his conscience.

But of one side of courage he had more than his share. By universal consent he was perfectly cool and fearless in the presence of physical danger. In the deplorable affair of the Gordon Riots, his is one of the few characters which emerge with any credit. He had shown

himself an unflinching foe of the intolerable rant which sometimes calls itself Protestant, and when he arrived in Parliament Street, on that fateful day, he was recognized and attacked by the mob. His coachman managed to force his way to the door of the house, but the carriage windows were shattered, and Mansfield's gown and wig were almost pulled to pieces. Thurlow was ill, and Mansfield took his place on the woolsack, "with calm dignity," says Lord Campbell; "quivering like an aspen," the Duke of Gloucester told Horace Walpole. It would have been difficult for an old man who had just escaped murder to show an untroubled face, however stout his heart might be. The scene must have been the most curious which a Speaker of the House of Lords ever beheld: Lord Hillborough and Lord Stormont with black eyes, the Archbishop of York with his lawn sleeves gone, the Duke of Newcastle in rags, and most of the others with mud-bespattered faces and wigs awry, and all crying out twenty different words of advice; and then the sudden entry of Lord Mountfort, with a face like a ghost, and the report that Lord Boston was even then being torn in pieces. Mansfield did his best to restore order and proceed with the business of the day; but when the Duke of Richmond proposed a *sortie* he was ready to go first, carrying the mace. At the end of the sitting he was left alone, and we are told that, after drinking tea in his private room, he drove quietly home in a momentary lull of the riot.

On Tuesday, the 6th of June, 1780, the mob attacked the house in Bloomsbury Square. He had received warning, but in a spirit of commendable tolerance he refused to have soldiers keeping guard round his door, lest the passions of the crowd should be more seriously inflamed. He trusted to the reverence traditionally shown to the English justices; but he had underrated Protestant zeal. When the rioters battered at his door, he

escaped with his wife by a back passage. Then, for a little, anarchy was triumphant. Books, pictures, and furniture were burned in a bonfire on the pavement; the cellars were pillaged, and the miscreants grew drunk on the chief justice's claret; soon the flames reached the house, and in the morning nothing remained but a blackened shell. It is impossible to overestimate the gravity of the misfortune to a man of Mansfield's nature. He had taken much pride in his career, and he had filled his house with remembrances. But now his own diaries, the books in which Pope and Bolingbroke had written their names, his pictures, busts, and prints, his rare and curious furniture, all had perished utterly. He had founded a family, but the heirlooms were gone which he had hoped to hand down to posterity. To one so tenderly attached to his past, it must have seemed as if he stood again bare and isolated in the world, beggared of the fruits of his life's work. The town sympathized with his misfortune, and for once there is no word spoken on his conduct but the highest praise. When he took his seat on the bench, he was received, we are told, "with a reverential silence more affecting than the most eloquent address." He rejected with dignity all proposals of compensation, and when he presided at the trial of Lord George Gordon he showed not a trace of prejudice or resentment. Once only he referred indirectly to his loss. He defended the strong measures taken by the government in quelling the riots. "I will give you my reasons within as short a compass as possible. I have not consulted books; indeed, I have no books to consult."

His intellect was so many-sided and masterful that his contemporaries, in trying to describe it, fell into a conventional grandiloquence. Indeed, it is no case for superlatives. He had no talent in a colossal degree; but he had all, or nearly all, in some proportion, and the whole

was harmoniously compounded. His mind was clear and penetrating; all faculties at his command for use, and none blunted by years or routine. He attained to that perfect consciousness of power and ready facility which is the highest pleasure in life. For all his industry and his learning, there is never a hint of stress about him. After a long day in the courts, he turns to Horace or De Thou or the salons of St. James's with an unfailing alacrity of spirit. Nimble, keen, subtle, unwearied, — if these be not characteristic of supreme genius, they at least denote a perfect talent. It is the perfection of the legal talent, a lawyer being rather an interpreter than a leader; mediocrity, if you like, but of the *aurea mediocritas* stamp. His principles and opinions illustrate the curious equipoise of his character. He had an inherited Tory strain, which appeared in the generous Jacobitism of his youth, and was matured into the constitutionalism which detested the vagaries of Chat-ham, and saw in the French Revolution the last word of anarchy. But he had a kind of political rationalism, which led him sometimes to the most pronounced liberal views, and made him the foe of religious disabilities and the advocate of free trade. A little of the Bute type of High Tory, a little of the French *intellectuel*, and something of the enlightened critical man of affairs made up his political character. As a biographer neatly puts it, Precedent and Principle were always at war within him. He had much kinship with one side of the Whigs, and no real affinity with the reactionary and corrupt elements in his own party. But for the demagogues who followed Wilkes he had all the scorn of a scholar and an aristocrat. To him the voice of the people was an unintelligible patois, and not to be identified with the voice of God. It is not hard to explain the various antipathies which he created. Walpole hated him as a clever alien who had no part in the Whig family circle.

Chatham found him a formalist too able to despise and too logical to refute. But to men so different as Montesquieu and Burke he seemed wholly admirable, — the founder of scientific jurisprudence, a scholar among pedants. On one subject all our authorities agree, — his extraordinary eloquence. Horace Walpole is frankly eulogistic. He compares him with Chatham and the elder Fox, and calls him "the brightest genius of the three," whose figure was "engaging, from a decent openness." His own criticism is that he "refined too much, and could wrangle too little, for a popular assembly." It is hard to realize the proper effect of eighteenth-century oratory. We have lost the atmosphere of pageant and ceremony, of scholarship and abundant leisure. In reading Mansfield's great speeches, we find neither the fire and passion and broken lights of imagination which we have in Chatham, nor the cosmic philosophy of Burke, nor the exquisite terseness and epigram of Disraeli. His style is bland and placid, like the man; but the matter is always impressive, and there is much to admire in the lithè vigor and ease of the diction. We can readily understand how, spoken by one of his voice and presence, it seemed the height of eloquence to an older school which thought Chatham a play actor and Burke an Irish madman.

And so his character stands as something polished and complete, the "four square man" that Simonides spoke of. But this perfection, if it has few flaws, has its limitations, as his enemies were ready to perceive. The chief charge is the expected one of a radical coldness of heart. Here, again, while admitting truth in the accusation, we must protest against the ordinary acceptance of the word. He could be very kind, and he could form the warmest friendships; and if any one doubts this, let him read his correspondence in 1782 with the Bishop of Bristol, when the two old men, friends

from youth, console each other for the loneliness of age. He was as well beloved by young men, as his relations with Erskine bear witness. The great instance cited against him is his conduct on that memorable day when Chatham fell dying on the floor of the House of Lords. The incident is told in a letter of Lord Camden to the Duke of Grafton: "Many crowding about the earl to observe his countenance, all affected, most part really concerned; and even those who might have felt a secret pleasure at the accident yet put on the appearance of distress, excepting the Earl of M., who sat still, almost as much unmoved as the senseless body itself." Now who was this "Earl of M."? It has been generally held to refer to Mansfield, but Lord Brougham insisted that it was Lord Marchmont. Marchmont was the only other Earl of M. present; he belonged to the straitest sect of the "King's friends," and he had always been in opposition to Chatham. It is impossible to decide the question, but on the most favorable interpretation there is a lack of generosity in Mansfield's conduct; for when the question of the annuity to the Chatham title came before the Lords, he listened to the virulent attacks of the court party in silence, and uttered no word in praise of his dead rival.

This antagonism of the two was a conflict of permanent types, and the most significant commentary on Mansfield's limitations. The one, with all his high-heeled strutting and histrionic stuff, had just that generous warmth of feeling and that sudden lightning fire of genius which were foreign, and indeed incomprehensible, to the bland and capable intelligence of the other. Mansfield was the safer captain for ordinary weather, but Chatham the pilot for the storm. The one was a great and brilliant man of affairs, while the other was the fiery spirit fighting its way in crudeness and hysteria and splendor to a kind of immortality. He discovered the "great people"

behind the fanatics and the placemen, and he worked for his clientele. But Mansfield was essentially the creation of a social sect, a highly accomplished product of a highly civilized world, one with "no strife nor no sedition in his powers," and secure and happy in this tranquillity.

He is, indeed, the most un-northern of all great Scots; for, compared to him, Hume was perfervid, and Dundas an enthusiast. He suffered, in fact, for his birthplace; for he was attacked by the press as a "termagant Scot," who had "emerged from his native wealds, rocky caverns, and mountainous heights pretty early in life, to veneer over a Scotch education with a little English erudition." The critic talks of his nature as "rugged and full of pauper pride and native insolence," which Heaven knows it never was. Lovat had foreseen this danger ahead of "his cousin Murray." "Mr. Solicitor," he said at the trial, "is a great man, and he will meet with high promotion if he is not too far north." But Mr. Solicitor was not to be seriously retarded by his origin, for, compared with Lovat, he was a southron of the southrons. Except for a suspicion of an accent, he might never have ventured beyond the world of St. James's. The trial of Lovat has, indeed, a curious interest; for if Chatham was Mansfield's extreme opposite in temperament, Lovat was his counterpart in racial character. Shaggy, barbarous, steeped in vices, and yet with a wild subtlety and poetry in his

extraordinary brain, he was the type of the back world of Scotland, — that old, cruel, foolish world of mists and blood, of crazy beliefs and impossible loyalties. The splendid chief justice knew nothing of it, and in this ignorance he gained success, but lost an indefinable something which his birth should have given him; for we must confess that he was a little insensible to the warmth of common humanity. From the day when he rode his sheltly over the Bridge of Esk he never returned to his own country. He never saw his parents again; he never seemed to care to revisit the home of his boyhood. Lord Campbell, in a passage which makes one respect the honest soul, dwells on the pathos and joys of such a home-coming, and quotes Captain Morris's lines: —

"There 's many a lad I loved now dead,
And many a lass grown old."

But to Mansfield all this was a sealed book. Somewhere in the race for honors he had lost this old sentiment, though he retained his family pride and a lingering affection for his race. It is scarcely a defect, but it is part of his great limitation, which we may call a lack of soul. Heartless he was not, for he was kind above the average, but in his very freedom from the prejudices of the crowd he fell short of the prejudice which is also wisdom. It is the old complaint against the entirely rational and clear-sighted man that, in his unbroken march, he misses the wayside virtues which fall to the blind and feeble.

John Buchan.

AUDREY.¹XXIII.²

A DUEL.

JUBA, setting candles upon a table in Haward's bedroom, chanced to spill melted wax upon his master's hand, outstretched on the board. "Damn you!" cried Haward, moved by sudden and uncontrollable irritation. "Look what you are doing, sirrah!"

The negro gave a start of genuine surprise. Haward could punish, — Juba had more than once felt the weight of his master's cane, — but justice had always been meted out with an equable voice and a fine impassivity of countenance. "Don't stand there staring at me!" now ordered the master as irritably as before. "Go stir the fire, draw the curtains, shut out the light! Ha, Angus, is that you?"

MacLean crossed the room to the fire upon the hearth, and stood with his eyes upon the crackling logs. "You kindle too soon your winter fire," he said. "These forests, flaming red and yellow, should warm the land."

"Winter is at hand. The air strikes cold to-night," answered Haward, and rising began to pace the room, while MacLean watched him with compressed lips and gloomy eyes. Finally he came to a stand before a card table, set full in the ruddy light of the fire, and taking up the cards ran them slowly through his fingers. "When the lotus was all plucked and Lethe drained, then cards were born into the world," he said sententiously. "Come, my friend, let us forget awhile."

They sat down, and Haward dealt.

"I came to the house landing before sunset," began the storekeeper slowly. "I found you gone."

"Ay," said Haward, gathering up his cards. "'T is yours to play."

"Juba told me that you had called for Mirza, and had ridden away to the glebe house."

"True," answered the other. "And what then?"

There was a note of warning in his voice, but MacLean did not choose to heed. "I rowed on down the river, past the mouth of the creek," he continued, with deliberation. "There was a mound of grass and a mass of colored vines" —

"And a blood-red oak," finished Haward coldly. "Shall we pay closer regard to what we are doing? I play the king."

"You were there!" exclaimed the Highlander. "You — not Jean Hugon — searched for and found the poor maid's hiding place." The red came into his tanned cheek. "Now, by St. Andrew!" he began; then checked himself.

Haward tapped with his finger the bit of painted pasteboard before him. "I play the king," he repeated, in an even voice; then struck a bell, and when Juba appeared ordered the negro to bring wine and to stir the fire. The flames, leaping up, lent strange animation to the face of the lady above the mantelshelf, and a pristine brightness to the swords crossed beneath the painting. The slave moved about the room, drawing the curtains more closely, arranging all for the night. While he was present the players gave their attention to the game, but with the sound of the closing door MacLean laid down his cards.

"I must speak," he said abruptly. "The girl's face haunts me. You do wrong. It is not the act of a gentleman."

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² A summary of the preceding chapters may be found on the thirteenth advertising page.

The silence that followed was broken by Haward, who spoke in the smooth, slightly drawling tones which with him spelled irritation and sudden, hardly controlled anger. "It is my home-coming," he said. "I am tired, and wish to-night to eat only of the lotus. Will you take up your cards again?"

A less impetuous man than MacLean, noting the signs of weakness, fatigue, and impatience, would have waited, and on the morrow have been listened to with equanimity. But the Highlander, fired by his cause, thought not of delay. "To forget!" he exclaimed. "That is the coward's part! I would have you remember: remember yourself, who are by nature a gentleman and generous; remember how alone and helpless is the girl; remember to cease from this pursuit!"

"We will leave the cards, and say good-night," said Haward, with a strong effort for self-control.

"Good-night with all my heart!" cried the other hotly. "When you have promised to lay no further snare for that maid at your gates, whose name you have blasted, whose heart you have wrung, whose nature you have darkened and distorted" —

"Have you done?" demanded Haward. "Once more, 't were wise to say good-night at once."

"Not yet!" exclaimed the storekeeper, stretching out an eager hand. "That girl hath so haunting a face. Haward, see her not again! God wot, I think you have crushed the soul within her, and her name is banded from mouth to mouth. 'T were kind to leave her to forget and be forgotten. Go to Westover: wed the lady there of whom you raved in your fever. You are her declared suitor; 't is said that she loves you" —

Haward drew his breath sharply and turned in his chair. Then, spent with fatigue, irritable from recent illness, sore with the memory of the meeting by the

river, determined upon his course and yet deeply perplexed, he narrowed his eyes and began to give poisoned arrow for poisoned arrow.

"Was it in the service of the Pretender that you became a squire of dames?" he asked. "'Gad, for a Jacobite you are particular!"

MacLean started as if struck, and drew himself up. "Have a care, sir! A MacLean sits not to hear his king or his chief defamed. In future, pray remember it."

"For my part," said the other, "I would have Mr. MacLean remember" —

The intonation carried his meaning. MacLean, flushing deeply, rose from the table. "That is unworthy of you," he said. "But since before to-night servants have rebuked masters, I spare not to tell you that you do most wrongly. 'T is sad for the girl she died not in that wilderness where you found her."

"Ads my life!" cried Haward. "Leave my affairs alone!"

Both men were upon their feet. "I took you for a gentleman," said the Highlander, breathing hard. "I said to myself: 'Duart is overseas where I cannot serve him. I will take this other for my chief'" —

"That is for a Highland cateran and traitor," interrupted Haward, pleased to find another dart, but scarcely aware of how deadly an insult he was dealing.

In a flash the blow was struck. Juba, in the next room, hearing the noise of the overturned table, appeared at the door. "Set the table to rights and light the candles again," said his master calmly. "No, let the cards lie. Now be-gone to the quarters! 'T was I that stumbled and overset the table."

Following the slave to the door he locked it upon him; then turned again to the room, and to MacLean standing waiting in the centre of it. "Under the circumstances, we may, I think, dispense with preliminaries. You will give me satisfaction here and now?"

"Do you take it at my hands?" asked the other proudly. "Just now you reminded me that I was your servant. But find me a sword" —

Haward went to a carved chest; drew from it two rapiers, measured the blades, and laid one upon the table. MacLean took it up, and slowly passed the gleaming steel between his fingers. Presently he began to speak, in a low, controlled, monotonous voice: "Why did you not leave me as I was? Six months ago I was alone, quiet, dead. A star had set for me; as the lights fall behind Ben More, it was lost and gone. You, long hated, long looked for, came, and the star arose again. You touched my scars, and suddenly I esteemed them honorable. You called me friend, and I turned from my enmity and clasped your hand. Now my soul goes back to its realm of solitude and hate; now you are my foe again." He broke off to bend the steel within his hands almost to the meeting of hilt and point. "A hated master," he ended, with bitter mirth, "yet one that I must thank for grace extended. Forty stripes is, I believe, the proper penalty."

Haward, who had seated himself at his *escritoire* and was writing, turned his head. "For my reference to your imprisonment in Virginia I apologize. I demand the reparation due from one gentleman to another for the indignity of a blow. Pardon me for another moment, when I shall be at your service."

He threw sand upon a sheet of gilt-edged paper, folded and superscribed it; then took from his breast a thicker document. "The *Solebay*, man-of-war, lying off Jamestown, sails at sunrise. The captain — Captain Meade — is my friend. Who knows the fortunes of war? If by chance I should fall to-night, take a boat at the landing, hasten upstream, and hail the *Solebay*. When you are aboard give Meade — who has reason to oblige me — this letter. He will carry you down the coast to Charleston, where,

if you change your name and lurk for a while, you may pass for a buccaneer and be safe enough. For this other paper" — He hesitated, then spoke on with some constraint: "It is your release from servitude in Virginia, — in effect, your pardon. I have interest both here and at home — it hath been many years since Preston — the paper was not hard to obtain. I had meant to give it to you before we parted to-night. I regret that, should you prove the better swordsman, it may be of little service to you."

He laid the papers on the table, and began to divest himself of his coat, waistcoat, and long, curled periwig. MacLean took up the pardon and held it to a candle. It caught, but before the flame could reach the writing Haward had dashed down the other's hand and beaten out the blaze. "'Slife, Angus, what would you do!" he cried, and, taken unawares, there was angry concern in his voice. "Why, man, 't is liberty!"

"I may not accept it," said MacLean, with dry lips. "That letter, also, is useless to me. I would you were all villain."

"Your scruple is fantastic!" retorted the other, and as he spoke he put both papers upon the *escritoire*, weighting them with the sandbox. "You shall take them hence when our score is settled, — ay, and use them as best you may! Now, sir, are you ready?"

"You are weak from illness," said MacLean hoarsely. "Let the quarrel rest until you have recovered strength."

Haward, rapier in hand, smiled slightly. "I was not strong yesterday," he said. "But Mr. Everard is pinked in the side, and Mr. Travis, who would fight with pistols, hath a ball through his shoulder."

The storekeeper started. "I have heard of those gentlemen! You fought them both upon the day when you left your sickroom?"

"Assuredly," answered the other, with

a slight lift of his brows. "Will you be so good as to move the table to one side? So. On guard, sir!"

The man who had been ill unto death and the man who for many years had worn no sword acquitted themselves well. Had the room been a field behind Montagu House, had there been present seconds, a physician, gaping chairmen, the interest would have been breathless. As it was, the lady upon the wall smiled on, with her eyes forever upon the blossoms in her hand, and the river without, when it could be heard through the clashing of steel, made but a listless and dreamy sound. Each swordsman knew that he had provoked a friend to whom his debt was great, but each, according to his godless creed, must strive as though that friend were his dearest foe. The Englishman fought coolly, the Gael with fervor. The latter had an unguarded moment. Haward's blade leaped to meet it, and on the other's shirt appeared a bright red stain.

In the moment that he was touched the Highlander let fall his sword. Haward, not understanding, lowered his point, and with a gesture bade his antagonist recover the weapon. But the storekeeper folded his arms. "Where blood has been drawn there is satisfaction," he said. "I have given it to you, and now, by the bones of Gillean-na-Tuaidhe, I will not fight you longer!"

For a minute or more Haward stood with his eyes upon the ground and his hand yet closely clasping the rapier hilt; then, drawing a long breath, he took up the velvet scabbard and slowly sheathed his blade. "I am content," he said. "Your wound, I hope, is not dangerous?"

MacLean thrust a handkerchief into his bosom to stanch the bleeding. "A pin prick," he said indifferently.

His late antagonist held out his hand. "It is well over. Come! We are not young hotheads, but men who have suffered, and should know the vanity and

the pity of such strife. Let us forget this hour, call each other friend again" —

"Tell me first," demanded MacLean, his arm rigid at his side, — "tell me first why you fought Mr. Everard and Mr. Travis."

Gray eyes and dark blue met. "I fought them," said Haward, "because, on a time, they offered insult to the woman whom I intend to make my wife."

So quiet was it in the room when he had spoken that the wash of the river, the tapping of walnut branches outside the window, the dropping of coals upon the hearth, became loud and insistent sounds. Then, "Darden's Audrey?" said MacLean, in a whisper.

"Not Darden's Audrey, but mine," answered Haward, — "the only woman I ever have loved or shall love."

He walked to the window and looked out into the darkness. "To-night there is no light," he said to himself, beneath his breath. "By and by we shall stand here together, listening to the river, marking the wind in the trees." As upon paper heat of fire may cause to appear characters before invisible, so, when he turned, the flame of a great passion had brought all that was highest in this gentleman's nature into his countenance, softening and ennobling it. "Whatever my thoughts before," he said simply, "I have never, since that night at the Palace, meant other than this." Coming back to MacLean he laid a hand upon his shoulder. "Who made us knows we all do need forgiveness! Am I no more to you, Angus, than Ewin Mor Mackinnon?"

An hour later, those who were to be lifetime friends went together down the echoing stair and through the empty house to the outer door. When it was opened, they saw that upon the stone step without, in the square of light thrown by the candles behind them, lay an Indian arrow. MacLean picked it up. "T was placed athwart the door," he said doubtingly. "Is it in the nature of a challenge?"

Haward took the dart, and examined it curiously. "The trader grows troublesome," he remarked. "He must back to the woods and to the foes of his own class." As he spoke he broke the arrow in two, and flung the pieces from him.

It was a wonderful night, with many stars and a keen wind. Moved each in his degree by its beauty, Haward and MacLean stood regarding it before they should go, the one back to his solitary chamber, the other to the store which was to be his charge no longer than the morrow. "I feel the air that blows from the hills," said the Highlander. "It comes over the heather; it hath swept the lochs, and I hear it in the sound of torrents." He lifted his face to the wind. "The breath of freedom! I shall have dreams to-night."

When he was gone, Haward, left alone, looked for a while upon the heights of stars. "I too shall dream to-night," he breathed to himself. "To-morrow all will be well." His gaze falling from the splendor of the skies to the swaying trees, gaunt, bare, and murmuring of their loss to the hurrying river, sadness and vague fear took sudden possession of his soul. He spoke her name over and over; he left the house and went into the garden. It was the garden of the dying year, and the change that in the morning he had smiled to see now appalled him. He would have had it June again. Now, when on the morrow he and Audrey should pass through the garden, it must be down dank and leaf-strewn paths, past yellow and broken stalks, with here and there wan ghosts of flowers.

He came to the dial, and, bending, pressed his lips against the carven words that, so often as they had stood there together, she had traced with her finger. "Love! thou mighty alchemist!" he breathed. "Life! that may now be gold, now iron, but never again dull lead! Death!" — He paused; then, "There

shall be no death," he said, and left the withered garden for the lonely, echoing house.

XXIV

AUDREY COMES TO WESTOVER.

It was ten of the clock upon this same night when Hugon left the glebe house. Audrey, crouching in the dark beside her window, heard him bid the minister, as drunk as himself, good-night, and watched him go unsteadily down the path that led to the road. Once he paused, and made as if to return; then went on to his lair at the crossroads ordinary. Again Audrey waited, — this time by the door. Darden stumbled upstairs to bed. Mistress Deborah's voice was raised in shrill reproach, and the drunken minister answered her with oaths. The small house rang with their quarrel, but Audrey listened with indifference; not trembling and stopping her ears, as once she would have done. It was over at last, and the place sunk in silence; but still the girl waited and listened, standing close to the door. At last, as it was drawing toward midnight, she put her hand upon the latch, and, raising it very softly, slipped outside. Heavy breathing came from the room where slept her guardians; it went evenly on while she crept downstairs and unbarred the outer door. Sure and silent and light of touch, she passed like a spirit from the house that had given her shelter, nor once looked back upon it.

The boat, hidden in the reeds, was her destination; she loosed it, and taking the oars rowed down the creek. When she came to the garden wall, she bent her head and shut her eyes; but when she had left the creek for the great dim river, she looked at Fair View house as she rowed past it on her way to the mountains. No light to-night; the hour was late, and he was asleep, and that was well.

It was cold upon the river, and sere leaves, loosening their hold upon that which had given them life, drifted down upon her as she rowed beneath arching trees. When she left the dark bank for the unshadowed stream, the wind struck her brow and the glittering stars perplexed her. There were so many of them. When one shot, she knew that a soul had left the earth. Another fell, and another, — it must be a good night for dying. She ceased to row, and, leaning over, dipped her hand and arm into the black water. The movement brought the gunwale of the boat even with the flood. . . . Say that one leaned over a little further . . . there would fall another star. God gathered the stars in his hand, but he would surely be angry with one that came before it was called, and the star would sink past him into a night forever dreadful. . . . The water was cold and deep and black. Great fish thrived in it, and below was a bed of ooze and mud.

The girl awoke from her dream of self-murder with a cry of terror. Not the river, good Lord, not the river! Not death, but life! With a second shuddering cry she lifted hand and arm from the water, and with frantic haste dried them upon the skirt of her dress. There had been none to hear her. Upon the midnight river, between the dim forests that ever spoke, but never listened, she was utterly alone. She took the oars again, and went on her way up the river, rowing swiftly, for the mountains were far away, and she might be pursued.

When she drew near to Jamestown she shot far out into the river, because men might be astir in the boats about the town landing. Anchored in mid-stream was a great ship, — a man-of-war, bristling with guns. Her boat touched its shadow, and the lookout called to her. She bent her head, put forth her strength, and left the black hull behind her. There was another ship to pass, a slaver that had come in the evening

before, and would land its cargo at sunrise. The stench that arose from it was intolerable, and, as the girl passed, a corpse, heavily weighted, was thrown into the water. Audrey went swiftly by, and the river lay clean before her. The stars paled and the dawn came, but she could not see the shores for the thick white mist. A spectral boat, with a sail like a gray moth's wing, slipped past her. The shadow at the helm was whistling for the wind, and the sound came strange and shrill through the filmy, ashen morning. The mist began to lift. A few moments now, and the river would lie dazzlingly bare between the red and yellow forests. She turned her boat shorewards, and presently forced it beneath the bronze-leaved, drooping boughs of a sycamore. Here she left the boat, tying it to the tree, and hoping that it was well hidden. The great fear at her heart was that, when she was missed, Hugon would undertake to follow and to find her. He had the skill to do so. Perhaps, after many days, when she was in sight of the mountains, she might turn her head and, in that lonely land, see him coming toward her.

The sun was shining, and the woods were gay above her head and gay beneath her feet. When the wind blew, the colored leaves went before it like flights of birds. She was hungry, and as she walked she ate a piece of bread taken from the glebe-house larder. It was her plan to go rapidly through the settled country, keeping as far as possible to the great spaces of woodland which the axe had left untouched; sleeping in such dark and hidden hollows as she could find; begging food only when she must, and then from poor folk who would not stay her or be overcurious about her business. As she went on, the houses, she knew, would be farther and farther apart; the time would soon arrive when she might walk half a day and see never a clearing in the deep woods. Then the hills would rise about

her, and far, far off she might see the mountains, fixed, cloudlike, serene, and still, beyond the miles of rustling forest. There would be no more great houses, built for ladies and gentlemen, but here and there, at far distances, rude cabins, dwelt in by kind and simple folk. At such a home, when the mountains had taken on a deeper blue, when the streams were narrow and the level land only a memory, she would pause, would ask if she might stay. What work was wanted she would do. Perhaps there would be children, or a young girl like Molly, or a kind woman like Mistress Staggy; and perhaps, after a long, long while, it would grow to seem to her like that other cabin.

These were her rose-colored visions. At other times a terror took her by the shoulders, holding her until her face whitened and her eyes grew wide and dark. The way was long and the leaves were falling fast, and she thought that it might be true that in this world into which she had awakened there was for her no home. The cold would come, and she might have no bread, and for all her wandering find none to take her in. In those forests of the west the wolves ran in packs, and the Indians burned and wasted. Some bitter night-time she would die. . . . Watching the sky from Fair View windows, perhaps he might idly mark a falling star.

All that day she walked, keeping as far as was possible to the woods, but forced now and again to traverse open fields and long stretches of sunny road. If she saw any one coming, she hid in the roadside bushes, or, if that could not be done, walked steadily onward, with her head bent and her heart beating fast. It must have been a day for minding one's own business, for none stayed or questioned her. Her dinner she begged from some children whom she found in a wood gathering nuts. Supper she had none. When night fell, she was glad to lay herself down upon a bed of leaves that she had raked together; but she slept

little, for the wind moaned in the half-clad branches, and she could not cease from counting the stars that shot. In the morning, numbed and cold, she went slowly on until she came to a wayside house. Quaker folk lived there; and they asked her no question, but with kind words gave her of what they had, and let her rest and grow warm in the sunshine upon their doorstep. She thanked them with shy grace, but presently, when they were not looking, rose and went her way. Upon the second day she kept to the road. It was loss of time wandering in the woods, skirting thicket and marsh, forced ever and again to return to the beaten track. She thought, also, that she must be safe, so far was she now from Fair View. How could they guess that she was gone to the mountains?

About midday, two men on horseback looked at her in passing. One spoke to the other, and turning their horses they put after and overtook her. He who had spoken touched her with the butt of his whip. "Ecod!" he exclaimed. "It's the lass we saw run for a guinea last May Day at Jamestown! Why so far from home, light o' heels?"

A wild leap of her heart, a singing in her ears, and Audrey clutched at safety.

"I be Joan, the smith's daughter," she said stolidly. "I niver ran for a guinea. I niver saw a guinea. I be going an errand for feyther."

"Ecod, then!" said the other man. "You're on a wrong scent. 'T was no dolt that ran that day!"

The man who had touched her laughed. "Facks, you are right, Tom! But I'd ha' sworn 't was that brown girl. Go your ways on your errand for 'feyther'!" As he spoke, being of an amorous turn, he stooped from his saddle and kissed her. Audrey, since she was at that time not Audrey at all, but Joan, the smith's daughter, took the salute as stolidly as she had spoken. The two men rode away, and the second said to the first: "A Williamsburgh man told

me that the girl who won the guinea could speak and look like a born lady. Didn't ye hear the story of how she went to the Governor's ball, all tricked out, dancing, and making people think she was some fine dame from Maryland, maybe? And the next day she was scored in church before all the town. I don't know as they put a white sheet on her, but they say 't was no more than her deserts."

Audrey, left standing in the sunny road, retook her own countenance, rubbed her cheek where the man's lips had touched it, and trembled like a leaf. She was frightened, both at the encounter and because she could make herself so like Joan, — Joan who lived near the crossroads ordinary, and who had been whipped at the Court House.

Late that afternoon she came upon two or three rude dwellings clustered about a mill. A knot of men, the miller in the midst, stood and gazed at the mill stream. They wore an angry look, and Audrey passed them hastily by. At the farthest house she paused to beg a piece of bread; but the woman who came to the door frowned and roughly bade her begone, and a child threw a stone at her. "One witch is enough to take the bread out of poor folks' mouths!" cried the woman. "Be off, or I'll set the dogs on ye!" The children ran after her as she hastened from the inhospitable neighborhood. "'T is a young witch," they cried, "going to help the old one swim to-night!" and a stone struck her, bruising her shoulder.

She began to run, and, fleet of foot as she was, soon distanced her tormentors. When she slackened pace it was sunset, and she was faint with hunger and desperately weary. From the road a bypath led to a small clearing in a wood, with a slender spiral of smoke showing between the trees. Audrey went that way, and came upon a crazy cabin whose door and window were fast closed. In the unkempt garden rose an apple tree,

with the red apples shriveling upon its boughs, and from the broken gate a line of cedars, black and ragged, ran down to a piece of water, here ghastly pale, there streaked like the sky above with angry crimson. The place was very still, and the air felt cold. When no answer came to her first knocking, Audrey beat upon the door; for she was suddenly afraid of the road behind her, and of the doleful woods and the coming night.

The window shutter creaked ever so slightly, and some one looked out; then the door opened, and a very old and wrinkled woman, with lines of cunning about her mouth, laid her hand upon the girl's arm. "Who be ye?" she whispered. "Did ye bring warning? I don't say, mind ye, that I can't make a stream go dry, — maybe I can and maybe I can't, — but I didn't put a word on the one yonder." She threw up her arms with a wailing cry. "But they won't believe what a poor old soul says! Are they in an evil temper, honey?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Audrey. "I have come a long way, and I am hungry and tired. Give me a piece of bread, and let me stay with you to-night."

The old woman moved aside, and the girl, entering a room that was mean and poor enough, sat down upon a stool beside the fire. "If ye came by the mill," demanded her hostess, with a suspicious eye, "why did ye not stop there for bite and sup?"

"The men were all talking together," answered Audrey wearily. "They looked so angry that I was afraid of them. I did stop at one house; but the woman bade me begone, and the children threw stones at me and called me a witch."

The crone stooped and stirred the fire; then from a cupboard brought forth bread and a little red wine, and set them before the girl. "They called you a witch, did they?" she mumbled as she went to and fro. "And the men were talking and planning together?"

Audrey ate the bread and drank the wine; then, because she was so tired, leaned her head against the table and fell half asleep. When she roused herself, it was to find her withered hostess standing over her with a sly and toothless smile. "I've been thinking," she whispered, "that since you're here to mind the house, I'll just step out to a neighbor's about some business I have in hand. You can stay by the fire, honey, and be warm and comfortable. Maybe I'll not come back to-night."

Going to the window, she dropped a heavy bar across the shutter. "Ye'll put the chain across the door when I'm out," she commanded. "There be evil-disposed folk may want to win in." Coming back to the girl, she laid a skinny hand upon her arm. Whether with palsy or with fright the hand shook like a leaf, but Audrey, half asleep again, noticed little beyond the fact that the fire warmed her, and that here at last was rest. "If there should come a knocking and a calling, honey," whispered the witch, "don't ye answer to it or unbar the door. Ye'll save time for me that way. But if they win in, tell them I went to the northward."

Audrey looked at her with glazed, uncomprehending eyes, while the gnome-like figure appeared to grow smaller, to melt out of the doorway. It was a minute or more before the wayfarer thus left alone in the hut could remember that she had been told to bar the door. Then her instinct of obedience sent her to the threshold. Dusk was falling, and the waters of the pool lay pale and still beyond the ebony cedars. Through the twilight landscape moved the crone who had housed her for the night; but she went not to the north, but southwards toward the river. Presently the dusk swallowed her up, and Audrey was left with the ragged garden and the broken fence and the tiny firelit hut. Reëntering the room, she fastened the door, as she had been told to do, and then went

back to the hearth. The fire blazed and the shadows danced; it was far better than last night, out in the cold, lying upon dead leaves, watching the falling stars. Here it was warm, warm as June in a walled garden; the fire was red like the roses . . . the roses that had thorns to bring heart's blood.

Audrey fell fast asleep; and while she was asleep and the night was yet young, the miller whose mill stream had run dry, the keeper of a tippling house whose custom had dwindled, the ferryman whose child had peaked and pined and died, came with a score of men to reckon with the witch who had done the mischief. Finding door and window fast shut, they knocked, softly at first, then loudly and with threats. One watched the chimney, to see that the witch did not ride forth that way; and the father of the child wished to gather brush, pile it against the entrance, and set all afire. The miller, who was a man of strength, ended the matter by breaking in the door. They knew that the witch was there, because they had heard her moving about, and, when the door gave, a cry of affright. When, however, they had laid hands upon her, and dragged her out under the stars, into the light of the torches they carried, they found that the witch, who, as was well known, could slip her shape as a snake slips its skin, was no longer old and bowed, but straight and young.

"Let me go!" cried Audrey. "How dare you hold me! I never harmed one of you. I am a poor girl come from a long way off" —

"Ay, a long way!" exclaimed the ferryman. "More leagues, I'll warrant, than there are miles in Virginia! We'll see if ye can swim home, ye witch!"

"I'm no witch!" cried the girl again. "I never harmed you. Let me alone!"

One of the torchbearers gave ground a little. "She do look mortal young. But where be the witch, then?"

Audrey strove to shake herself free.

"The old woman left me alone in the house. She went to—to the northward."

"She lies!" cried the ferryman, addressing himself to the angry throng. The torches, flaming in the night wind, gave forth a streaming, uncertain, and bewildering light; to the excited imaginations of the rustic avengers, the form in the midst of them was not always that of a young girl, but now and again wavered toward the semblance of the hag who had wrought them evil. "Before the child died he talked forever of somebody young and fair that came and stood by him when he slept. We thought 't was his dead mother, but now—now I see who 't was!" Seizing the girl by the wrists, he burst with her through the crowd. "Let the water touch her, she'll turn witch again!"

The excited throng, blinded by its own imagination, took up the cry. The girl's voice was drowned; she set her lips, and strove dumbly with her captors; but they swept her out of the weed-grown garden and broken gate, past the cedars that were so ragged and black, down to the cold and deep water. She thought of the night upon the river and of the falling stars, and with a sudden, piercing cry struggled fiercely to escape. The bank was steep; hands pushed her forward; she felt the ghastly embrace of the water, and saw, ere the flood closed over her upturned face, the cold and quiet stars.

So loud was the ringing in her ears that she heard no access of voices upon the bank, and knew not that a fresh commotion had arisen. She was sinking for the second time, and her mind had begun to wander in the Fair View garden, when an arm caught and held her up. She was borne to the shore: there were men on horseback; some one with a clear, authoritative voice was now berating, now good-humoredly arguing with, her late judges.

The man who had sprung to save her

held her up to arms that reached down from the bank above; another moment and she felt the earth again beneath her feet, but could only think that, with half the dying past, these strangers had been cruel to bring her back. Her rescuer shook himself like a great dog. "I've saved the witch alive," he panted. "May God forgive and your Honor reward me!"

"Nay, worthy constable, you must look to Sathanas for reward!" cried the gentleman who had been haranguing the miller and his company. These gentry, hardly convinced, but not prepared to debate the matter with a justice of the peace and great man of those parts, began to slip away. The torchbearers, probably averse to holding a light to their own countenances, had flung the torches into the water, and now, heavily shadowed by the cedars, the place was in deep darkness. Presently there were left to berate only the miller and the ferryman, and at last these also went sullenly away without having troubled to mention the witch's late transformation from age to youth.

"Where is the rescued fair one?" continued the gentleman who, for his own pleasure, had led the conservers of law and order. "Produce the sibyl, honest Dogberry! Faith, if the lady be not an ingrate, you've henceforth a friend at court!"

"My name is Saunders, — Dick Saunders, your Honor," quoth the constable. "For the witch, she lies quiet on the ground beneath the cedar yonder."

"She won't speak!" cried another. "She just lies there trembling, with her face in her hands."

"But she said, 'O Christ!' when we took her from the water," put in a third.

"She was nigh drowned," ended the constable. "And I'm a-tremble myself, the water was that cold. Wauns! I wish I were in the chimney corner at the Court House ordinary!"

The master of Westover flung his riding cloak to one of the constable's men. "Wrap it around the shivering iniquity on the ground yonder; and you, Tom Hope, that brought warning of what your neighbors would do, mount and take the witch behind you. Master Constable, you will lodge Hecate in the gaol to-night, and in the morning bring her up to the great house. We would inquire why a lady so accomplished that she can dry a mill stream to plague a miller cannot drain a pool to save herself from drowning!"

At a crossing of the ways, shortly before Court House, gaol, and ordinary were reached, the adventurous Colonel gave a good-night to the constable and his company, and, with a negro servant at his heels, rode gayly on beneath the stars to his house at Westover. Hardy, alert, in love with living, he was well amused by the night's proceedings. The incident should figure in his next letter to Orrery or to his cousin Taylor.

It figured largely in the table talk next morning, when the sprightly gentleman sat at breakfast with his daughter and his second wife, a fair and youthful kinswoman of Martha and Teresa Blount. The gentleman, launched upon the subject of witchcraft, handled it with equal wit and learning. The ladies thought that the water must have been very cold, and trusted that the old dame was properly grateful, and would, after such a lesson, leave her evil practices. As they were rising from table, word was brought to the master that constable and witch were outside.

The Colonel kissed his wife, promised his daughter to be merciful, and, humming a song, went through the hall to the open house door and the broad, three-sided steps of stone. The constable was awaiting him.

"Here be mysteries, your Honor! As I serve the King, 't were n't Goody Price for whom I ruined my new frieze, but a slip of a girl!" He waved his hand.

"Will your Honor please to take a look at her?"

Audrey sat in the sunshine upon the stone steps; her head was bowed upon her arms. The morning that was so bright was not bright for her; she thought that life had used her but unkindly. A great tree, growing close to the house, sent leaves of dull gold adrift, and they lay at her feet and upon the skirt of her dress. The constable spoke to her: "Now, mistress, here's a gentleman as stands for the King and the law. Look up!"

A white hand was laid upon the Colonel's arm. "I came to make sure that you were not harsh with the poor creature," said Evelyn's pitying voice. "There is so much misery. Where is she? Ah!"

To gain at last his prisoner's attention, the constable struck her lightly across the shoulders with his cane. "Get up!" he cried impatiently. "Get up and make your curtsy! Ecod, I wish I'd left you in Hunter's Pond!"

Audrey rose, and turned her face, not to the justice of the peace and arbiter of the fate of witches, but to Evelyn, standing above her, — Evelyn, slighter, paler, than she had been at Williamsburgh, but beautiful in her colored, fragrant silks and the air that was hers of sweet and mournful distinction. Now she cried out sharply, while "That girl again!" swore the Colonel, beneath his breath.

Audrey did as she had been told, and made her curtsy. Then, while father and daughter stared at her, the gentleman very red and biting his lip, the lady marble in her loveliness, she tried to speak, to ask them to let her go, but found no words. The face of Evelyn, at whom alone she looked, wavered into distance, gazing at her coldly and mournfully from miles away. She made with her hand a faint gesture of weariness and despair; then sank down at Evelyn's feet, and lay there in a swoon.

XXV.

TWO WOMEN.

Evelyn, hearing footsteps across the floor of the attic room above her own bedchamber, arose and set wide the door; then went back to her chair by the window that looked out upon green grass and party-colored trees and long reaches of the shining river. "Come here, if you please," she called to Audrey, as the latter slowly descended the stair from the room where, half asleep, half awake, she had lain since the morning.

Audrey entered the pleasant chamber, furnished with what luxury the age afforded, and stood before the sometime princess of her dreams. "Will you not sit down?" asked Evelyn, in a low voice, and pointed to a chair.

"I had rather stand," answered Audrey. "Why did you call me? I was on my way" —

The other's clear eyes dwelt upon her. "Whither were you going?"

"Out of your house," said Audrey simply, "and out of your life."

Evelyn folded her hands in her silken lap, and looked out upon river and sky and ceaseless drift of colored leaves. "You can never go out of my life," she said. "Why the power to vex and ruin was given you I do not know, but you have used it. Why did you run away from Fair View?"

"That I might never see Mr. Haward again," answered Audrey. She held her head up, but she felt the stab. It had not occurred to her that hers was the power to vex and ruin; apparently that belonged elsewhere.

Evelyn turned from the window, and the two women, the princess and the herdgirl, regarded each other. "Oh, my God!" cried Evelyn. "I did not know that you loved him so!"

But Audrey shook her head, and spoke

with calmness: "Once I loved and knew it not, and once I loved and knew it. It was all in a dream, and now I have waked up." She passed her hand across her brow and eyes, and pushed back her heavy hair. It was a gesture that was common to her. To Evelyn it brought a sudden stinging memory of the ball-room at the Palace; of how this girl had looked in her splendid dress, with the roses in her hair; of Haward's words at the coach door. She had not seen him since that night. "I am going a long way," continued Audrey. "It will be as though I died. I never meant to harm you."

The other gazed at her with wide, dry eyes, and with an unwonted color in her cheeks. "She is beautiful," thought Audrey; then wondered how long she must stay in this room and this house. Without the window the trees beckoned, the light was fair upon the river; in the south hung a cloud, silver-hued, and shaped like two mighty wings. Audrey, with her eyes upon the cloud, thought, "If the wings were mine, I would reach the mountains to-night."

"Do you remember last May Day?" asked Evelyn, in a voice scarcely above a whisper. "He and I, sitting side by side, watched your running, and I praised you to him. Then we went away, and while we gathered flowers on the road to Williamsburgh he asked me to be his wife. I said no, for he loved me not as I wished to be loved. Afterward, in Williamsburgh, he would have spoken again; but I would not let him, although in my heart I believed that it was all coming right, — oh, God, that it was all coming right! I said, 'When you come to Westover;' and he kissed my hand, and vowed that the next week should find him here." She turned once more to the window, and, with her chin in her hand, looked out upon the beauty of the autumn. "Day by day, and day by day," she said, in the same hushed voice, "I sat at this window and watched for him to

come. The weeks went by, and he came not. I began to hear talk of you. Oh, I deny not that it was bitter!"

"Oh me! oh me!" cried Audrey. "I was so happy, and I thought no harm."

"He came at last," continued Evelyn. "For a month he stayed here, paying me court. I was too proud to speak of what I had heard. After a while I thought it must have been an idle rumor." Her voice changed, and with a sudden gesture of passion and despair she lifted her arms above her head, then clasped and wrung her hands. "Oh, for a month he forgot you! In all the years to come I shall have that comfort: for one little month, in the company of the woman whom, because she was of his own rank, because she had wealth, because others found her fair and honored her with heart as well as lip, he wished to make his wife, — for that short month he forgot you! The days were sweet to me, sweet, sweet! Oh, I dreamed my dreams! . . . And then we were called to Williamsburgh to greet the new Governor, and he went with us. . . . There was between us no betrothal. I had delayed to say yes to his asking, for I wished to make sure, — to make sure that he loved me. No man can say he broke troth with me. For that my pride gives thanks!"

"What must I do?" said Audrey to herself. "Pain is hard to bear."

"That night at the ball," continued Evelyn, "when, coming down the stair, I saw you standing beside him . . . and after that, the music, and the lights, and you dancing with him, in your dark beauty, with the flowers in your hair . . . and after that, you and I in my coach and his face at the window! . . . Oh, I can tell you what he said! He said: 'Good-by, sweetheart. . . . The violets are for you; but the great white blossoms, and the boughs of rosy mist, and all the trees that wave in the wind are for Audrey.'"

"For me," cried Audrey, "for me an hour in Bruton church next morning!"

A silence followed her words. Evelyn, sitting in the great chair, rested her cheek upon her hand and gazed steadfastly at her guest of a day. The sunshine had stolen from the room, but dwelt upon and caressed the world without the window. Faint, tinkling notes of a harpsichord floated up from the parlor below, followed by young Madam Byrd's voice singing to the perturbed Colonel: —

"O Love! they wrong thee much,
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss" —

The song came to an end, but after a pause the harpsichord sounded again, and the singer's voice rang out: —

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me" —

Audrey gave an involuntary cry; then, with her lip between her teeth, strove for courage, failed, and with another strangled cry sank upon her knees before a chair and buried her face in its cushions.

When a little time had passed, Evelyn arose and went to her. "Fate has played with us both," she said, in a voice that strove for calmness. "If there was great bitterness in my heart toward you then, I hope it is not so now; if, on that night, I spoke harshly, unkindly, ungenerously, I — I am sorry. I thought what others thought. I — I cared not to touch you. . . . But now I am told that 't was not you that did unworthily. Mr. Haward has written to me; days ago I had this letter." It was in her hand, and she held it out to the kneeling girl. "Yes, yes, you must read; it concerns you." Her voice, low and broken, was yet imperious. Audrey raised her head, took and read the letter. There were but a few unsteady lines, written from Marot's ordinary at Williamsburgh. The writer was too weak as yet for many

words; few words were best, perhaps. His was all the blame for the occurrence at the Palace, for all besides. That which, upon his recovery, he must strive to teach his acquaintance at large he prayed Evelyn to believe at once and forever. She whom, against her will and in the madness of his fever, he had taken to the Governor's house was most innocent, — guiltless of all save a childlike affection for the writer, a misplaced confidence, born of old days, and now shattered by his own hand. Before that night she had never guessed his passion, never known the use that had been made of her name. This upon the honor of a gentleman. For the rest, as soon as his strength was regained, he purposed traveling to Westover. There, if Mistress Evelyn Byrd would receive him for an hour, he might in some measure explain, excuse. For much, he knew, there was no excuse, — only pardon to be asked.

The letter ended abruptly, as though the writer's strength were exhausted. Audrey read it through, then with indifference gave it back to Evelyn. "It is so, — what he says?" whispered the latter, crumpling the paper in her hand.

Audrey gazed up at her with wide, tearless eyes. "Yes, it is so. There was no need for you to use those words to me in the coach, that night, — though even then I did not understand. There is no reason why you should fear to touch me."

Her head sank upon her arm. In the parlor below the singing came to an end, but the harpsichord, lightly fingered, gave forth a haunting melody. It was suited to the afternoon: to the golden light, the drifting leaves, the murmurs of wind and wave, without the window; to the shadows, the stillness, and the sorrow, within the room. Evelyn, turning slowly toward the kneeling figure, of a sudden saw it through a mist of tears. Her clasped hands parted; she bent and touched the bowed head. Au-

drey looked up, and her dark eyes made appeal. Evelyn stooped lower yet; her tears fell upon Audrey's hair; a moment, and the two, cast by life in the selfsame tragedy, were in each other's arms.

"You know that I came from the mountains," whispered Audrey. "I am going back. You must tell no one; in a little while I shall be forgotten."

"To the mountains!" cried Evelyn. "No one lives there. You would die of cold and hunger. No, no. We are alike unhappy: you shall stay with me here at Westover."

She rose from her knees, and Audrey rose with her. They no longer clasped each other, — that impulse was past, — but their eyes met in sorrowful amity. Audrey shook her head. "That may not be," she said simply. "I must go away that we may not both be unhappy." She lifted her face to the cloud in the south. "I almost died last night. When you drown, there is at first fear and struggling, but at last it is like dreaming, and there is a lightness. . . . When that came I thought, 'It is the air of the mountains, — I am drawing near them.' . . . Will you let me go now? I will slip from the house through the fields into the woods, and none will know" —

But Evelyn caught her by the wrist. "You are beside yourself! I would rouse the plantation; in an hour you would be found. Stay with me" —

A knock at the door, and the Colonel's secretary, a pale and grave young man, bowing on the threshold. He was just come from the attic room, where he had failed to find the young woman who had been lodged there that morning. The Colonel, supposing that by now she was recovered from her swoon and her fright of the night before, and having certain questions to put to her, desired her to descend to the parlor. Hearing voices in Mistress Evelyn's room —

"Very well, Mr. Drew," said the lady. "You need not wait. I will myself seek my father with — with our guest."

In the parlor Madam Byrd was yet at the harpsichord, but ceased to touch the keys when her stepdaughter, followed by Darden's Audrey, entered the room. The master of Westover, seated beside his young wife, looked quickly up, arched his brows and turned somewhat red, as his daughter, with her gliding step, crossed the room to greet him. Audrey, obeying a motion of her companion's hand, waited beside a window, in the shadow of its heavy curtains. "Evelyn," quoth the Colonel, rising from his chair and taking his daughter's hand, "this is scarce befitting"—

Evelyn stayed his further speech by an appealing gesture. "Let me speak with you, sir. No, no, madam, do not go! There is naught the world might not hear."

Audrey waited in the shadow by the window, and her mind was busy, for she had her plans to lay. Sometimes Evelyn's low voice, sometimes the Colonel's deeper tones, pierced her understanding; when this was so she moved restlessly, wishing that it were night and she away. Presently she began to observe the room, which was richly furnished. There were garlands upon the ceiling; a table near her was set with many curious ornaments; upon a tall cabinet stood a bowl of yellow flowers; the lady at the harpsichord wore a dress to match the flowers, while Evelyn's dress was white; beyond them was a pier glass finer than the one at Fair View.

This glass reflected the doorway, and thus she was the first to see the man from whom she had fled. "Mr. Marmaduke Haward, massa!" announced the servant who had ushered him through the hall.

Haward, hat in hand, entered the room. The three beside the harpsichord arose; the one at the window slipped deeper into the shadow of the curtains, and so escaped the visitor's observation. The latter bowed to the master of Westover, who ceremoniously returned the

salute, and to the two ladies, who curtsied to him, but opened not their lips.

"This, sir," said Colonel Byrd, holding himself very erect, "is an unexpected honor."

"Rather, sir, an unwished-for intrusion," answered the other. "I beg you to believe that I will trouble you for no longer time than matters require."

The Colonel bit his lip. "There was a time when Mr. Haward was most welcome to my house. If 't is no longer thus"—

Haward made a gesture of assent. "I know that the time is past. I am sorry that 't is so. I had thought, sir, to find you alone. Am I to speak before these ladies?"

The Colonel hesitated, but Evelyn, leaving Madam Byrd beside the harpsichord, came to her father's side. That gentleman glanced at her keenly. There was no agitation to mar the pensive loveliness of her face; her eyes were steadfast, the lips faintly smiling. "If what you have to say concerns my daughter," said the Colonel, "she will listen to you here and now."

For a few moments dead silence; then Haward spoke, slowly, weighing his words: "I am on my way, Colonel Byrd, to the country beyond the falls. I have entered upon a search, and I know not when it will be ended or when I shall return. Westover lay in my path, and there was that which needed to be said to you, sir, and to your daughter. When it has been said I will take my leave." He paused; then, with a quickened breath, again took up his task: "Some months ago, sir, I sought and obtained your permission to make my suit to your daughter for her hand. The lady, worthy of a better mate, hath done well in saying no to my importunity. I accept her decision, withdraw my suit, wish her all happiness." He bowed again, formally; then stood with lowered eyes, his hand gripping the edge of the table.

"I am aware that my daughter has

declined to entertain your proposals," said the Colonel coldly, "and I approve her determination. Is this all, sir?"

"It should, perhaps, be all," answered Haward. "And yet" — He turned to Evelyn, snow-white, calm, with that faint smile upon her face. "May I speak to you?" he said, in a scarcely audible voice.

She looked at him, with parting lips.

"Here and now," the Colonel answered for her. "Be brief, sir."

The master of Fair View found it hard to speak. "Evelyn" — he began, and paused, biting his lip. It was very quiet in the familiar parlor, quiet and dim, and drawing toward eventide. The lady at the harpsichord chanced to let fall her hand upon the keys. They gave forth a deep and melancholy sound that vibrated through the room. The chord was like an odor in its subtle power to bring crowding memories. To Haward, and perhaps to Evelyn, scenes long shifted, long faded, took on fresh colors, glowed anew, replaced the canvas of the present. For years the two had been friends; later months had seen him her avowed suitor. In this very room he had bent over her at the harpsichord when the song was finished; had sat beside her in the deep window seat while the stars brightened, before the candles were brought in.

Now, for a moment, he stood with his hand over his eyes; then, letting it fall, he spoke with firmness. "Evelyn," he said, "if I have wronged you, forgive me. Our friendship that has been I lay at your feet: forget it and forget me. You are noble, generous, high of mind: I pray you to let no remembrance of me trouble your life. May it be happy, — may all good attend you. . . . Evelyn, good-by!"

He kneeled and kissed the hem of her dress. As he rose, and bowing low would have taken formal leave of the two beside her, she put out her hand, staying him by the gesture and the look upon her

colorless face. "You spoke of a search," she said. "What search?"

Haward raised his eyes to hers that were quiet, almost smiling, though darkly shadowed by past pain. "I will tell you, Evelyn. Why should not I tell you this, also? . . . Four days ago, upon my return to Fair View, I sought and found the woman that I love, — the woman that, by all that is best within me, I love worthily! She shrank from me; she listened not; she shut eye and ear, and fled. And I, — confident fool! — I thought, 'To-morrow I will make her heed,' and so let her go. When the morrow came she was gone indeed." He halted, made an involuntary gesture of distress, then went on, rapidly and with agitation: "There was a boat missing; she was seen to pass Jamestown, rowing steadily up the river. But for this I should have thought — I should have feared — God knows what I should not have feared! As it is I have searchers out, both on this side and on the southern shore. An Indian and myself have come up river in his canoe. We have not found her yet. If it be so that she has passed unseen through the settled country, I will seek her toward the mountains."

"And when you have found her, what then, sir?" cried the Colonel, tapping his snuffbox.

"Then, sir," answered Haward, with hauteur, "she will become my wife."

He turned again to Evelyn, but when he spoke it was less to her than to himself. "It grows late," he said. "Night is coming on, and at the fall of the leaf the nights are cold. One sleeping in the forest would suffer . . . if she sleeps. I have not slept since she was missed. I must begone" —

"It grows late indeed," replied Evelyn, with lifted face and a voice low, clear, and sweet as a silver bell, — "so late that there is a rose flush in the sky beyond the river. Look! you may see it through yonder window."

She touched his hand and made him look to the far window. "Who is it that stands in the shadow, hiding her face in her hands?" he asked at last, beneath his breath.

"'T is Audrey," answered Evelyn, in the same clear, sweet, and passionless tones. She took her hand from his and addressed herself to her father. "Dear sir," she said, "to my mind no quarrel exists between us and this gentleman.

There is no reason" — she drew herself up — "no reason why we should not extend to Mr. Marmaduke Haward the hospitality of Westover." She smiled and leaned against her father's arm. "And now let us three, — you and Maria, whom I protest you keep too long at the harpsichord, and I, who love this hour of the evening, — let us go walk in the garden and see what flowers the frost has spared."

Mary Johnston.

(To be continued.)

IN THE HEART OF MARY.

MOTHER of Sorrows, I —
But my Babe is on my breast:
He resteth quiet there
Who bringeth the weary rest;
He lieth calm and still
Who bringeth the troubled peace,
Who openeth prison doors
And giveth the sad release;
For there reacheth Him yet no sound,
No echo of cry or moan.
To-day, little Son, little Son,
To-day Thou art all my own.

Mother of Sorrows, I —
But His head is on my breast.
I know that the morrows come,
With dread and fear oppressed,
When He who feedeth the birds,
Who heareth the ravens' cry,
Who giveth the sparrows nests
And marks them when they die,
Shall wander, weary and sad,
With no place to lay His head;
But to-day, little Son, little Son,
To-day my heart's Thy bed.

Mother of Sorrows, I —
For I know in the days to come
He shall stand, a Paschal Lamb,
Before His shearers dumb:

Despised and rejected of men,
 Acquainted with sorrow and grief,
 Stricken, smitten of God,
 And bruised for the world's relief ;
 With visage marred and worn,
 He shall tread the winepress alone ;
 But to-day, little Son, little Son,
 To-day Thou art all my own.

Mother of Sorrows, I —
 And the sword shall pierce my heart ;
 But to-day I hold Him close
 From the cruel world apart.
 It waits with smiting and gibes,
 With scourging and hatred and scorn,
 With hyssop and wormwood and gall,
 The cross and the crown of thorn ;
 The nations shall watch Him die,
 Lifted up on the tree ;
 But to-day, little Son, little Son,
 To-day Thou art safe with me.

Annie Johnson Flint.

ITHACAN DAYS.

I.

PHORKYS' HAVEN AND THE NAIADS' GROT.

THE day-star had not yet risen, and Ithaca lay pitch-dark, save for stray lights twinkling here and there along the water's edge, when the trim little Pylaros steamed into port. But on looking about us in the gray dawn we needed no Athene to tell us where we were. Had we been floating without chart or compass on unknown seas, we could hardly have mistaken the spot.

"There is in the land of Ithaca a certain haven of Phorkys, the ancient of the sea, and thereby are two headlands of sheer cliff, which slope to the sea on the haven's side ; and when the strong winds blow, they are a shelter from the great wave without, but within the

decked ships ride unmoored when once they have attained to that landing place. Now, at the harbor's head is an olive tree with spreading leaves, and hard by is a pleasant cave and shady, sacred to the nymphs that are called Naiads."

I let Homer speak and call the sun to witness his fidelity to fact. In Ithaca, at least, the old poet's topography is true ; few blind men have ever seen so straight. There are the twin headlands guarding the narrow ingress ; the deep, sheltered harbor, where to this day "large ships moor in perfect safety close to their masters' doors ;" and the hill across the harbor head is one stretch of olive woods. The sole feature not now in the visible foreground is the Naiads' grotto, "with great looms of stone whereon the nymphs weave garments of purple stain, a marvel to behold ;" but fifteen minutes' walk up the glen will bring you

to a spacious chamber in the hillside (one hundred and sixty feet above the sea), with its side entrance for mortals, and its vertical one for immortals, while wonderful stalactites depending from roof and walls readily suggest the Naiads' looms, as well as the mixing bowls and jars of stone wherein the bees store honey. Any one who has visited the great stalactite grotto on Mount Pentelicus will realize how simple and spontaneous is the poetic suggestion. If the grotto is less conveniently placed than we could wish for stowing away Odysseus' goods, Homer is not to be denied the poet's license; and the poet who shifts the hot and cold springs of the Skamander from Mount Ida to the plain of Troy could readily think away the quarter of an hour between the grotto and the harbor head.

In this solitude — where the modern town of Vathý, or Deephaven, now stands — Odysseus, after his wondrous voyage and unconscious landing, wakes, and rubs his eyes; for, wrapt in Athene's mist as he was, "all things showed strange to the lord of the land, — the long paths and the sheltering havens and the steep rocks and the trees in their bloom." So, moaning and upbraiding the authors of his fancied miscarriage, he proceeds (the ruling passion ever strong in him) to reckon up his goods that lay in a heap under the long-leaved olive tree; and lo! of the fair tripods and the caldrons and the gold and goodly woven raiment, — thanks to Phæacian honesty, — naught is lacking. Yet, homesick for his own country, he paces the shore of this gently murmuring bay, — for in the shelter of the twin headlands the poet's own *πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης* appears purely conventional, — and makes sore lament, till the solitude is broken by a spruce young shepherd's appearance on the scene to comfort the castaway, whose eyes are still holden, with this word picture of a familiar landscape: "Not so nameless the land but full many a man doth know

it. . . . Verily it is rough, and not fit for driving horses; yet is it not a very stingy soil, albeit no wide expanse. For it bears store of corn untold, and wine as well, and ever the rain doth visit it, and quickening dew. And it hath good graze for goats and kine, all manner of trees, and springs that never fail. And so, *stranger*, *Ithaca's* name hath reached even unto *Troy*, which they say is far from this Achaian land."

That dramatic climax, coupling Ithaca and Troy, must have fetched any other hero on the Homeric roll; but patient, goodly Odysseus, glad as he was, could not forget his guile or forbear a Cretan yarn. And so we have that exquisite play of wits, that loving tilt between the subtlest of gods and the subtlest of Greeks, until the Phæacian goods are safely stored, the Ithacan situation laid bare, the plot of vengeance hatched, and the lord of the isle, now all rags and wrinkles at the touch of Athene's wand, "fares forth from the haven by the rough track up the wooded country and over the heights" to visit his old henchman and set the ball a-rolling.

II.

AT THE SWINEHERD'S STEADING.

Staying only to establish ourselves at the Odysseus Inn, and to pick up a rickety trap and a pair of sorry nags, we follow suit. At first the road gives us a lift, and a good hour, mainly through a stretch of olive woods and vineyards, brings us to a saddle in the ridge, where we leave our carriage. Thence we scramble, by a track that no man could trace without help from above, — a winding, breakneck track quite true to the Homeric epithets, — up and down, and up and down again, until, turning a great shoulder of cliff, we find ourselves at the head of a deep glen and facing Raven Rock. It is a sheer precipice, one hun-

dred and ten feet high; and in a tomblike cutting at its middle base the Arethousa spring wells up, — black water, indeed, as you look down into the dark depths, but crystal-clear in the light as it overflows in a brook that tumbles down the wild glen to the sea. Here we made our nooning; and out of the tanglewood below our guides fetched us a load of the most brilliant and delicious arbutus, — far and away beyond any I had ever met with on the Marathon or Dekeleia road; yet the bright clusters had not half the charm of the one fat acorn I picked up on the spot where Eumæus used to water his mast-fed swine.

If the scramble hither had been trying, the climb to the upper plateau was terrific. We saw to our left, across the gorge, what looked like the course of a recent avalanche, — a slippery red loam toboggan slide, scarcely less perpendicular than Raven Rock. But our guide maintained that it was the only way up to Eumæus' pastures; and so we scaled it, often on all fours, finding it in fact a stiffer climb than it looked. Yet it proved worth while. We had reached beyond any decent doubt the royal swineherd's steading, if ever it was, — a commanding plateau, covered with ancient olives as fine as Attica's best, and rude stone sheepfolds which may have served Eumæus for sties. There was not much life astir, — but a few peasants digging, a fair girl (who shied at Powell's camera) gathering olives, one young heifer to remind us of kine-grazing Ithaca, and more than enough dogs. The flocks were afield at this hour, — on our way to Arethousa we had seen black goats wide ranging down by the sea, — though the litter of the folds attested their abundance. Swine there were none, and in fact we found but one poor black shoat on the island, as if to witness the thoroughgoing work of the suitor crew.

If ever it was, I say, this should have been Eumæus' steading. It answers

point by point to Homer's picture: a place of wide outlook all around, on a mighty rock, remote from the town, at the south end of the island, and on the only road that leads or ever could have led from the little Bay of St. Andreas — the first landing a ship from Pylos could make, and where Telemachus, at Athene's bidding, disembarked — to the city, whether that was on Aëtos or at the *polis*. Present names prove nothing, — Raven Rock and Arethousa are but recent restorations of the learned; but if Ithaca be Ithaca, and "the singer of the Odyssey was absolutely familiar with its local features" (as Reisch maintains), then this is the spot hallowed forever by the dearest scenes in the whole literature of country life.

In Odysseus' twenty years of war and wandering the little realm of Ithaca has not stood still; at least the devoted swineherd has improved his holding. On his own account, without a word to his mistress or old Laertes, he had builded him a stone cabin, such as we see amid the olives now, and inclosed it with a wall of these rough rocks, coped with this thorny wild pear, and further guarded without by a palisade of thick-set oaken stakes. Such Eumæus' strong keep, with twelve sties (in lieu of towers) to shelter twelve times fifty brood swine (instead of men at arms); "but the boars lay without, and their tale was three hundred and threescore, and by them always watched four dogs as fierce as wild beasts, which the swineherd had bred, a master of men."

At the moment the swine are abroad with three of the hinds, there at the foot of Raven Rock, by the spring of Arethousa, crunching acorns to their hearts' content, and drinking the dark water, — things that lay on swine the blooming fat, — while the fourth hind is driving the pick of the boars to garnish the suitors' daily feed at the palace. Thus, at a still hour, we catch our first glimpse of Eumæus sitting in his humble door-

way, not idly. He is cutting a good brown oxhide, and fitting sandals to his feet, when all at once the stillness is broken. For, trudging along the rough track, up the wooded country and over the heights, the long-lost master draws nigh. And the dogs, quick to divine the goddess herself whatever form she take, but not to pierce the sorry transformation she has wrought in the lord of the land, give tongue and would tear him to pieces, save that Odysseus, in his wariness, sits down and drops his staff, while Eumæus scatters the pack with a volley of stones.

Only one can tell that story. But we can see and hear it all: the beggar's welcome by his own slave, — a king's son born; the brace of sucking pigs promptly roasted on the hearth to break the poor tramp's fast, and the ivy-wood bowl of honey-sweet wine to wash them down withal, while the swineherd's loving heart runs over with reminiscence of his gentle lord and hopeless longing for his return; the long afternoon confab, as the wily stranger reels off his second Cretan yarn, and gives his word that Odysseus shall presently come home, — else "set thy thralls on me and hurl me from this high rock." We see the herds driven up the steep at eventide, and penned, grunting, in their sties. That is, all but one fat boar, which is solemnly sacrificed and roasted for the stranger's cheer, whereupon "the good swineherd stands up to carve, for well he knew what was fair," — cardinal virtue in a carver; and we may be sure that not one of the seven portions lacked aught of a square meal, certainly not the portion devoutly set apart for the nymphs and Hermes who had blessed him in his hut and in his herds, nor yet the whole chine reserved for the vagrant guest.

Such the scene whereon the swift night falls foul in the dark of the moon; and all night long Zeus rains and showery Zephyr blows strong, — so like our Ithacan nights that we yet feel the chill

in our bones. How perfectly motived the after-supper tale of bivouac under Troy walls, when night came on foul with frost, and snow fell bitter cold, and ice set thick about the shields, and of the ruse that won a warm cloak then and there, as the recital of it assures such comfort as the bleak cabin can afford here and now! For Eumæus takes the hint, and prepares the wanderer a shakedown of sheep and goat skins by the fireside, and over him throws a great thick mantle, kept by him for a change against a cold snap. And then, leaving him and the young men to take the boon of sleep, the good swineherd — who has no mind to lie here in a bed away from the boars — dons a wind-proof cloak and shaggy goatskin, and, armed with sword and spear to defend him against dog or man, proceeds to make his own bed with the white-tusked boars under a hollow rock in shelter from the north wind.

But even on the spot we may not linger on these Ithacan nights of Homer, — nights longer than immortal tongue can tell, affording not only time to sleep, but time to listen and be glad, — as Eumæus relates how he was kidnapped out of his royal cradle in the isle of Syriê, and limns withal a living picture of those old Phœnician trinket-hawkers and man-stealers with whom commerce took its rise. Nor can we stay for the dawn, which brings Telemachus — fresh from Helen's radiant palace — to this rude lodge as the two old men are busy getting their simple breakfast, and the churls are already afield with the swine, though the dogs are here to give the young master welcome. We can feel the glad wagging of their tails to this day, even as we feel the emotion of the old servant when he drops the wine bowl and falls upon his young lord's neck, — kissing his head and both his beautiful eyes and both his hands, and hailing him "Sweet light of my life," to be fondly greeted in turn as "Daddy." All this while the real daddy in the background

bides his time, humbly making way for the son whose eyes are holden, but who — true prince that he is — bids the beggar keep his seat, and contents himself with the green brushwood and a fleece thereon, which Eumæus shakes down for him. Flaxman has strangely overlooked these touching scenes of the steading, but Genelli has limned nothing in all the Homeric story more genial and gracious than this welcome of Telemachus. And this, after all, but ushers in a day of genial and gracious scenes, — Eumæus' errand to Penelope, Athene's coming to restore Odysseus to his prime, the son's recognition of the sire and the plot of doom, the swineherd's return with good news, — rounded to a close again by the equal feast and the boon of sleep.

Then the dawn once more lays rosy fingers on Raven Rock and these pale gray olives, and Telemachus is off for the town, leaving Odysseus (again in rags and wrinkles) to follow in the warm of the day, and take up his rôle of public beggar in his own palace. As Eumæus leads him on his way, after providing a stout staff for him to lean upon, because the path is parlous, we may follow; for with the dear old gossips our poet quits the lodge.

It is a still hour, unbroken by the delving hinds or the fair girl gathering black olives, as we trudge away in the wake of the immortals over the stony track; resting our eyes now on far-off Taygetos, now on an old Hellenic wall by the wayside, all bright with arbuté and cyclamen.

III.

NERITOS AND THE POLIS.

We too are bound for the city, but break our journey to dine on a roast lamb — short commons for five of us, considering the old Ithacan breakfast ration of a brace of pigs — and sleep at the Odysseus Inn. It is a Homeric night, with

no moon, and rain to spare; but the sky clears a bit by half past eight, and we are off again with the same sorry nags and the same rickety trap.

If old Ithaca had no speedways to encourage horse breeding or driving, present Ithaca — thanks to English occupation and example — is largely a land of good roads. From Vathý across the island to Pissaëto the civilizing English set an object lesson in roadmaking, which the Ithacans have bravely followed up; and thanks to both, the new polis is joined to the old by a highway, — not wide, indeed, but as enduring as the rock out of which it is hewn. Its first stage alongshore and over the saddle between the two havens (Vathý and Dexia), and then around the head of the Gulf of Molo, is one of the most agreeable drives in the world. The wide gulf cuts five miles deep into the island, leaving but a very narrow neck to hold the two mountain masses together: this neck is Mount Aëtos, at whose eastern base the gulf curves in a delicious pebbly beach, while from the water's edge up the slope extends a noble growth of olive, orange, lemon, fig, almond, pear, cactus, cypress, and roses, with one spreading pine.

Thus far Ithaca is distinctly carriageable, and the drive enchanting; but it is when the road winds in triple loop up to the narrow saddle overlooking both seas, and then runs for miles under the very comb of Neritos, with the channel of Ithaca lying hundreds of feet sheer below, that the excursion becomes an adventure. The rocks are radiant with cyclamen, and now and then the blue iris mediates between the azure of the sea and the azure of the sky, — an iris that pales, by contrast both of type and tone, any of its kind in other lands. But these rocks yield more than bloom and fragrance. Out of every crevice grows the prickly shrub laden with acorns such as nourished the blooming fat of Eumæus' swine, and would do so still if swine there were in Ithaca to fatten on

them. To-day the steeps of Neritos show no life but a bunch of goats tended by a boy and girl, — happier pair, we may hope, than Melanthios and Melantho. We must discount Gell's "thick forest of arbutus and prickly-leaved oak," which he represents as extending nearly to the mountain top; still, Schliemann's keen eyes served him ill, or he could never have said that the oak had vanished from Ithaca.

We drive on through the charming village of Levké, and at a quarter before twelve reach Stavros, a petty hamlet, with olive woods and cedars stretching from sea to sea. It lies between two harbors, — an inlet of the Ionian Sea to the northeast, and a sheltered bay opening southward into the strait. The latter is the only safe harbor on this side of Ithaca, and almost due west of it lies the sole islet in the channel. These two tokens alone would lead us to look for the Homeric city in this quarter; and in fact traces of ancient occupation are not wanting. Twenty minutes' walk to the north rises a sheer rock, draped with fern and topped with olives, with a fine spring welling up at its base to feed a rivulet which creeps eastward through the orchards to the sea. This Blackwater is a softened copy of Arethousa and Raven Rock, more frequented, and for that reason less tidy, but still a spot Theocritus' swains might have chosen for a nooning. Here we fall in with the village schoolmaster and a troop of his boys, who pilot us up an ancient rock-hewn stairway to the "School of Homer." It is a narrow plateau, occupied on the very verge by an ancient structure, which measures on the ground some eighteen by thirty feet, and whose massive walls still stand eight or ten feet high, though these are partly built over by a modern church. The spot is nota-

ble for a fine clump of oaks and a wide-branching cedar of Lebanon, — enough to recall the shady grove of far-darting Apollo whither, on the wooers' doomsday, the long-haired Achæians conveniently gather with their hecatomb. It is a fit temple site, if temple there was in Homer's Ithaca; and hard by we find a rock-hewn tomb and an ancient subterranean wellhouse. By these and other remains all the way down to Stavros the archæologist traces a considerable city, dating back as far as the seventh century B. C., and existing down to the latest Roman Empire, as its memory seems to have lived on in the name "polis" to this day. Still, this does not carry us back to Homer, — Homer's School being of good square masonry, and the name probably struck out in a genial moment by the then high priest of Ithaca for Sir William Gell's benefit. That his reverence was quite up to it we can hardly doubt when we find him confiding to Gell the fact that "Homer visited this spot in order to wash in the source called Melainudros, which restored his sight." Fitly enough, this Blackwater is still on terms with the Muses; being part of the estate of Kyr Mavrokephalas (*anglice* Mr. Blackhead), who is not only a member of the Greek Parliament, but a translator of Dante.

To a yet older polis, a real Mycenæan castle, Dr. Dörpfeld confidently assigns a construction on the northern headland of the bay: it is a "terrace wall of great rough-hewn blocks, preserved for a length of thirty paces." There, next season, he is to put in the spade, and (let us hope) to lay bare the castle of Odysseus, as he has already let in the light on Tiryns and Troy.¹ Until that be done, the old story can hardly possess the imagination here as it does at the swineherd's lodge, where land-

¹ Alas that his spade has for once failed to back up his faith! But the negative result of one brief campaign can hardly justify the sweeping conclusion that Ithaca is not Ithaca

at all, together with the summary shifting of Odysseus' home across three leagues of sea to Leucadia.

scape and atmosphere are all we seek. Field huts and pigsties may pass away and leave the idyl in its perfect setting; but for the Comedy of the Wooing and the Tragedy of the Doom we want the castle and the palace, — not the mighty walls of Mycenæ nor the radiant halls of Helen; for Odysseus is but a petty potentate, with “many other kings in sea-girt Ithaca” to share his sway, and the whole island realm sends but a dozen ships to Troy. Homer lets him describe his own “fair mansions,” at a moment when home, be it ever so homely, would appeal to one above all things else; yet it is but a glimpse of “chamber after chamber, with a battlemented court and well-wrought folding doors,” — apparently a simple house that grows as new tenants come with new tastes. And in fact we know just how the Royal Bedchamber was added on by Odysseus himself when he thriftily turned to account a rooted olive tree as a bedpost. Of such a mansion, if ever it was, we can hardly look for very imposing remains, after a thousand years of historical occupation of the ground in later antiquity. Yet the mere certitude of its site would be a great boon.

Even the School of Homer commands a landscape not unworthy of its ancient fame. Far above rises to a height of fifteen hundred feet Mount Neion (now Exoge), somewhat as the mountains rise behind Mycenæ or the ridge of Akon-tion behind Orchomenos, — certainly a nobler background for an Achaian castle than Tiryns or Knossos can boast. The present village of Exoge, perched less than halfway up the steep, with its cottages set in green gardens, makes as fair a picture as heart could wish. Restore Odysseus' castle with its dependencies even on the lower slopes, backed by Neion's windy headlands and fronted by the loftier range of Neritos, and you have a prospect quite in keeping with the heroic age: with constant Penelope as she waits and weaves and watches her pet geese; with young Telemachus as

Athene all at once makes him man enough to assert himself in the house and in the first town meeting since Odysseus' day; with the suitor crew at their revels, and the blind minstrel singing the Achæians' pitiful return; with the twenty maids drawing water from the fountain (where we have just nooned) and toting it up the castle hill; with poor old Argos on the dungheap, loyal to the last wag of his devoted tail, which is the long-lost master's only welcome home, as he arrives this moment from the steading with dear old Eumæus, to usher in the day of doom.

Our survey and daydream done, we follow the schoolmaster down the myrtle-fringed brook, — which is indeed the chief river of Ithaca, — not knowing whither, till we turn into the big road, and come to the most inviting of the detached houses which now occupy the site of Odysseus' lower town. Shy as the good man had been about sharing our basket dinner, he cannot let us go without some entertainment under his own roof; and in the big upper chamber — a place of wide prospect, with three sea views — the good wife serves coffee, while the schoolmaster talks on of the Ithaca that now is. He is proud of his native eyrie on Neritos, — Anoge, Upland, — which also claims Homer's birth. Still, he himself makes no pretension to being a Homerid, — in this more modest than another Ithacan, Constantine Koliades, once professor in the Ionian University, who deduced his lineage from Eumæus, and wrote a book to prove that Odysseus was his own Homer, or *vice versa*, and the veritable author of both Iliad and Odyssey. This autobiographical theory of the Odyssey must now divide the honors with that which endows Nausikaä with the authorship. But the schoolmaster betrayed no knowledge of Koliades, who had been long forgotten, nor any prevision of Nausikaä's sponsor, who has not yet been heard from in these parts; and he would

have scouted the old heresy that Homer was no Ithacan, but merely a chance sojourner, overtaken on his travels here by a distemper of the eyes, and entertained by Mentor, who thus wins his place in the *Odyssey*!

A house could hardly be cleaner or emptier than this of my Ithacan colleague. The furnishing was simplicity itself, and if there were books they were out of sight. But bright faces and good cheer made the place right homely: the good wife beamed on us, as Greek wives in out-of-the-way places often do, with no language but a smile, and the youngsters were clean and civil. Eustathios Surmes himself, like my schoolmaster host at Spata, is no rolling stone. For thirty-two years running he has taught the boys' school at Levké, and for that service he now receives fifteen dollars a month. Happy man to hold a post no spoilsman can covet, under a system which at every change of ministry — and that averages once every ten months — may bid even the schoolmaster move on!

The chance acquaintance whets our curiosity to revisit Levké, which had delighted our eyes as we drove through. On our return, the good priest and most of his parish were waiting to receive us, with wine and oranges and orange blossoms from their own gardens. It is the Eden of Ithaca, — this picturesque village swung up on the terraced slopes of Neritos. With its wealth of bloom and greenery, — orange trees in fruit and flower at once, grand old olives, almonds, cherries, cedars, and carobs, — it recalls the well-wooded Ithaca of olden times: no wonder its sylvan charm drew down a good part of Anoge from their bleak hilltop, some sixty years ago. Producing much of the good wine and most of the delicious honey of the island, — with its notable schoolmaster and its genial old priest, who seemed to have infected the little community of eight hundred souls (fishermen, farmers, and potters) with their own simple kindness

and good cheer, — Levke comes near being a poem itself, and one can hardly fault Sir William Gell for recognizing in it the Garden of Laertes.

IV.

EAGLE'S CLIFF.

We had kept for our third day's goal what the Ithacan pilgrim usually seeks at once, — the steep, strong-walled hill of Aëtos, popularly accredited as *Odysseus'* castle. It is an hour's drive from Vathý, and affords further glimpses of the Bay of Dexia, which disputes with Vathý the fame of being *Odysseus'* landing place. Vathý certainly has its claims as a deep haven and for its twin headlands; but it is only here, on this gradually sloping sand beach, that the Phæacian bark could have run half her length ashore. Thus far it is the same fine English road we traveled yesterday, and a bright sun and stiff wind give a new atmospheric quality to the few bits of life by the way, — among them an old peasant (who might have been Laertes) sowing barley on a patch of rocks at the water's edge. Thence rising over the pass, between Hagios Stephanos and this Eagle Rock which holds the two mountain masses of Ithaca together, the road leads on down to Pissaëto, the little ferry port for Kephallenia. But we stop short at the road-house where the ascent begins.

A glance is enough to show that we have above us one of the strongest hill forts of prehistoric Greece. Strong enough by nature, — for it rises some six hundred and fifty feet at an angle of thirty-five degrees, or (as Schliemann observed) seven degrees more steeply than the upper cone of Vesuvius, — some Titan hand has led two mighty walls converging up these slopes, one of them almost intact to-day, with a third still traceable to form the broad base of an approximately triangular circumvallation,

while the summit is surrounded by yet stronger walls, which still stand twenty to twenty-five feet high, and show single blocks that would square from twenty-five to thirty feet. But impregnable as it looks from below, it is only by climbing that one comes to feel how secure and how uncomfortable a seat it was. I shall never forget that scramble over sheer rock tumbled in jagged masses, nor the blessed relief of finding a bit of level to stand on at the top. Certainly Penelope's suitors were no milk-sops, if they scaled this eagle's nest day after day to press their suit, to say nothing of getting down again when fuddled, as they mostly were before the revel ended. Nor can one readily fancy them "putting the stone" and casting the spear in this contracted space, where any sport ascribed to them beyond a quiet game of checkers would be impossible. A student of mine, indeed, once established the Olympic games on Mount Olympus; but Aëtos is a church steeple in comparison with that many-glenned mountain of the gods. Gell and Schliemann have between them mapped Odysseus' lower city on the steeps between the two converging walls up which we had crept on all fours, where the former reports "terraces . . . without doubt once occupied by the houses and streets of the town," while the latter actually counts there "about one hundred and ninety Cyclopean houses;" but they have carefully refrained from giving measurements of the narrow plateau within the upper walls which they identify as the castle. Measured by our eyes, there is scant room for a megaron to entertain a hundred suitors and more, together with a royal family that kept fifty maids, not to mention the "assembly place before the spacious town;" nor could any creature but an eagle or Athene herself come down to this eyrie, as visitors are always coming down to the palace of the Odyssey. At the moment of our visit we had fain put away our unbelief, for

two eagles were poised in the blue above us, recalling the pair "Zeus of the far-borne voice sent forth in flight from on high, from the mountain crest," as a sign to Telemachus. The prospect, too, was one to allure a potentate of that foretime when it was convenient for him literally to keep an eye on his realm, — a fact which may throw light on Pindar's use of the word "watchman" for "king." Whatever this high place lacked as a dwelling it made good as a watch tower: it quite commands the royal domain. Across the channel, in this transparent atmosphere, stand out Kephallenia's "bare mountains covered with walls like a vine leaf with veins" (to quote my young friend Tucker's apt figure), and among them we clearly distinguish the ruins of Samê, whence came four-and-twenty of the suitors, including that bad marksman, Ktesippos. In the dim eastern distance looms snow-clad Parnassus. So Odysseus from his castle, had this been his castle, had always in view his mother's native hills. Who that ever thumbed his Homer lovingly can forget how "old Autolykos, coming to Ithaca's fat land, found a boy new born to his daughter, and when he had finished his supper Eurykleia set the child upon his knee," and all that tender tale of *How They Named the Baby*, and the thrilling tale that follows of *How They Hunted the Wild Boar*!

Of castle and city, stony steeps and strong walls, the lord paramount at the moment is a goatherd named Euripides, with a very small boy to help him tend a dozen black goats. Their pasture is the little grassy plateau about the deep rock-hewn cisterns and foundations which certainly indicate a prehistoric dwelling of some kind. Here is the spot where Dr. Schliemann began his marvelous career with the spade; it would seem from his own words in the naïve hope of finding the roots of Odysseus' olive-tree bed-post! But after his conquests at Mycenæ and Tiryns and Troy, who shall smile at

that simple faith? Even Cicero might have shared it; for he may well have had in his mind's eye this hill fort, as seen on his voyage to Athens, when he praises Odysseus for his patriotism in "preferring even to immortality that Ithaca which is fixed like a bird's nest on the most rugged rocks."

Apart from the physical infelicity of the site, we have Dr. Dörpfeld's word for it that the walls and all the pottery found here are post-Mycenæan. Still there can be no doubt that we have here, as Dr. Reisch puts it, "a fortress of great age and strength, which in times of danger served as a refuge to the dwellers round about, and was of the utmost importance for the defense of the whole island; for it commanded not only the landing places to the southeast and northwest of Mount Aëtos, but protected the only means of communication between the north and south ports of the island."

We found the descent of Aëtos rather more nerve-shattering than the ascent, and vowed to offer in thanksgiving for deliverance the pick of the flock of fat turkeys we had seen strutting about the lonely farmhouse by the chapel of St. George at the foot of the mountain. But the price was prohibitory, — possibly because these new-fangled fowl have succeeded to the privileged estate of Penelope's geese; yet we hardly envied the greedy, gorging suitors as we reclined on the sunny side of the roadhouse, and stretched forth our hands to the viands from the Odysseus Inn, and then strolled down the Pissaëto road for the pure pleasure of gazing at the dimpling sea, and listening to the tinkle of sheep bells under the olives which fill the glen quite to the water's edge.

V.

A DAY ABOUT TOWN.

Even with the Odysseus Inn and the Penelope Club the present Ithacan capital is hardly a gay or stirring town. It boasts, to be sure, a bigger fleet than the one Odysseus led to Troy, and the Ithacans are bold sailors, pushing their ventures, on occasion, even to Burmah and Boston. Then there is a steam oil press to-day where Odysseus' long-leaved olive may have stood; and our young host makes a hundred barrels of good red wine from his own vineyards, near Eumæus' pastures, — proof enough that, if Ithaca no longer yields corn past telling, it is still true to its Homeric fame for wine as well as for the rain that is on it evermore.

Meantime the little isle has seen worse days. The opening of the sixteenth century found it practically depopulated, and so the Venetian Senate offered lands in fee simple and tax-free for five years to any who would take and till them. Many Kephallenians and mainland Greeks responded, and pitched their town upon the mountain to the southwest of Vathý, where the ruins of Palaiochori still show on either side of the road to Eumæus' pastures. The two principal families among the founders dwelt apart patriarchally, giving each its own name to its quarter; and when (about 1730) the site was abandoned to found Vathý, the clan lines were still drawn, and to this day the clans divide the town, — the Karabias giving to the eastern quarter the name of Karabata, the Petalas to the western that of Petalata, while a younger clan (Mazarata) mediates between them. This is a rare institutional survival.

From the comfortless Penelope Club, where the present head of the clan Karabias had opened to us these new chapters of Ithacan history, we betake us to the Hellenic School, which occupies three mean rooms over a barber shop, just across from the old Parnassus Inn. We catch Dr. Theodysseus — whom I had known in his university days at Athens — drilling his boys furiously in old Greek synonyms of new Greek words, laying

foundations for a classical diction that should be the joy of all Hellenists who shall hereafter visit Ithaca; while the head master, in his deacon's robe, is hammering away at Xenophon's *Hellenica* in the good old Attic. A keener lot of boys than the twenty of his first form, including one full-bearded *opsimathes*, I have never seen in any school. The school enrolls eighty-two boys under three masters.

From the Hellenic School, piloted by its head boy (a Greek Russell Lowell in the making), we proceed to the Parthenagogeion, which is short for girls' school. It is a brand-new schoolhouse, built by Odysseus Karabias, on the higher ground above the harbor, with free space about it and fine outlook. In its two rooms, both on the ground floor, two mistresses are at work. The first, a graduate of the Arsakeion, and a beauty, is in charge of the two lower classes, one of which reads an entertaining lesson on Town and Country; the other mistress, dignified, but plain, teaches the two upper classes, one of which makes a most effective recitation on Solonian history. Nor is the headwork all. The hands, too, are in training to turn out beautiful things and useful, after the fashion of Penelope. The school enrolls one hundred and twenty girls, though there are two private schools for girls in the place, besides; and the teachers would certainly take good rank in an American city twenty times as populous as Ithaca.

The Demotic School of two hundred boys we did not see; but there are ten schools of this grade in the island, with six hundred pupils.

The Ithacans (says Meliarakes) are distinguished for their love of learning; and the Earl of Guilford was bent on establishing his Ionian University here, "amid mountains and rocks hallowed by a thousand memories, and in groves and gardens which Plato would have preferred to his Academe." The president of that university (which was, in fact,

founded in Corfu), Sir George Bowen, wrote of Ithaca fifty years ago, "There are very few peasants who do not possess at least the rudiments of a good education," whereas Schliemann declares (1868) that scarcely one man in fifty can read! Doubtless the Englishman was better authority, after a three years' residence, than the German, whose stay was not as many weeks.

VI.

AT HOME WITH HOMER.

We had Rainy Zeus, or (as Otto Gilbert might say) his double of the Heavenly Wet, to thank for one more Ithacan day. Our company were bent on crossing the channel to see old Samê, and there meet the Pylaros on her return from Leucadia; but the dismal daybreak cooled even the youngest ardor, and gave me what I coveted, — an almost unbroken day at home with Homer. Over the best fire mine host could provide — alas! it was no ten-foot-through Homeric hearth piled high with blazing logs, but only a battered tin bathtub filled with hot ashes and embers — I bent me to the delightful task of reading all the Ithacan story on Ithacan soil. The task was done when, at five o'clock, the masters of the Hellenic School dropped in to afternoon coffee. Over the cups we discussed the South African War to please them, and to please us they took turns at rhapsodizing snatches of their own poet.

The day's reading had rounded to its proper close my Ithacan pilgrimage; I had lived over the whole great story from Athene-Mentes' first appearance to the final brush with the suitors' friends. I had followed Odysseus' every step, from his landing here, fast asleep, until the gray-eyed goddess stayed his red right hand; and, taking due note of dawns and sunsets, I found the poet had given him just five days for the whole business, ere

he need fare forth again, where landlubbers should mistake his oar for a winnowing fan. We too had done Ithaca in five days, — and brief December days

at that, — and were content to board the prompt little Pylaros as the sun went down, and launch out again on the wet ways.

J. Irving Manatt.

THE DEFEAT OF THE METHOD.

THE lane stretched north and south, and the red dust quivered in the August heat. On one side, a thicket of hazel bushes, sweet fern, and blossoming clematis screened a neglected orchard. On the other side, the low sun struck in dazzling glints through a cornfield. Far off a line of hills lay couchant, covered with fold on fold of dark blue gauze.

The man who walked slowly along the road was footsore. He wore a gray suit, earth-stained, without waistcoat, a flannel shirt many shades cleaner, and a large, soft-brimmed hat. The stone he presently seated himself upon felt cold to him, although it had been in full sunshine half an hour before. Glancing around to see if he were observed, he drew off his shoes, and let his feet sink into the rank grass. Sitting so, with his knees hugged to him and his head dropped forward, he seemed himself a stock or a stone.

A passing wagon roused him tardily. He sprang up, and pattered after it in the dust.

"Sir! Say, there!" he called. "Do you want to hire any help?"

"Not your sort," answered the farmer, looking around over his shoulder a moment. He drove on.

The tramp returned to the spot where he had left his shoes. He pulled them on, and resumed his march. Some blackberries caught his eye, amid the tangled wayside growth. He picked them into his hand, and ate them greedily. Soon the road, turning a sharp corner, mounted straight up a steep little hill. He stopped and regarded it, panting.

"What's the good?" he muttered.

Then he set his teeth and began to climb.

Ten minutes later he came out on a ridge which commanded a surprising view of a fertile valley, twinkling here and there with house roofs half hidden among trees. A small lake in the foreground shone with a hard silver lustre. Before him stood a solitary house of square, old-fashioned type, with a more modern veranda. The lawn was overgrown. Some jars of flowers flanked the steps. No other signs of occupation appeared about the place. On the west side the blinds were all closed. The house seemed to be taking a siesta in the afternoon sunshine.

While the tramp hesitated, a speck in the road far ahead of him resolved itself into a horse and light buggy, driven at a smart pace by a lady. She sat erect; she was young. She wore an immaculate white shirt waist, with a crisp mull tie, and a white straw walking hat with a band of black velvet around the brim. She managed the reins with masterly lightness. The hoofbeats on the road sounded as rhythmical as music. The tramp watched her in admiration, and as she turned into the driveway he came to some decision, and crossed the road. She pulled up just inside the gate. He touched his hat.

"Could you give me something to do about your place in exchange for my supper?" he asked.

There was a short pause.

"Is this hard times with you?" asked

the young lady. Her voice had a resolute, vibrant ring.

Something got into the man's throat, and he dropped his eyes. A large collie ran out into the drive and sniffed at his legs. He laid his hand on the dog's head.

"Very hard times," he answered.

"Not drink, I hope?" asked the young lady gravely.

"No, ma'am, I'm a sober man, but I'm not in my own part of the country, and though I've had some odd jobs, I can't get steady work; the places round here are all full."

"Let me see your hands."

Surprised, he held them toward her, palms upward.

"Yes, you have worked," she said, with satisfaction. "What can you do?"

"I'd be glad to cut the grass for you, or work in the garden. I know something about gardening."

"Do you think you could unharness my horse? She is nervous."

"I think so." He patted the mare's neck. The young lady tightened her hold on the reins apprehensively, but Molly did not mind.

"I'll try you," said Miss Gilray. "This way, please."

He followed her up the drive to the barn. She sprang to the ground, and stood aside to oversee the business. He went at it awkwardly, but with good will. There was a blur before his eyes, and his pulse hammered in his ears.

"Where shall I put the harness?" he asked.

"On that nail."

He hung it in place, and taking up the shafts of the buggy was about to drag it into the barn, when Miss Gilray stopped him, and motioned to him to sit down on the inside stairs. Her face was red, but determined.

"I wish to feel your pulse."

He extended his wrist. She took out her watch.

"People generally learn to give me straight answers," she said, after a min-

ute. "You have some sickness about you. What is it?"

"I took cold a few nights ago," he answered, looking up squarely; "I've had cramps ever since, and I'm afraid of getting dysentery on me."

"Slept out of doors, perhaps?"

"Yes, — yes, ma'am."

"What have you had to eat to-day?"

"I had a piece of bread this morning; some blackberries from a hedge this afternoon."

"And yesterday?"

"Nothing."

Miss Gilray looked out of the door, considering. A fine vertical line appeared between her brows.

"Wait here," she ordered. Returning presently, she bade him follow her through the garden to a small tool shed at the end. The door stood open. An old sofa was against one wall.

"I am going to give you shelter for the night," she said. "You will be warm and dry here, and you shall have food and medicine; but you must promise not to smoke, and burn me out of house and home. Have you any tobacco about you?"

"A little. You can see if you like."

He turned out the contents of his pockets: a cent, a postage stamp, a pencil stub and several crumpled pieces from a writing pad, a little tobacco done up in a twist of newspaper, and a common brier-wood pipe.

"Had n't you better let me keep that for you? Then you will not be tempted to use it."

"Certainly." He held the handle toward her. She took it daintily, and went back to the house. He looked after her with a queer smile.

"Bless your heart, lady, I would n't smoke on your premises," he drawled humorously to himself.

The sofa invited him irresistibly. He lay down, and drew up his knees. In his comparative relief his surroundings faded away from him, until a hot-water

bag was pushed gently into his hands, and the imperious voice said, "Open your mouth."

He obeyed, and swallowed the medicine.

"Yes. Now this is boiled milk. It will do you good."

He struggled into a sitting position, but his hand shook so that Miss Gilray was obliged to hold the glass. There was about her a womanly supremacy not to be disputed. He felt very wretched and very grateful.

"Thank you," he murmured.

"What is your name, please?"

"Heinrich."

"Oh, he is German. He has no accent," she thought. "Poor fellow, to have dropped below the use of a surname!"

"Very well, Heinrich, I will come out to see to you again before long, and I hope you will feel better in the morning."

Next morning, however, Heinrich was worse; and when Miss Gilray paid him an early visit, she found him too weak to sit up.

"I am sorry," he said apologetically. "If you would be good enough to let me stay here to-day, I would not make any trouble. I walked nearly twenty miles yesterday. I'm not shamming."

"I can see that for myself," said Miss Gilray. "Your forehead is quite damp. Lie down; I will feed you. People are not under condemnation because they are sick."

"Not if they've got money," replied the unfortunate on the sofa.

"Not even when they have none," said Miss Gilray, in a softer tone than he had heard her use. "I should be sorry to think you an Anarchist, Heinrich."

"An Anarchist? I an Anarchist?" stammered Heinrich. "But I am not. I am a man who wants to earn his living, — that is all."

"That is better. It is better to build up than to destroy."

"Depends on what you build up and

what you destroy," finished Heinrich; but he did not say it aloud.

All day Heinrich lay on the sofa in the tool shed, with the door open upon the garden. The long alley which faced him was lined with hollyhocks and tall rudbeckias; pinks, larkspurs, poppies, filled sunny spaces beyond; a red admiral's nervous flight brought him past the doorway; a scent of mignonette and ripening fruit stole in on the hot air. But for his weakness he would have been very happy. There had once been a time — it seemed very far off now — when it would not have occurred to him as a subject of congratulation that he had food and shelter assured him for another twenty-four hours. He turned these things over in his mind, and dozed, and woke again.

It was dark. Some one had come down and shut the door while he slept. He perceived that by sound, not by sight. The rain pattered dully on the leaves outside. It shut him in in a luxury of loneliness for a time; then he began to feel stiff, and to wonder how long it was to morning.

All at once the latch lifted, and a light appeared on the threshold. It came from a lantern swinging at Miss Gilray's wrist. Both her hands were full. The collie followed her in up to the sofa, and shook himself.

"The corner, Peter. You're wet," observed his mistress.

Peter retreated to the corner and sat upright, surveying the scene genially. Miss Gilray deposited her tray upon a chair, and held the lantern up to see her patient better.

"How do you feel now? Any easier? Less pain? That is good. I have brought you an extra covering. The wind has changed."

"I have been asleep some time, I think. Can you tell me what time it is?"

"It is a little past midnight."

She administered hot milk to him, spoonful by spoonful. As she spread a

comforter over the sofa and tucked it in around his feet, Heinrich turned away his head and put his fingers up to his eyes.

He thought she had gone, but it was only to set down part of her load on the steps outside. Now she returned, and holding the lantern high asked, "What is the trouble?"

He looked around, and saw her face glowing out of the darkness, young and strangely tired, with that faint vertical line dividing her dark brows. She fixed his gaze like a star.

"You — you're so kind to me!"

"Well, aren't you worth it?" asked the girl, regarding him steadily.

"I hope I am," he answered humbly.

"Of course you are!" she flashed out.

"You act like a man whose self-respect has been hurt."

"It has."

"Get it back again, then! Every human being has a place of his own in this world. You have yours, and it is your business to fill it. If you have failed in the past, you must try harder in future. That is all. Now go to sleep. I bid you good-night."

"I shall be carrying lilies of the valley to prisons next, if this sort of thing keeps on," she soliloquized, as she went back to the house, with Peter, through the midnight rain. "This is the queerest specimen of the working tramp that I have ever met with."

Late as it was when she had locked the doors and windows below, she drew from her desk a small blank book labeled Sociological Notes. It was half full of entries. They were arranged under numbers. She turned over the pages to number 17, and wrote: —

"This morning Heinrich asked me if he might have some warm water to wash his face and hands with; he said he felt dirty. I washed them for him, and he thanked me almost as a gentleman might. If it were not for his ugly stubble of a beard, he would not be ill-looking for a workman. His frontal de-

velopment is good, and his ears are remarkably well set. I do not believe, myself, in these generalizations drawn from the study of one feature alone. It is singular that a man whose physical characteristics indicate natural capacity should sink to a level where he has to beg for work. There must be some strain of weakness, possibly inherited; but he says he doesn't drink, and he certainly shows no signs of dissipation."

One morning, several days later, Heinrich awoke and stretched himself without pain. A delicious sense of returning health possessed him. The natural man, impatient of the trammels of bodily weakness, asserted itself. He was free, — free to go where he would. He wondered why those last twenty miles had seemed to him a self-inflicted torture. He felt capable of yet other twenty miles. Nothing like having the keys of the fields.

A stream of cool air flowed in. He heard Molly thrashing nervously in the barn; then he heard her whinny. Twisting his head back to peep behind the row of rakes which stood against the window, he caught a glimpse of Miss Gilray running back to the house. Evidently she had no man, or she would not have asked him to unharness for her. Suddenly a new thought made his heart beat fast. Could it be that she was all alone on the premises?

He recalled the air of enchantment about the house with its closed blinds, the neglected lawn. During all the days he had lain there he had heard no conversation, no sounds of coming and going; only Peter's occasional bark and the quick footstep he had learned to know by heart. Had she been coming out at all hours on her errand of mercy, herself unprotected?

Beneath his rough exterior Heinrich was as romantic and impressionable as a girl. The very suggestion that his chatelaine had been relying upon herself alone, as fearlessly as any Alruna-

maiden of old, flooded his being with chivalrous intent. He got off the sofa slowly. The cracked pitcher on a chair held fresh water. He dragged the wheelbarrow in front of the door, and took a bath. He shook his coat violently ere he put it on again. "I'm so dirty!" he grumbled.

When he had moved the wheelbarrow back, he was chagrined to find that he was still weak. His visions of other twenty-mile tramps faded out, and he sat down on the doorstep, with his head in his hand, discouraged.

Thus Helen Gilray discovered him, as she appeared at the farther end of the alley with a tray. His eyes brightened at sight of her.

"Good-morning," she said, pleased that he rose to his feet. "You were asleep when I came down awhile ago. How are you this morning?"

"Better, — much better." He felt surprisingly better again.

"I have brought your breakfast. I will come back for the things by and by."

"Do not take the trouble. I will bring the tray to the house — shall I?"

"Very well."

Heinrich made short work of his breakfast, and found his way around to the back porch. It was as he had imagined. His Alruna-maid was alone in the kitchen, stirring custards at the stove, and too busy to answer him. Her blue-striped cuffs were pushed up; a white apron with bretelles covered her gown. Some loaves of newly baked bread and a plate heaped high with sugar cookies stood on a table. It was a homely scene, that tugged somewhere at the roots of him.

"Now what did you ask me?" said Helen, turning toward the door when the custards were finished. Her flushed face bore such deepening signs of fatigue that Heinrich wanted to fall down before her and entreat her pardon for having given her trouble for a day. Instead he stood awkwardly in the doorway.

"Could you give me something to do?"

"There is much that needs to be done outside, Heinrich," said Helen, with approval. Clearly this young man was not lazy. "It distresses me to see the garden so overgrown. The weeds are very high in the beds by the fence."

"Between the calendulas and the tri-toma? Yes, ma'am."

"Yes, there. You know something of botany, Heinrich?"

"Why, a little." Heinrich colored. "Gardeners like to fire Latin names at you: the longer they are, the more they enjoy the sound of them."

Miss Gilray laughed gently, but checked herself. It would not do to give this interesting tramp too much headway; to make a study of his characteristics was another thing.

"Why not let me do those for you?" asked Heinrich, indicating a pan of potatoes and beets with the earth still clinging to them.

"I wish you would, Heinrich," said Helen, in evident relief. "Sit there on the steps; but you must have an apron."

"My clothes are n't worth much," said Heinrich, submissively allowing her to tie the apron around his neck.

"That is very foolish," said Miss Gilray severely. "You don't know how long it may be before you can afford to buy another suit."

"Men have such elaborate ways of doing things," she wrote in her notebook. "A woman rushes in and gets it done somehow, while they are thinking out a system; and then, by the hundredth time, the man has found a short cut, if there is one, while the woman is plodding along in her old rut. Heinrich prepared the vegetables and arranged them in rows, most beautiful to behold (I could have done it myself in half the time); then he informed me that the knife was hideously dull, and said he would be glad to sharpen it for me. He really seemed to enjoy the business. His figure is athletic, and he says 'calendula.' Cleggett talked about 'cal-

endulies,' and 'gladiolas,' and 'hyderangeas.' I do not feel sure that I understand Heinrich very well yet. For a man who has knocked about so much in the world, there seems to be a good deal of diffidence about him at times."

While Heinrich was weeding, that afternoon, Miss Gilray called him to her, and bade him help her to spread some rugs on the grass.

"Now please bring out the steamer chair from the veranda," she added.

"She is not alone," thought Heinrich.

He arranged chair and cushions, and set the tea table in place. He cut the flowers she asked for. The sleepy house took on an air of mild festivity. Presently Miss Gilray reappeared. She was freshly dressed in white. Behind her sauntered a tall youth, whose morning coat hung loosely on his figure, and whose blue eyeglasses gave him a strained look.

"This is jolly, Helen," he remarked, with a sort of weary cheerfulness, sinking into the steamer chair. "It seems good to get outside of four walls. Grass looks rather ragged, though. I suppose you told Cleggett not to cut it on account of my confounded head."

Helen shook her head. "No. Cleggett is gone, Bert. That hot night when you were worse, and I sent him to town for Dr. Carr, he came home drunk, and made such a scene that I dismissed him on the spot. Of course his wife went with him."

"So you were holding the fort alone, all the while I was laid up in bed? That explains a host of things. I wish I had known it sooner."

"I don't," said Helen.

He stretched his hand out toward her. She suddenly slipped down to the grass beside him, and laid her head against his knee.

"Poor Helen! — poor girl!"

Heinrich, screened by the calendulas, watched them both.

Heinrich had agreed to stay a few days

longer, until they could find another man. Miss Gilray offered to pay him the same wages she had given the last gardener. Absorbed in his morning task, he was not aware of her proximity until she came out of the barn, leading the horse and buggy. In a moment he was at her side.

"Why did n't you ask me to harness for you, Miss Gilray?"

"You were weeding. You weed better than you harness."

"I am very sorry," began Heinrich deprecatingly. "I was not brought up in a stable."

"Neither was I," thought Helen, smiling slightly, and stepping up to the seat she drove off.

Heinrich went back to his work. For the moment it seemed that it would have been a great advantage to him to have been brought up in a stable.

The door opened, and Bert Gilray strolled out, bareheaded. He walked aimlessly up and down the path, and then wandered over to the corner where Heinrich was grubbing away on his knees.

"How are you getting along?" he inquired. "I am glad you are on hand to help my sister out."

With these people it was a question of help, not merely of dollars and digging, reflected Heinrich.

"I was glad of the job, sir."

"Been down on your luck?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am down on my luck, too. Must n't give in. My sister — Miss Gilray — is always saying that. She'll brace you up."

"She has."

"That's all right." He had a singularly winning and unconventional manner. Heinrich was instantly attracted to him. He would have liked to have him standing there beside him all the morning.

The young fellow lingered about for some time, talking in his odd, jerky way. As he started to go in, he suddenly staggered and put his hand up to his head.

Heinrich sprang to his feet, and, sweeping an arm around him, bore him to the house. He laid him on a couch. Bert Gilray opened his eyes.

"Ice," he said faintly. "The ice bag is upstairs — somewhere" —

Heinrich ran upstairs for the ice bag, and found his way to the refrigerator. Bert lay as he had left him, with hands clenched, and a look of painful self-repression on his boyish face.

"Don't worry my sister," he murmured, at the sound of carriage wheels in the yard.

Heinrich went out. Helen Gilray's face changed at sight of him. She spoke one word: "Worse?"

"A little better now."

She stood still a moment. Her arms dropped helplessly at her sides. The tears came into her eyes. Heinrich led the horse to the barn. There was a lump in his throat.

That evening she came to him. "Thank you for what you did for my brother. You were very kind. I thought he was getting better!" she broke out, too tired to care whether the sympathy she perceived was from an equal or not. "He had a relapse ten days ago. It has been such a hard summer!"

"You were nursing him, then, while you were taking care of me?"

"Yes."

Heinrich turned away, and leaned his head on his hand. "She would put backbone into a jellyfish," he thought. "I have been weak, — contemptibly weak."

"It preys on him so not to be able to use his eyes. He never complains."

"He keeps himself under on your account."

"How do you know? If I thought that — That is what I came out for. He wants you to sit with him. He says" — Miss Gilray's upper lip twitched — "he says he is glad to see a man on the place. He says it makes him feel less cheap. Will you come?"

Heinrich started for the house. Miss

Gilray turned around in the path and faced him.

"I am trusting you a great deal, Heinrich."

"You are doing right, Miss Gilray."

It was not the answer she expected, and it puzzled her not a little, but she leaned on him from that moment.

So it came to pass that this man, who ten days before had slept fasting under the stars, brought help to a stranded household. For the time his problem was, not "How shall I earn my bread?" but "How can I serve?" He chopped wood, he made fires, he ran up and down on errands. He spoke little, but he proved to have a soothing way with his hands. Helen grew more and more perplexed in her sociological study, and owned it frankly in her notes.

"I had an interesting conversation with Heinrich while we were arranging flowers. (It is nonsense to say that taste is necessarily the result of culture; his eye for form and color is as good as mine.) He said he once believed that if a man failed to get work it was something in himself. He had changed his mind, because there were other factors at work besides the man: there was the *other* man. 'He may want the job done, and not want *me*,' he said. 'Feelings have something to do with it. If I were the only man who could do the job, it would be different, but that is n't the case.' Cold comfort if one were starving. I wonder if it is this impersonality, this — how shall I put it? — this loss of teeth and claws, that makes it hard for him to get along? This raises a very interesting question. He admits that he has had some education. Suppose he should be a man of higher position under a cloud? If he were an escaped convict, I would keep him here so long as he did Bert good; but Peter would n't. Dogs often adore weak people, but Peter despises a rascal."

"I should like to have you go to town this morning, Heinrich," she said, a few

days afterward. "You will telephone to Hartford for the cook they promised to send me. Stop at the grocery store, too, please, and get a codfish; pick out a good large one."

"Certainly," answered Heinrich; and then, blushing and hesitating, "Will you be kind enough to advance me a little of my wages, Miss Gilray?"

Helen's face darkened. "Now, Heinrich, I cannot have you spend your hard-earned money on *beer*."

"But I don't want beer!" exclaimed Heinrich. "I want — it is only thirty-five cents that I want. Not unless you are willing, though."

Partly reassured, she gave him the money. Heinrich telephoned to Hartford, and found that the cook was on her way. In the grocery store he picked out a codfish, a good large one. It was so large that the supply of paper in the store seemed to be inadequate, and the clerk tied it up in a roll, with the tail outside.

"There! I guess you can carry it well enough," he said.

Heinrich guessed he could, and started back, after stopping at the drug store for a toothbrush. He whistled as he walked home. He had begun to call it "home." As he drew near the house, a tall girl, pushing her bicycle up the hill he had once climbed, approached him. She scrutinized him a moment, and, walking toward him quickly, extended her hand, exclaiming: "Why, Professor Heinrich! I did not expect to meet you here."

Heinrich hoisted the codfish higher under his arm, and lifted his hat. "And I did not expect to see you, Miss Van Duzen," he said, with perfect truth.

"Are you staying in town? Oh, a walking trip, — I see. Men are so free! Well, call on us at the Birch Trees Inn, if you pass."

"Thank Heaven, she's gone!" thought Heinrich fervently, watching her and her wheel to a safe distance.

He entered the gate, and confronted

a frowning Alruna-maid who had risen from a seat under the trees.

"I overheard what you said. That girl called you 'professor.' Is it true?"

"It is true," answered Heinrich, standing before her, with his hat in one hand and the codfish in the other. "Adolf Heinrich."

"Professor Adolf Heinrich, of Maldon House, who wrote *The Poor in Country Towns*?"

"Rubbish!" said the professor impatiently. "It was rubbish!"

"And you let me think you a tramp, and never explained your real position?"

"Don't be angry, — don't."

"I am — I am — why, I don't know *what* I am!" Helen laughed, and it sent a shiver of delight through her hearer. He began to realize that up to this time he had seen her under a strain; the every-day girl was humorous and gay. "You brought home that codfish?"

"Why not?" asked the professor.

"I would n't let you have your wages" —

"Oh, do not apologize," said Heinrich, with great earnestness. "If all were like you, there would be no labor problem." It is certain that he meant it. "You took me in, a stranger. There are things that sink deep."

He turned his back on her abruptly. She saw his emotion, and, like a woman, ran away from it.

"Sit down, and tell me all about it."

"There is so little to tell," he answered, seating himself beside her. "I wanted to see if I could earn my bread with my hands. Other men have tried it and succeeded; I have failed, — that is the difference. For a time I got on fairly well. I got a job at haying, afterward at cutting tobacco. The farmer was n't satisfied. He said it took brains to cut tobacco. The hired man I roomed with borrowed my toothbrush Sunday evening: that *riled* me! I am nothing but a tenderfoot, anyway. Then I fell

sick. Nothing takes the starch out of a man like sickness. The day I came here, as I stopped to get my breath before climbing the hill, I was ready to toss the whole thing up; but to go back to my men with the consciousness that in the primitive struggle between man and the universe I had been a failure" —

"But what makes you think you have failed?" she asked. "You have shown great persistence. Entire success might have hardened you. You would have said that a man was sufficient unto himself. Now you will know better, and others will gain from it. Our failures are a source of strength and inspiration!"

"Ah, what you say puts new heart into me!" he exclaimed. "It is true I make as many mistakes as most men, in this terrible problem of man's relations to man; but if I was ever an egotist, I shall remember now that I too have lived by the hour; I shall remember that I have asked for shelter and been refused. You advise me to go on, then?"

"Yes, go on — if you feel able."

"I will go."

"I go," he repeated after dinner, when Helen said good-by to him on the veranda, "but I shall sometime come back. I shall come back as Adolf Heinrich," he added firmly, and raising her hand suddenly to his lips he kissed it.

Helen went up the stairs in deep thought.

"Where were my eyes, that I could live in the same house with him day after day and not see that I had a gentleman to deal with? I did know it; I felt he was a gentleman the moment my hand touched his pulse; but I would not trust my instincts. I had to be scientific; I had to reach my conclusions by cold-blooded analysis."

She pushed away her Sociological Notes. As she did so, her eye came within range of a small brown object on the mantel. She laughed out suddenly, and gave it a friendly pat.

"At least, he has left me his pipe," she said.

Margaret L. Knapp.

THE RESOURCES OF THE CONFEDERACY.

IN one of Mr. W. E. Henley's hospital poems, a sailor, "set at euchre on his elbow," tells in twenty lines what he saw from the wharf at Charleston when he was there off a blockade runner, near the end of the American Civil War. Professor John C. Schwab, of Yale, after long and patient investigation of many obscure sources, has written a financial and industrial history of the South during the war¹ which exhibits every characteristic of the most painstaking school of economic historians. His paragraphs are so meaty with facts,

his references so abundant, his method so consistently scientific, his work, in a word, is so thoroughly well done, that it is hard to see how industry and intelligence could have gone farther.

Yet it is a question whether The Confederate States of America or Mr. Henley's verses will prove the more serviceable to the ordinary reader, trying to get a notion of what was inside the shell that crackled to pieces before the great armies of Grant and Sherman. Such is the complexity of civilized societies, so many and so artificial are the

¹ *The Confederate States of America, 1861-1865. A Financial and Industrial History of the South during the Civil War.* By JOHN

CHRISTOPHER SCHWAB. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

forms which the ordinary processes of production and distribution, buying and selling, borrowing and lending, come to take, so constantly does the play of human motives disarrange the machinery of industry and government, and so wide a margin of error must the student allow in his observations, that failure in one sense is always predicable of an enterprise like Professor Schwab's. The work will of necessity be incomplete, for to reconstruct a civilization by setting one stone upon another is beyond the industry of a lifetime; and it will not be rounded out by the reader himself, for it is not supplemented by his sympathetic understanding, it does not stimulate his imagination. The difference between Professor Schwab's treatment of the dead Confederacy and what a poet, a novelist, a literary historian, might do with it, is like the difference between an artist's and an anatomist's treatment of a human body. We do not judge the artist's work by the number or even by the truth of its details; its aim is to make us see and understand the whole by virtue of a quality common to us and it. On the anatomist or the anatomist-historian our demand is different. His work is unfinished until the last tissue of the body or the body politic is dissected into its minutest cells. Neither anatomy nor political science can ever attain its object completely, as painting and poetry do sometimes attain theirs. Mr. Henley's sailor man might not more enlighten us if his glimpse from the wharf were widened into a vision of the whole harassed South. Professor Schwab's book will be the more valuable for every correction he may make in his tables of prices and note issues, for every newspaper file he may in a future edition make a footnote to refer us to.

But there is also a sense in which a work like this may be complete, — a sense in which it may very well pass

¹ *The History of the Confederate Treasury.* By ERNEST A. SMITH. In Publications of the

completeness and tend to surfeit: that is to say, if one has regard for the reader's limitations. There is a point beyond which the writer cannot go without disregarding the "reader" altogether, not in the matter of his mere interest and pleasure, but in the matter of his attention and memory, of his ability to carry a mass of facts in his head long enough to connect them with what may follow. Of course, there are readers and readers, but it should be no harder to gauge the average mind in this than in many other of the respects in which one must gauge it in books and in life, and to stop short of the line beyond which, for the average mind, scarcely a single general principle or important relation of cause and effect will stand out through the haze to reward the effort which the reading of such a book requires.

Of course, too, it is not the "reader" but the student that books like this are meant for, yet the reader also has some claims. There are questions which every intelligent person would like to ask about the Confederacy, and here are the answers; but one may miss them altogether if the results of the investigation are set forth too abstrusely, or too cautiously, or too minutely. Professor Schwab and another scientist, Professor E. A. Smith, of Allegheny College, — who limits himself, however, to a study of the Confederate treasury,¹ — come forward from their dissection of a defunct state, and we wish to know of them, not what discoveries or confirmations they have to report to their brother scientists, but what was the strength that sustained the Southern Confederacy while it lived and what disease or wound or weakness it died of. Perhaps it may be practicable to extract from their reports, restrained as they are, and resolutely void of gossip and conjecture, some satisfaction of our unenlightened curiosity.

Southern History Association, 1901, vols. i.-iv. Washington, D. C.

Our question is not meant to cover the military struggle. With the main features of that, educated Americans — and many Englishmen as well, now that they have books like Colonel Henderson's *Stonewall Jackson* — are reasonably well acquainted. But it seems nowadays to be generally conceded that while the armies on both sides were composed almost entirely of volunteers, and so small that the North's superiority in wealth and numbers had not begun to tell, the South's advantages of fighting on interior lines and of possessing more good riders and good shots did tell heavily. It would perhaps be conceded also that the South had men enough, if she could have kept them in the field well armed and well clothed and well fed, to withstand even the vast numbers which the North did put in the field and liberally equip and sustain. We all understand, too, that after the first few months the blockade forced the Confederates to rely on their own resources far more nearly altogether than the Southern leaders in secession had apprehended. Were the available resources inadequate, or were they neglected or wasted? Why were the Southern armies always ill armed, ill clad, ill fed, ill paid? How far was the outcome, inevitable though it may have been, immediately attributable to faults and errors?

If we disregard the already accomplished effects of slavery on Southern industry, it was probably of advantage to the Confederates that the laborers in their fields were of a class less easily demoralized by war than a free white peasantry would have been. There is nothing to indicate that, until the country was overrun by Union troops, the blacks on the farms and plantations were less efficient than in peace. They made no move to rise. It was not found necessary to exempt from military service more than one owner or overseer for every twenty slaves, and the exemption did not keep more than five or six thousand men out

of the army. Here was an agricultural labor system, defective, no doubt, but which did not need to be adapted to the emergency, and which, when it was diverted from cotton-growing, — partly by the loss of the market for cotton, and partly by concerted purpose, — was capable of producing a food supply adequate to all wants, save that certain foods in common use, but not absolutely indispensable, could not be produced in the South at all. For some of these, like tea and coffee, passable substitutes were contrived; the insufficiency of salt and of various medicines was the difficulty most nearly insuperable. There was, besides, a good part of the four and a half million bales of cotton of the crop of 1860, the entire four million of the crop of 1861, the million or more of 1862, the half million each of 1863 and 1864. The South had sufficient food, and it had in abundance a principal raw material of clothing. Tobacco was plentiful, — no mean item in war, as veterans both of the Civil War and of the Spanish War will testify. Tanneries were commoner than any other sort of manufactories, and the supply of leather, though scant, could be eked out with various substitutes. There were vast resources of timber, and all the raw material for making iron; contrary to the general notion, the great deposits of iron ore in northern Alabama were known before the war, and tentative attempts to exploit them had been made.

But it was simply impossible to build the furnaces and mills and railroads which were necessary to an effective use of these resources. The fact that the manufactories and railroads were not brought up to the requisite development is the best of reasons for believing that they could not have been, with the labor and the capital that were available; for such manufactories as were set up, such railroads as were already built, — some of them were extended with government aid, — were extremely profitable. The motives of self-interest and patriotism,

combined with the pressure of want and of military necessity, were not enough. A beginning was made on many lines, and in consequence there appeared for the first time in the cotton states a strong sentiment for protection, and one heard it said that the blockade, like the old embargo and the second war with Great Britain, was going to prove a blessing. But four years of the most favorable conditions under peace would not have brought these industries near maturity. The machinery and the skilled labor could not be found under the actual conditions of a blockaded coast and an invaded border. The government itself, finding it impracticable to get all the small arms and ammunition it needed from abroad, made a headway which was on the whole remarkable toward supplying its wants at home; but the factories it established could not turn out small arms fast enough. The greater number came from United States arsenals seized at the outset, from captures in battle, and from abroad. In heavy ordnance, mainly through the work of the Tredegar Iron Works at Richmond, the domestic output was more considerable. President Davis, who had been in the old army, and Secretary of War in Pierce's Cabinet, could bring a valuable training and experience to the particular problem of arms and equipment, and his account of what was done with the means at hand shows that it was done intelligently and vigorously. We must admit the impossibility of so transforming the whole industrial system of the South as to meet the sudden demand for commodities which had never been produced there, and limit ourselves to the question whether the best use was made of what the Confederates could produce or could buy or borrow.

There was, first, the hope of aid from foreign countries, and of that cotton was naturally the basis. The situation was tantalizing. The price of cotton in England rose from the moment of separa-

tion, and continued to rise until, when the blockade became effective, it reached a figure which would have enriched every planter in the Confederacy if he could have marketed his product. Firms and individuals who took the risks of running cotton through the blockade grew rich, notwithstanding heavy losses. Foreign concerns adventured in it. The government went into it extensively through agencies like John Frazer & Co., of Charleston, by sharing the risks and profits of private enterprise, and by establishing a bureau and putting four steamers of its own in commission. At the end of 1863, Bullock, head of the secret service abroad, reported that thirty-one thousand bales had been shipped by the government from the two ports of Charleston and Wilmington to Liverpool. A separate bureau was established in Texas, and there was a lively trade in cotton and small arms across the Mexican line; but with the fall of Vicksburg the Federal mastery of the line of the Mississippi greatly diminished the practical value of government assets in that quarter. The suggestion that the government might at the very outset have got possession of all the cotton in the country, shipped it abroad, made it a basis of credit with foreign governments and financiers, and grown rich with its rise in value, has often been made, but is readily dismissed. The government had not the means either to buy the cotton or to transport it.

After England, it is probable that the United States, of all "foreign countries," contributed the most, through trade, of the things which the Confederates were in pressing need of. Always forbidden, at first sincerely opposed, then winked at, and finally shared in, by the Confederate government, trade through the lines was constantly proving the strength of the commercial impulse on both sides. Cotton and tobacco slipped out; salt, bacon, and other commodities came in. President Lincoln had and exercised the

authority to license individuals to trade with the enemy. The government at Richmond actually speculated in the notes of the United States.

But one foreign loan was attempted, and of that also cotton was the basis. By a contract signed at Richmond in January, 1863, Erlanger & Cie., of Paris, underwrote at seventy-seven per cent of their face value Confederate bonds to the amount of three million pounds sterling. The interest was payable in specie, but the bonds were exchangeable at their face value for New Orleans middling cotton at sixpence a pound. That was little more than one fourth the price of cotton abroad, and the Erlangers made a pretty penny by their venture; but the government, what with the agents' profits and commissions, repurchases to affect the market, and interest paid, got little more than half the face value of the loan according to Professor Smith's calculation, less than half according to the more careful calculation of Professor Schwab. However, its receipts were in specie, and far larger in proportion than it realized on any but the earliest of its domestic loans. The single foreign loan was clumsily managed, and it seems clear that a larger one should have been tried. Possibly the hope of recognition restrained the government in the matter, but it is reasonable to suppose that the enlisting of great financial interests in England and France would have been of more help toward that end than the object lesson of a few securities held up to prices in the European market which compared favorably with the quotations of United States bonds. However, barring some good fortune which might have raised up for the Confederacy a European ally to play a part comparable to France's in the American Revolution, the shrewdest diplomacy and financiering would not have relieved it of the necessity to demand the heaviest sacrifices of its devoted people. It could not have drawn from without, either by trade or by bor-

rowing, more than a small part of what it needed to keep its armies in the field.

The devotion of the Southerners was in fact immeasurable; the economic agree with the military historians that their sacrifices were far greater than any the Revolutionary patriots made. The first revenues of the Confederate government were from voluntary loans of states and free gifts of individuals. The first requisition on the treasury was met with the personal credit of the Secretary. In the day of extreme need, women offered the hair of their heads to be sold abroad for arms.

A state of war enabled the government to get revenue by other extraordinary means than gifts and the loans of states. The United States customs receipts at Southern ports and the bullion in the New Orleans mint were taken before war was declared. A circular issued in March, 1861, directed that all dues to the United States government be paid into the Confederate treasury. A law of Congress passed in May provided that all debts due to citizens of the United States should likewise be paid into the treasury, and certificates given in exchange. The Washington government retaliated with a confiscation act, and in August a Confederate act sequestered the property of all alien enemies, Confederate and state bonds exempted, and set apart the proceeds to reimburse citizens whose property had been taken by the United States. Pettigru, the foremost lawyer of South Carolina, attacked the law as unconstitutional; but Judge Magrath, of the Confederate District Court, held that the power to pass it was a necessary attribute of such sovereignty as the Confederate government possessed, — a position very like that which the United States Supreme Court came to in its last legal-tender decision. Late in 1864, the property of renegades and *émigrés* was confiscated. But the revenue from confiscations could not have been much above six millions, unless we include

what the states got by like measures. It has been suggested that the entire debt of the South to the North at the beginning of the war, which is variously estimated, — Professor Schwab does not pretend to do more than conjecture that it was about forty millions, — should be counted a Confederate asset, and the same sort of reasoning would make the stoppage of interest payments to Northerners on the bonds of Southern states and corporations an addition to the Southern resources. The list of extraordinary revenues should certainly include the specie of the New Orleans banks which was sent inward when the city fell, and taken by the government, nominally as a deposit. Nearly five millions were obtained that way.

There remained the two ordinary sources of revenue, — taxation and domestic loans. But the first was curtailed by the blockade to such a degree that the Confederate customs receipts may best be grouped with the receipts from gifts and confiscations, so trifling was the amount. One of the first laws of the provisional Congress at Montgomery imposed a duty of one half of one cent a pound on all exports of cotton, payable in specie or in the coupons of the first issue of bonds, the interest on which was guaranteed by the tax. A month later the first tariff law was passed, with a long free list and a rate of fifteen per cent on a few imports: it was thought advisable to put a premium on immediate importations. A small tonnage duty was for the sole purpose of maintaining light-houses. The permanent tariff passed in May was of necessity a purely revenue measure, for the provisional Constitution, like the permanent one which followed, expressly forbade protection, although both instruments omitted the prohibition of export duties in the United States Constitution, — a matter of surprise to any one who recalls that the nullifiers held the "tariff of abominations" to be virtually a tax on exports. The law fol-

lowed the Walker principle of 1846, aiming to fix the minimum rates which would yield the maximum returns, made the rates *ad valorem* wherever practicable, — the highest twenty-five per cent, and the lowest five per cent, — and left the free list still long. For the first fiscal year, the receipts from import and export duties, seizures, and confiscations, all together, were less than two and a half millions in specie.

So taxation, to be effective, must take its most direct and inquisitorial form, harassing to the taxpayers and laborious to the collectors. That the government should have been loath to adopt so unpopular a policy is not surprising; but that any government so driven upon it as that was should delay so long, and then resort to it so timidly and tentatively, is explicable only on a low estimate of the Confederate lawmakers and of the Southern public opinion which their practice of secret sessions does not seem to have emboldened them to disregard. But the weakness of the government was more culpable than the outcry of the people. Years of prosperity and peace under the Union had wonted them to light burdens of taxation, and they were imbued with hostility to the whole theory of a strong central authority. They did, in fact, more nearly keep pace with their government in recognizing the necessity of heavy taxation than taxpayers often do. At one time, a considerable body of public opinion actually urged Congress on to its duty, and the clamor against the laws when they were passed was in large part due to the inequalities they contained.

In July, 1861, Secretary Memminger estimated at forty-six hundred million dollars the assessable values in real estate, slaves, and personal property, and Congress, aiming to raise twenty-five millions, passed in August a direct war tax of one half of one per cent on all property but government bonds and money on hand, making the usual ex-

emptions. The assessment, however, fell below the Secretary's estimate by nearly four hundred millions, and as a matter of fact less than one tenth of the tax was ever collected from the taxpayers. It was not apportioned among the states, for the provisional Constitution made no such requirement; but each state was a tax division, and could obtain a rebate of ten per cent for its citizens by paying the whole of their quota, less the rebate, before the date fixed for collections. The result was that all but one or two states borrowed the money. The total receipts from the "tax," some of them not covered in for a year or more, were less than twenty millions in a currency already much depreciated. The rate was too low, and the law ill framed. The taxes which the Confederacy imposed during the first two years of the war were absurdly light in comparison with those ordinarily imposed by civilized states in time of peace.

The serious resort to taxation came at the beginning of the third year, and it was all the more unwelcome because it was belated. In April, 1863, the Congress passed a property tax of eight per cent, license taxes on various occupations, a graded income tax, a tax of ten per cent on the profits from sales of food-stuffs and a few other commodities, and a tax in kind, or tithe, on the products of agriculture. By this time, the area under control of the government was much diminished, and assessable values were shrunk by many millions. The currency was depreciating so fast that it put a great premium on delay in payments. No collections were made until the end of the year, and by April, 1864, but sixty millions in currency, valued roughly at one twentieth of that sum in specie, had been covered into the treasury. The next six months brought forty-two millions in currency, or two millions in specie. The receipts from the tax in kind cannot be given in terms of money. Officially, the proceeds in

1863 were estimated at five millions in currency. The next year, there was gathered the equivalent of thirty million rations. Professor Smith estimates the total returns from the tithe at one hundred and forty-five millions in currency. The trouble and expense of collection were great, and so was the waste. In February, 1864, the tax law of 1863 was reenacted with higher rates on property, credits, and profits; the Secretary's estimate of assessable values at that time was three billions. In June, the rates were raised horizontally, and at the very end, in March, 1865, extreme rates were imposed.

The law was unconstitutional, for the permanent Constitution required all direct taxes to be apportioned among the states according to their representation in Congress. Certain states held it an infringement of their rights more particularly because it taxed property they had exempted and banks in which they had an interest. The tithe was the feature most bitterly resented, as inquisitorial, as imposing a special burden on agriculture, already depressed by the loss of its markets, and because the farmers could not profit by delay in payments, as everybody else could, but would lose by it instead. There were other inequalities. But the law, onerous as it was, did not bring the tax receipts up to a high place in the schedule of government revenues. The last full statement available, of October 1, 1864, for the six months preceding, shows that less than twelve per cent of the total receipts was from that source. The failure to tax promptly, to tax skillfully and equally, and to tax heavily, was a damning fault and weakness of the government. The rival government at Washington fell into the same error, but recovered from it in time.

The error is not to be measured by the inadequate tax receipts alone, but by the extent to which it impaired and vitiated the final device of borrowing. Had the government adhered to the

sound policy it began with when it laid the tax on exports, payable in specie, to guarantee the interest on its first loan, it might have avoided — at least so long as by hook or by crook, at whatever cost, specie could be obtained — its unenviable preëminence among all modern governments as an exponent of forced loans and redundant note issues. Southern civilization, with sins enough to answer for already, might have escaped the crowning indictment that after centuries of money exchanges it brought Anglo-Saxon Americans back to plain barter in their market places.

The first loan, of fifteen millions, was negotiated on a specie basis, and it was successful. The Southern banks, holding perhaps twenty-five millions of specie, agreed to redeem in specie such of their notes as should be paid for the bonds, and for a year or two the interest, guaranteed by the export tax, was paid in specie. The second issue, in May, of fifty millions, was accompanied with no such guarantee of interest payments. Moreover, treasury notes to the amount of twenty millions were authorized by the same act, to be issued in lieu of bonds, and to be interchangeable with them. The loan was increased to one hundred millions in August, and in December to one hundred and fifty millions. The bonds were offered for specie, for military stores, and for the proceeds of the sale of raw produce or manufactured articles, so that the issue became largely a produce loan; four hundred thousand bales of cotton, and tobacco and other farm products in proportion, were subscribed. The relief of the planters was an avowed object. Through this policy, the government came to number four hundred and fifty thousand bales of cotton, scattered over the country, among its assets. The receipts in money from sales of bonds during the first year were stated to be thirty-one millions, or twenty-two per cent of the total receipts.

The second year saw a great increase

in the number of bonds authorized to be issued, but no corresponding increase in the sales. Of one hundred and sixty-five millions authorized in April, three and one half millions were placed. In September, the Secretary was empowered to sell bonds without limit to meet appropriations. But only nine per cent of the total receipts of the year came from that source. The third year, the receipts from bonds rose to twenty-two per cent of the total, and of the twelve hundred and twenty-one millions of debt accumulated by January 1, 1864, omitting the foreign loan, two hundred and ninety-eight millions were bonded. But the figures are misleading, for practically all the bond sales of the year, except those handled by the Erlangers, were in the nature of a half-compulsory funding. Similarly, the bond sales of the last year were nearly all accomplished through a compulsory funding act of February, 1864, which amounted to a repudiation of all treasury notes which should not be funded by certain dates. By the same act, six per cent bonds to the amount of five hundred millions were authorized for current expenses, and the last full statement of October 1, 1864, shows that but little over fourteen millions of these had been sold. The debt was then thirteen hundred and seventy-one millions, and three hundred and sixty-two millions of it were funded, but less than half of the funded debt could be called voluntary loans. More than half the bonds had been sold by compulsion.

Of the enormous forced loan remaining, one hundred and seventy-eight millions were in interest-bearing notes and certificates, and eight hundred and thirty-one millions in notes bearing no interest. Beginning in March, 1861, with an issue of one million of treasury notes bearing interest, following that up in May with twenty millions of notes bearing no interest, the government had from the start paid the great bulk of its expenses with notes of the one class or the

other. By the end of the first year, one hundred and five and one half millions had been issued ; at the end of the second, the debt was five hundred and sixty-seven and one half millions, and eighty-two per cent of it was in notes. In 1863, new issues more than made up the reduction accomplished by funding, and even the repudiation act of February, 1864, only temporarily diminished the rate of increase. That law required the holders of old notes, some of them fundable in eight per cent bonds, either to fund them in four per cent bonds or exchange them for new notes at the rate of three for two ; otherwise, they were to be taxed out of existence. Perhaps three hundred millions were either funded or exchanged, but the remainder, though repudiated, continued to circulate. After October, 1864, current expenses were met mainly with treasury warrants and certificates of indebtedness, so that an immense floating debt was piled up, but the expiring utterance of the Confederate Congress was another issue of notes ; the bill passed over the veto of President Davis.

We may admit that the government could not have avoided forced loans and an inflated currency, even if it had made the wisest use of all other means of getting revenue. Ordinary standards of public finance cannot justly be applied to it. But it is hard to see how it could have chosen a worse policy than it did. To issue notes in quantities vastly beyond the demands of business, to repudiate them, and then go on issuing more, must be near the height of bad finance. To show the effects of the policy completely, it would be necessary to examine every department of industry and trade, — a study of great interest to economists. Here, it is sufficient to point out that the redundant paper currency was the main cause of the government's failure to get the most possible out of the material resources and productive industries of the South.

It was intended that the notes should take the place of the old United States currency. The banks, the state governments, and the people readily coöperated with the government, and the New Orleans banks, which had been so well managed that they continued specie payments until September, 1861, suspended in order to accept the notes. But long before the end of the second year the circulation of these exceeded by far the circulation of United States money in the South in 1860, and they rapidly depreciated. Acts to make them a legal tender were several times proposed, but none was passed. Funding acts were passed, but failed to attain their object. No scheme like Chase's system of national banks would have been practicable with the Confederate bonds as a basis, even if the particularistic public sentiment could have been overcome to the extent of getting the necessary law through the Congress. There was no way to regulate the currency so long as the notes were issued to pay current expenses. There was no check on the states, which began to issue notes before the government. Cities, banks, corporations, business firms, individuals, swelled the circulation with their promises to pay ; counterfeiters flourished. The currency was redundant, unregulated, various, fluctuating ; and all the time, as always when there is too much money, the mass of the people were clamoring for more and more, because prices were rising higher and higher.

By the end of 1861, a gold dollar was worth a dollar and twenty cents in currency ; by the end of 1862, it was worth three ; a year later, twenty ; and before the final collapse sixty-one dollars in paper was paid for one dollar in gold. Prices in general, with a few notable exceptions, as of cotton and tobacco, rose faster and higher than the price of gold. " Before the war," says a wag in Eggleston's *Recollections*, " I went to market with the money in my pocket, and

brought back my purchases in a basket ; now I take the money in the basket, and bring the things home in my pocket." Of course, the waning of the hope of victory would have depreciated any sort of Confederate obligations, but victory itself would not have made that unsoundness sound.

The incitement to speculation was irresistible. The general and correct opinion was that it was better to hold any other sort of property than money. It was because notes, whether they bore interest or not, could be used in ordinary transactions, and for speculation, that they were preferred to bonds. Long-time contracts on a money basis were sure to prove inequitable. Salaries and wages were constantly shrinking. The disposition to economize and be frugal in which the people entered upon their time of trial was followed by a reckless extravagance of the lessening little they had. Business was deranged, industry strangled. Simple-minded patriots laid the blame on the speculators, and there arose once more the growl against the Jews, old as history, heard whenever Gentiles get into trouble over money.

The government saw production curtailed, and found the producers less and less minded to sell. It was driven to impressment and arbitrary fixation of prices. In March, 1863, it set up boards of assessment, and from that time continued to force men to sell, at prices below those of the open market, for money sure to depreciate, commodities which they did not wish to sell at all. One result was to discourage industry still further. Another was waste ; for produce seized wherever found and in whatever condition often rotted or was stolen or lost before it reached the armies. A third was discontent among the people and dangerous conflicts with states. A Virginia state court granted an injunction to restrain a Confederate official from impressing flour. Governor Brown, of Georgia, protested violently against the

law, and the Georgia Supreme Court pronounced it unconstitutional. The feeling against it was particularly strong in North Carolina. Everywhere, there was friction in enforcing it.

In general, every strong measure of the government provoked resistance. North Carolina and Georgia were the principal centres of opposition, and their governors, Vance and Brown, the most persistent champions of the extreme state-rights view. Robert Toombs, who had been in the Cabinet, and Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice President, spoke freely on that side. The acts empowering the President to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, and the various conscription acts, as they extended the age limits and narrowed the exemptions, with the impressment law, were the measures most stoutly resisted. Brown flatly refused to let a conscription act be enforced in Georgia. North Carolina courts discharged conscripts who had furnished substitutes, and issued writs of *habeas corpus*, in a region where martial law had been declared. Other measures resisted were the calling out of the state militia,—a bone of contention under the old government as far back as the War of 1812 ; attempts at regulating interstate commerce ; the appointment of non-residents to federal offices in various states ; the setting up of government distilleries contrary to state laws ; the taxation of state bonds ; and the effort of the government to share itself, and to prevent the states from sharing, in the profits of blockade-running. Before the end, the opponents of the government were uniting in a party, strongest in North Carolina, which avowed its desire for peace, and asserted the right, though it did not advocate the policy, of secession from the Confederacy.

For these troubles of the government the Confederate Constitution must be held in part responsible. No government in such straits could have refrained from arbitrary measures, and the Confederate

government could not be arbitrary, it could not always be trenchant and effective, without being unconstitutional. Most of the difficulties, however, would have been encountered if the Constitution had been a word-for-word copy, as it was in most of its paragraphs, of the United States Constitution. The variations from that model were not all of a nature to weaken the central authority. The executive was strengthened. The President's term was lengthened to six years. He could remove the principal officers of the departments, and all officials of the diplomatic service, at his pleasure. He could veto specific items of an appropriation bill; and to this power the Congress, without warrant from the Constitution, added the power to transfer appropriations from one department to another. The power of the legislature was limited by requiring a two-thirds majority in both houses for appropriations not based on department estimates and recommended by the President, by prohibiting extra compensation to public servants, and by prohibiting protection. The sovereignty of the states was expressly affirmed, and slavery guarded from all interference, but public opinion would have made good these provisions if they had been left out. The Supreme Court, though provided for, was never constituted, and no doubt the government was the weaker for want of it; but that, too, was the fault of public opinion.

The assertion that the Confederacy could not have held together in peace is insufficiently sustained if it rest on the differences between the Confederate and the United States Constitution. Stronger and more centralized governments would have been better for the emergency on both sides, but the form which the Confederate government took was the only form it could have taken, and the only form it could have retained in peace. What was in effect a protest against the tendency of the old Union to become a true nation could not have bodied itself

forth in a compact and hardy nationality. Unimportant as students know the merits of a written instrument of government to be when they do not accord with material conditions and the character of the civilization to be expressed, the faults of the written instrument are equally unimportant in so far as they are merely departures from a standard which the people cannot or will not live up to.

To follow the inner workings of the Confederacy as we are now enabled to do will supply political scientists and public men with striking instances of the effects of defying economic laws and disobeying the rules of sound finance. It will reveal more clearly than ever the industrial backwardness of the South, and emphasize that as the most serious of its disadvantages in the struggle. It will credit President Davis and his advisers, and many other civil servants of the Confederacy, with the utmost zeal and much intelligence, but none of them with great practical and constructive statesmanship. It will show the Congress at Richmond to have been a weak and undistinguished legislature. It will confirm completely our feeling that the armies of the South were finer far than anything they defended, — that the wonderful gray shell was of greater worth than all it held. To our main inquiry the answer is that the failure of the Southerners to win their independence, clearly as it should have been foreseen, *was*, in quite definite ways, immediately attributable to faults and errors.

But to dwell on these faults and errors, to make our study wholly common-sense and scientific, may easily mislead us. It may lead us to neglect the strength, while we search out the weakness, of the South. It may lead us away from the moving spectacle of a resolute and devoted people, hard beset by a stronger adversary, and struggling with the defects of its own civilization, which will survive when the economic and political lessons

to be got from the rise and fall of the Confederacy shall have lost their value.

That was what Mr. Henley's sailor saw from the Charleston wharf: —

"In and out among the cotton,
Mud, and chains, and stores, and anchors,
Tramped a crew of battered scare-crows,
Poor old Dixie's bottom dollars.

"Some had shoes, but all had bayonets,
Them that was n't bald was beardless,
And the drum was rolling *Dixie*,
And they stepped to it like men, sir.

"Rags and tatters, belts and bayonets,
On they swung, the drum a-rolling,
Mum and sour. It looked like fighting,
And they meant it too, by thunder!"

William Garrott Brown.

IN HER DOTAGE.

NEAR a group of tall modern buildings that stole each other's light and air, and covered every inch of ground allotted to them, stood in the midst of a garden a dignified old house of years ago. A high stone wall surrounded it, to insure that privacy which once upon a time was the most refined distinction of the well-born. Spring waved her first banner in that garden, and all the town knew she had arrived when the magnolia dutifully opened its white blossoms to herald the season, and later, to confirm it, the lilacs hung their flowering branches over the wall, whilst the twisted boughs of the decrepit Judas tree turned the deep pink of blood.

On these warm days the mistress of the house trotted up and down, with a quick, shaky step, the well-raked gravel walk. She was a little old lady of eighty-five, whose wrinkled face still preserved something of the pink-and-white coloring of her younger days. The blue eyes had grown dim, and the faded eyebrows gave the delicate face an expression of weakness, though weak she had never really been; indeed, in the trifling romance of her life firmness had played an important part.

She had plenty of leisure now to think over the past, and look back on the episode of sentiment that had become the rudder of her subsequent life. Nothing nowadays seemed half as real and bright

as the mere memory of those joys and that one regret. When she was tired walking she dozed on a bench, with a shawl thrown over her knees and a cushion beneath her feet. After she was well rested, she sat placidly, with her hands folded in her lap, and dreamed wide-awake dreams. She dreamt that she wore again a white muslin gown and danced at a ball. It was unlike all other balls, and ranked now as a ceremony, taking its place in the line of baptism, confirmation, and marriage; for it was there she had met him the first time.

He was almost a stranger in his home, having just returned after many years of absence and travel. His life of adventure and movement had trained him to quick decision and a rapid, clear insight into character: so he had made up his mind promptly that the demure girl with the sweet, frank face was the best thing his eyes had ever rested on, and he danced with her so often that her mother anxiously sought out their hostess, and, with the old-fashioned care of a daughter, inquired much about this new partner. When he begged Mrs. Armstrong's permission to show her daughter a flower in the conservatory, she gave her consent, but returned immediately to her hostess's side with more eager questions. In the conservatory, after the acquaintance of a few hours, he asked Miss Armstrong to be his wife. She could still feel

how she had drawn herself up haughtily, resenting with girlish pride the thought that she should be so easily won. Yet he was very handsome and agreeable; she liked him better than any one she had ever met before: so there had been a flutter and strange uneasiness in her heart as she answered: "It is impossible, Mr. Ashley. It is even absurd." She would not give him the slightest hope, for this delightful stranger, with his startling, unpremeditated proposal, filled her with distrust; and when, a short time later, she sailed for Europe, it was quite light-heartedly, with no more than a tepid thought, half tender, half scornful, for the too hasty admirer whom she left behind, and it was not until three long years after that she met him again. He had been very reserved then; she smiled to herself as she remembered the diplomacy with which he held aloof and the fright it caused her, until she detected the cautious advance of a suit that in another six months he brought to a successful issue when she became Mrs. Ashley.

Never had there been a moment when either regretted the step they had taken. In the damaged sheepfold of a gay social life, no outsider's name ever came between them. Interests and pleasures were shared in common until age quietly removed the more energetic occupations from their path; then they took short walks in the sunshine together, and longer drives when the roads were good and the winds soft. They scarcely realized they had grown old. Why should they? For love is youth, and kind hearts have Indian summers in their old age. Then the day came when he died, and to her surprise she lived on. Sorrows seem deadly as poison at first; perhaps it requires all the trifling ones in a life to make the overdose of grief harmless when it comes at last. She thought often of that first lonely day when she put on her years with her mourning, and remembered that she was seventy and childless.

How things had changed since then!

The winters had grown longer and colder; even spring, seen through her eyeglasses, had turned dreary, though no other shadows fell around Mrs. Ashley, as she sat in her peaceful garden, than those cast by the blossoming trees and the tall iris in the flower beds. Of an afternoon the garden was stirred by a wilder current of spring than that of the roses and the lilacs. The old lady's nieces and nephews, with their children, invaded the quiet precincts; the dogs that had lain asleep all morning roused themselves to rush madly after each other and the flying legs of little girls; the old carriage horse in the grass-grown stableyard hung his toothless head over the railing and tried to neigh. The breeze, as it scattered the petals of the peach blossom and blew into clinging folds the soft drapery of gowns, lifted, as it passed, the gray curls around Mrs. Ashley's face, till a smile broke over it, and she too was young again, and wore a white muslin, as those others were doing now, and stood in a conservatory before a flower.

Thinking of those days, she became lost to her surroundings, and tears trickled down her cheeks. At first the young people had moved reverently away.

"Auntie is crying," they said; "we had better leave her alone."

She cried oftener as years went on, muttering as she cried. In time her relatives' discretion wore out, and they carried on unchecked their animated conversations around her; merely remarking, with a smile and a shrug of the shoulders, "She is crying about *it* again."

Age is too weak to guard secrets, and Mrs. Ashley's nieces had discovered the regret, source of their aunt's tears, that they designated as *it*.

"She is crying about *it*," they said, and chatted gayly on.

As she grew older she focused her thoughts more intently on the past, until it appeared quite near, almost amongst the yesterdays. These enlarged yesterdays belong to the second childhood as

the magnified to-morrows belong to the first, and they often perplexed her companions very much.

"I must give my ball," she said one day, quite casually.

"What do you mean, aunt?" asked her niece Amelia.

"The ball I usually give in the spring, my dear."

"You have n't had one for years and years!" exclaimed Amelia.

Mrs. Ashley paused, confused.

"It is true I have let it slip of late, but that is no reason for not giving it now. Would not the girls like to have a dance?"

The girls were in doubt as they recalled their aunt's visiting list, but her next words relieved their fears.

"You can have all your own friends; we can have both yours and mine," she said cheerfully. Yet this was only a mirage of the mind, as was clearly proved when the invitations had been written and answered, and she inquired who all these people were, and what had become of their parents.

When the evening of the entertainment arrived, it did not seem at all like her "usual ball." The solemnity of the old house was startlingly broken in upon. New lights pierced its dim recesses; stacks of hired chairs filled the hall; music crept through the passages where no sound but the noiseless footfall of the mistress or the shuffling gait of a servant had been heard for years; palms and ferns formed cosy nooks where old respectability was wont to sit on stiff arm-chairs, in dignified state.

In the big gilt drawing-room Mrs. Ashley stood to receive. A brocade gown weighed heavily on her frail form, a string of pearls hung down to her waist, and over her gray hair an arrangement of lace was fastened by diamond pins. She carried her jewels with the air of one long accustomed to wear them, and her faded face turned with the true hostess's smile toward her arriving guests. They

crowded in, shook hands with her, and passed on, exclaiming to each other: "What a wonderful old lady! What a lovely room!" Her nieces, who stood on either side of her, felt proud of this specimen of their past generations. Yet she was eighty-five, and the nieces were a little anxious; they fluttered their fans about her, and inquired constantly if she were tired, or hot, or thirsty.

"It would have been better if she had not thought of receiving. When she gets tired she makes mistakes," said one, in a slightly lowered voice.

"Well, it could not be helped. She was quite indignant when I suggested her going to bed."

"If the evening only passes without her crying about *it*, I shall be thankful," answered Amelia. Then she bent down to whisper some names in her aunt's ear, and there was a little discussion as to whether she knew them or not. She wanted to chat with the people as they came in, and inquire after their relatives whom she had known in the past; but the guests passed rapidly by, and as the noise and lights confused her she asked questions over again, until poor Amelia grew quite nervous, and during the course of one mistake interrupted her: "No, aunt, no; that was somebody else. Don't talk to them; just shake hands, and let them go on."

Mrs. Ashley flushed, and, drawing herself up very erect, answered: "I am quite capable of entertaining my guests, Amelia. I only need your help to receive your daughters' friends, whom I cannot be expected to know."

She trembled with indignation. To think of it, — she, the celebrated hostess of forty years ago, receiving instruction from a woman so much younger than herself! She tugged at her fan: it was stiff, but she would not allow Amelia to open it for her; Amelia seemed to think her very old. After a little while she forgot her indignation, for she had grown weary and wanted to escape.

"I will go and sit in the green room," she said. "The ball is well started, and I am really not needed any more."

She passed through the crowd that made way for her, and entered the morning room: there, in her every-day surroundings, she was more self-possessed. It was the world of the young that moved outside, and she belonged to the world of the past. She could not take a step into the present, for she had reached that moment when the present is nothing more than the moving hands of the clock, and all that is life lies forever unattainably behind. In the last thirty years the room had seen no renovation: the furniture and hangings were somewhat worn, as beautiful things fade and wear, preserving the loveliness of the thought that shaped them, as the body preserves the soul to the last; over their dim colors the heavily shaded lamps threw a subdued pink glow.

Mrs. Ashley sat down by the fireplace that was filled with flowers, — an idea of Amelia's; she wished there had been a few burning logs instead, for, though the evening was warm, she felt cold, and rubbed her blue-veined, transparent hands together, absent-mindedly holding them out toward the red lilies that stood between the andirons. When she leaned back in the chair, the cushions folded around her dwindled figure, she looked but a heap of silk, laces, and jewels, with two blue eyes that gazed into the fireplace and wondered whether that flower in the conservatory years ago was perhaps not a red lily.

Off in the ballroom a laughing couple stopped in front of one of their hostesses, and the woman, a married one recently divorced, laid her hand on the girl's arm.

"Mabel, I want to see your great-aunt; they tell me she is quite wonderful. Can't you take me to where she is? Come along," she said, addressing her partner. "You who are an artist ought to wish to see a splendid old beauty like Mrs. Ashley."

Mabel led the way, and her sister Jennie joined them on the road. They found Mrs. Ashley leaning forward, her face buried in her hands. When Mabel roused her, she looked up with tears streaming down her face, and shook her head sadly. The girls glanced at each other, aghast.

"Do come away," Mabel said to her married friend. "Auntie is worried about something; we had better leave her alone."

"But should you not find out the cause of it, Mabel? We can't leave her like that."

"I know the trouble; it is of no consequence," Mabel answered, with embarrassment.

"You might as well tell," giggled Jennie. "It is so funny."

"Don't laugh," remonstrated her sister.

"But you must tell me," insisted the divorcee. "It sounds so mysterious and interesting. Why is she crying?"

Mabel moved toward the door, when Mrs. Ashley suddenly raised her head and repeated mournfully: "Three years! three years!"

"What on earth does she mean?" whispered the friend.

"I'll tell you," said Jennie, with a shrug of her shoulders in the direction of her sister, who was making a faint protest. "She is crying because she kept her husband waiting three years before she accepted him."

"How awfully funny!" exclaimed the divorced woman, laughing, and as she took her partner's arm she murmured: "Poor old thing! poor old thing! She is in her dotage, isn't she?"

"The sweetest dotage I have ever seen," he answered.

Jennie and Mabel darted off in search of their mother.

"Auntie is crying about *it* again, mamma," they said.

"Dear me, then it is time for her to go to bed. Call her maid, Mabel, and I will have her taken upstairs at once."

Susan Lawrence.

THE LOST LAMB.

My heart, you happy wandered
 Along the sunny hill,
 All day a-singing, singing,
 As the happy shepherd will.

The friendly blue of heaven
 Looked on you from above;
 'T was joyance all for the shepherd
 And the little lambs of love.

Oh, when the shadows gathered,
 And the damp upon the rock,
 Heart, heart, poor silly shepherd,
 Why did you count the flock?

John Vance Cheney.

THE PLAGUE OF STATISTICS.

THERE was nothing equivocal about the plagues of Egypt, and this was assuredly the good fortune of the Egyptians. Their calamities were grievous enough to be definite. Such obtrusive matters are the easiest remedied, for one knows what they are. In this our present day an affliction must be subtle indeed to escape notice. With professional diagnosticians rioting in the pulpit, the legislature, and the press, our blights multiply. We scent danger from afar, cry it from the public places, appoint a commission forthwith, and read its report with amazing complacence. State and national bureaus insatiably lay about them, that salaries may be earned and investigations pursued. If witch-finding is no longer a recognized profession, plague-finding has taken its place most satisfactorily. Circumstanced as was Egypt in her distressful days, we should turn the various afflictions over to boards and bureaus; let the entomological gentlemen memorialize the grievances of

locusts and lice along with the gypsy moth and the Hessian fly; give to the health boards the matter of boils and blains, and create such other commissions as the plagues demand, to the end that laborious reports should be made, and great quantities of folios proceed from the public printer.

Is it not possible that this whole matter of compiling statistics, and relying on them when compiled, is itself a modern plague? This reduction of all subjects to the state of the statistic, — is it not an evil in itself, an evil leading to and encouraging other evils? More than anything else this has led to a reverence for that shameful thing, the quantitative life.

Captive imagination is fast becoming confined in the web of Arabic notation and statistics. To express the shame of it phrasally, itself a dangerous and difficult matter, it may be said that if the English are a nation of shopkeepers, Americans are a nation of expert ac-

countants. There is something of the Zerah Colburn in every successful American, and it is just that something we have in common with this still famous mathematical prodigy that makes both for our successes and our shortcomings. If ambitious imitation be the gauge of what constitutes opinion, it may safely be said that the Zerah Colburn in us, plus the A. T. Stewart we wish to have, is the pedestaled abstract of the American ideal. But success has nothing to do with the quantitative life which seems so desirable. Our reverence for numbers does not mean success; the Zerah Colburn is stronger than the A. T. Stewart.

What then is involved in the problem? Why and to what extent are statistics an evil? The first part of the question is the more easily answered; briefly it can be stated in this way: We have come so to rely upon numerical expression that numbers stand both as end and means; no longer dare we appeal to the emotions, no longer do men sway men with truth of words. Facts, and the exact expression of them, are what we seem to desire. Fast are we drawing the chilling robes about us; fast have our finer instincts, our higher powers, become drugged with sums total. Judging from the means taken to convince and excite us, as a race we are becoming incapable of any reason not expressed by one of the great divisions of mathematics. Pythagoras would be delighted indeed to see our reverence for numbers; for we bow lower than did he, and for less reason.

But what actually is the extent of the evil? We can hardly measure the effects aright without knowing the extent; how greatly are we afflicted by it? The children of the imagination were long in bondage to science. Now they wander, let us hope not a full forty years, in the wilderness of purely scientific expression, the arid, sterile waste of statistics. What function of public life has not been unduly brought under this dread

domain? Understanding quantity by instinct and quality not at all, the appeal is made at once to arithmetic. Would we convince the average American? Experience has taught that it can best be done by figures. The Zerah Colburn in him is most alert. Do not the newspapers rely upon this trait continually? Latterly, our editorial pages are digests of tables prepared by various commissions. Does the pulpit scorn this means of arousing interest? How do we raise funds for starving India? The chief instrument for rousing compassion is famine statistics; the bulk of the misfortune readily appeals. We group disaster as our merchants corner markets. Do we plead the cause of temperance? Here statistics revel, and they may be had patiently plotted out even to the number of drunkards to the square rod in Cuyahoga County, Ohio, or the arrests for inebriety in Kokomo, Indiana, for 1900. What seems to be the crux in literature? How appraise the success of a book save by the number of copies sold in a given time? How ascertain the merit of a play save by the number of nights it "ran" in the dramatic centres? Thus is our American mark set on what is what. We go about reforming and purifying the world, with a committee report at elbow and a statistical compilation in each hand.

We have lost the power of reasoning without a mathematical crutch. Americans are indeed a calculating people. The premise of those who wish to inflame, convince, excite, or move us is that this must be done in no other way than in digits and systems of digits. Of the cowardice of proverbs as a retort Robert Louis Stevenson has feelingly told us; yet proverbs are brave compared to statistics. Once upon a time (it was almost as long ago as that), logic, expressed with a fine garnishing of words, swayed multitudes; proselyted with Paul, aroused the crusades, wrought the Reformation, accomplished American independence.

The time for this seems to have passed. We read to-day the speeches that once thrilled England or kept men breathless in our American halls, and, somewhat dazed, ask vaguely, "What are the figures?" Argument was once a passage at arms of wit; to-day, deductive rapiers and assertive broadswords alike would stand small show pitted against the bludgeons of statistical exactness we so unhappily applaud. What inspiration we may have is but the faculty of coördinating figures raised to the n th power.

It might be too daring to say that the only vent for the pure emotion of the American public mind is in acts of mob violence. If emotion still actuates, if principles and feelings, prejudices and passion, still hold sway in America, surely it would be manifest in the great business of a people choosing from its number a ruler. Let us see how the matter was recently gone about. Party conventions were called and men were nominated. What caused the choice? The mathematical availability of certain men. What principles did they represent? Those thought by the party managers to appeal respectively to the greatest number of people. The matter was a pure mathematical deduction; the man supposed to have the greatest numerical following was chosen. Thus the campaign was launched. The victory would be to the closest figurer. Once nominated, statisticians set to work to elect. The appeal was not to party, but to pocket, and two great masses of figures were arrayed against each other. One promised bigger wages and more general employment, the other greater wealth to the commonalty. The Zerah Colburn in the American voter was the object of the contention. His mathematical instinct

struck a balance, and victory crowned one candidate because he had the abler corps of mathematicians. An abstract idea did manage to struggle into the campaign, but the so-called anti-imperialist argument was weak because it relied upon truths that were not expressed in Arabic notation. Thus is history made, and thus are administrations set up.

Our government is one of numbers, by numbers, and for numbers. Representation is figured out in a movable ratio. The House of Representatives is the epitome of the quantitative life. Desiring auto-analysis, we ordain a multitude of governmental inquisitions; increase boards of compilation that we may have the last set of figures on strikes, cinch bugs, forestry, tuberculosis, and sewage disposal. States take up and multiply the national lust, and municipalities rush to supply any missing links. In an age to come it may be said that Carroll D. Wright was the greatest American of his time.

Thus does the apotheosis of arithmetic mark our growing habit. We forget that statistics are the first resort of the ill-informed. They may be of use in the concrete, but there is little beauty in them, and, with due respect to the public, the World Almanac is not the highest achievement in American literature. As a race we need more Harold Skimpoles. It was delightful unmathematical, unstatistical blood which did most worth doing of that which has been done. The Greeks attained to passable prominence without the trail of Arabic notation smeared across their national life or sullying conversation in Academe. The Elizabethans did much without referring to the decimal system. And Genesis was written before Numbers.

Eugene Richard White.

SOME RECENT NOVELS.

THERE have been coming to us piecemeal, during the past year, two very notable tales: *The Right of Way*,¹ by the accomplished author of *The Seats of the Mighty* and *The Battle of the Strong*, and Rudyard Kipling's exhilarating story of *Kim*.² The former takes precedence as the more complete and symmetrical drama no less than by its remarkable moral earnestness. It is a tale of manly action, and yet it is curiously grave and provocative of sombre questioning, — a searching, unflinching, although ever compassionate study of human frailty. It is marked by deep reverence for the Christian faith in its oldest and most humane form, and yet it embodies the essence of all heresy in that it is a story of regeneration and redemption through the atoning sacrifice of the sinner himself.

But even those who consider the lesson of Charley Steele's career least edifying will be fascinated by his history, in which events of the strangest follow one another in a smooth, simple, and apparently necessary sequence. The hero of *The Right of Way* is, to all intents and purposes, a new figure upon a stage where we are sometimes tempted to think that every possible part has been acted over and over again, to the very satiety of the idle playgoer. A brilliant but dissipated young lawyer, of good social position, having easily at his feet the *beau monde* of that animated "little city" of the north which we soon recognize for Montreal, is believed to have been killed in a drunken brawl, at an obscure suburban tavern. He is thrust out of his old world, at all events, as completely as if he had so perished; and coming back to life and memory in a remote French-Canadian hamlet, after some days of cataleptic

trance and many months of almost complete oblivion, he elects to stay there among the country folk, working for his daily bread; working out his own salvation, also, literally — so it proved in the end — "as by fire." He had had a wife in his former existence, who thanked God for her unexpected release from him, and promptly accepted and espoused an earlier suitor. It is for her sake primarily that he takes the resolve to remain hidden, since her marriage had taken place before he recovered consciousness, and his resurrection would have meant yet more of shame and anguish to her than to himself. It was inevitable, however, that such a man should come eventually to love another woman, in the clean and simple new life; and where in fiction, early or late, shall we find the peer of Rosalie Evanturel, with her fine grain, her ineffable sweetness, her fibre heroic as that of Steele himself, her ample and adorable womanhood? She never dreamed how tragically her "right of way" to homely happiness was barred; and here, at last, we have the true significance of the not altogether felicitous title of the book. Would this exquisitely tempered and disciplined Rosalie — *need* she, even for art's un pitying sake — have become the mistress of Steele? Above all, being what she was, could she ever, under any stress of circumstance or howso unwittingly, have offered her generous lover the temptation to which his "honor rooted in dishonor" almost compelled him to yield? Might not the sad coil of the story have unwound itself just as effectually, and even more fairly, without this last and direst complication? Readers of *The Right of Way* will ask themselves these questions, feeling all

¹ *The Right of Way*. By GILBERT PARKER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1901.

² *Kim*. By RUDYARD KIPLING. New York: Doubleday & Page. 1901.

the while that they are both impertinent and futile. The irresistible catastrophe moves on and is consummated with a terrible suitability; but the sympathetic reader is left with an obstinate heartache. No balm of confession and absolution, no imaginary harvest of future profit to the humble folk of Chaudière parish, can console *him*. It seems ungrateful to find fault with what is, after its fashion, so noble; but the simple truth is that The Right of Way is too harrowing and fatalistic for a parable. It misses its mark by confusing those very moral perceptions which it assumes to quicken, and crushes the spirit of the reader as effectually as the blackest specimen of the Russian romance: as Dostoevsky's *Crime et Châtiment*, for example, or *A Lear of the Steppe*, or *Anna Karenine*. Such an argument as Mr. Parker's may be bracing to a spiritual athlete, though I have my doubts; but assuredly it is not entirely wholesome for the small, average human sinner. It sends one back, at all events, to the homely advice of brave old Sydney Smith to "a friend suffering from low spirits:" "Avoid poetry, dramatic representations except comedy, music, serious novels, melancholy, sentimental people, and everything tending to excite emotion not ending in active benevolence."

There is a fine antidote to all manner of morbidity in the brilliant pages of *Kim*. Mr. Kipling's last work is, to my mind, his best, and not easily comparable with the work of any other man; for it is of its own kind and of a novel kind, and fairly amazes one by the proof it affords of the author's magnificent versatility. "Not much of a story" may perhaps be the verdict of the ruthless boy reader who revels in the *Jungle Book* and *Captains Courageous*, and derives an unholy gratification from *Stalky & Co.* *Kim* is, in fact and upon the surface, but an insignificant fragment of human history; a bit out of the biography of a little vagabond of Irish parent-

age, orphaned when a baby, and left to shift for himself in infinite India. But the subtlety of the East and the "faculty" of the West are blended in this *terre filius*, this tricky foundling of earth's oldest earth. His adventures are many and enthralling. He joins himself, as scout and general provider, — incidentally, also, as *chela*, or disciple, — to a saintly old lama from Thibet, "bound to the Wheel of Things," and roaming India in search of the Stream of Immortality. The pious people of the country are permitted to "acquire merit" by feeding and lodging these two, between whom there grows up an odd but very beautiful affection. *Kim* is presently recognized upon his travels, reclaimed and adopted by the Irish regiment of which his father had been color sergeant, and given a genteel sufficiency of education in a Catholic college. He endures the thralldom of St. Xavier's, however, only upon condition of being allowed still to tramp the continent in the long vacation with his beloved old Buddhist priest. Before he is done with school his remarkable fitness for employment in the secret Indian service of the English government is discovered by our old friend Colonel Creighton, and he is placed under the tuition of sundry wonderful native proficients to learn the first principles of the Great Game. The result is that he distinguishes himself, while yet a stripling, by capturing in the high Himalayas the credentials and dispatches of a formidable Russian spy, and — this is all. We have to part from *Kim* in the flush of his first victory, when the down is barely sprouted upon his shapely lip, and the women, one and all, who soften to his beauty, are summarily dismissed from his consciousness as those who "eternally pester" him! We long to know more, but feel that it would be greedy to ask it; for, bald as this outline of a plot may seem, the little book, like the country where the scene of it passes, is infinite. It contains the whole

of India, — incalculably rich, unspeakably poor: with its teeming cities, barbaric, *uralt*; its forgotten temples crumbling to decay in the dusk of "caverns measureless to man;" its ravenous holy rivers and heart-breaking stretches of burning plain, and the overpowering grandeur of that mountain barrier upon the north, which dwarfs all the other highlands of the globe into practicable hills. It contains the human soul, also, of that Orient which we have all now become bound to study, — a cunning, piercing, elusive soul, patient and proud; stayed in supernatural quiet on the sanctions of a secular faith. All this vast vision of things material and immaterial may be discerned between two thin book covers by those who read aright, as the crystal-gazer sees past and future events in the lucid globe he can hold in the hollow of his hand. Only in the one case, as in the other, — or so the faithful say, — the eye must have been anointed beforehand and the heart prepared. He who has been thus predestined will salute in *Kim* a work of positive genius, as radiant all over with intellectual light as the sky of a frosty night with stars; the most truly *spirituel* production, in the proper sense of the term, of this or many seasons. He will find something upon every page which he desires to quote, but will stay his hand, as I do, by the reflection that illustration is wasted on those who cannot see. A word may be said, however, for the actual and very original pictorial illustrations in basso-relievo, which are by Mr. Kipling's father, and for the brilliant captions which the fitful poetic Muse of the author has bidden him put to a few of his chapters, and of which both the wittiest and the naughtiest is the reactionary explosion of the Prodigal Son: —

"Here I am, with my own again!
Fed, forgiven and known again,
Claimed by bone of my bone again
And sib to flesh of my flesh!
The fatted calf has been dressed for me,
But the husks have greater zest for me,

I think my pigs will be best for me,
So I'm off to the sties afresh!"

It may seem a little tame to turn from such a feast as this to the autumn exhibit of home products in fiction, but we need no more to reanimate us than the announcement of a new book by Mr. Cable, bearing the suggestive title of *The Cavalier*.¹ The regular machine-made novel of our time, whether dealing with contemporary or (supposed) ancestral manners, is often very admirable in its way, — learnedly designed, accurately studied, and sometimes beautifully finished. But the stories of Mr. Cable are of a different order, — not made, but born. They are living organisms, which take on the image of their creator as they grow. We have had but one supreme master of imaginative romance among us, as yet; but I know of no one fitter to stand — *quocumque intervallo* — in the place next Hawthorne's than the author of *Posson Jone'* and *The Grandissimes*. The latter is indeed one of the very few American stories which can be read more than once or twice, and seem fuller and finer at each repurusal. The obscurities of the narrative become clear, the crowding characters fall into natural and noble groups; the various Creole dialects, which give the page, at first sight, so discouraging an aspect, become things of pure delight when we realize with what marvelous ingenuity the oddest vocables have been employed to express a singularly dulcet and caressing variety of human speech; finally, the incomparable climax of the main love story — "Mock me no more, Aurore Nancanou!" — lingers upon the ear as one of the most deliciously combined and entirely satisfactory of concluding chords.

That the new novel is quite equal to *The Grandissimes* one cannot pretend; but it has more of the witchery of that favorite story than anything

¹ *The Cavalier*. By G. W. CABLE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

which Mr. Cable has written for a long time. There is a fire, a dash, and a general exaltation of feeling about these memoirs of the Southern Confederacy in its brief hour of highest hope which continually suggest youth in the annalist, and incline one to fancy that the book may have been written some time ago, and wisely, if not compulsorily, withheld from publication while the passions born of civil strife were still running high. Yet the tale is not flagrantly partisan. The types upon either hand are rather highly idealized, — the superb Yankee captain hardly less than the patrician stripling, Master Richard Thorn-dyke Smith, who is the titular hero of the book, and the all-daring, all-beguiling Confederate spy, who is its chief heroine. An acid critic might describe *The Cavalier* as a "jingo" book, in that it extols, without distinction of caste or cause, the fine old military virtues, — pluck, resource, gayety in hardship and pain, simple and unquestioning self-surrender. No doubt the writer's inveterate faults are here in plenty. His plot is excessively intricate, his narrative hurried and elliptical; he has a tendency to weaken by oversentimentalizing the sadder scenes of his drama. Nevertheless, *The Cavalier* is good reading for a dull, materialistic day. It quickens the slack pulses like an episode out of Froissart, or the nerve-twanging notes of one "singing of death, and of honor that cannot die." It makes its gallant appeal, moreover, to a reconciled and united nation, with a common tradition of chivalrous deeds; and whenever the tale may have been written, it appears fitly now, when the heart of the whole country is melted by a common sorrow; when, too, so much has been reclaimed by the vanquished, and restored by the victors, of what was thought, for a time, to have been lost and won in the great fight of forty years ago.

¹ *The Morgesons. Two Men. Temple House.*
By ELIZABETH STODDARD. New Uniform

The moment seems opportune, also, for inviting the suffrages of a new generation on the truly remarkable, though never very widely read novels of Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard.¹ How much favor they will find with readers who have been fed fat upon a stodgy realism remains to be seen; but there can be no question whatever that those three strange and powerful books, *The Morgesons*, *Temple House*, and *Two Men*, have an historic as well as an intrinsic value. In this case, the art of the author was obviously and confessedly learned at Nathaniel Hawthorne's feet; and, in her degree, she apprehended the more morbid and mysterious aspects of the grave New England world before the war flood, exactly as did the author of *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Blithedale Romance*. Mrs. Stoddard's first work was contemporary with Hawthorne's last, and she quotes with a thrill of natural pride, in the very interesting preface to this new edition, his opinion, written to herself, of *The Morgesons*, the only one of the three novels which he lived to read: "It seemed to me as genuine and lifelike as anything that pen and ink can do." "Genuine" and "lifelike" may strike the Philistine critic as terms almost ludicrously inapplicable to these high-wrought and rather lurid sketches; but given the transcendental point of view, "the consecration and the poet's dream," and they are all right. The same sort of concession must be made to the Brontë sisters and their work; to Villette, the most mature and temperate, as well as to *Wuthering Heights*, the maddest and the greatest production that came out of Haworth parsonage. It seems to me that Mrs. Stoddard's books, along with Hawthorne's own masterpieces, Judd's Margaret and Richard Edney, and it may be some few others, of which the names are already forgotten, should properly be regarded as constituting the outcome in Edition. Philadelphia: H. W. Coates & Co. 1901.

fiction of the grand revolt against Calvinism, and the so-called philosophic revival in Concord. I believe that Mr. Barrett Wendell, in his *Literary History of America*, propounds a similar view, and that he even dignifies the strictly local movement in question with the high-sounding name of a Renaissance. It took a strong head, certainly, to stand quite unshaken that large and sudden "draught of intellectual day:" wherefore, order, temperance, and probability are the last things to be looked for in the productions of the Concord school. But sincerity is in them, and a genuine if sombre poetry, an honest scorn of the more vulgar literary conventions, and a spirit of abounding tolerance, not to say deference, toward those blameless animal instincts and natural passions of our kind which had been too summarily and unmercifully repressed under the Puritan régime. There is also a deep-seated loyalty to the soil, and all its quaint, indigenous types, and a love, not far short of passion, for the bleak northern landscape, with its rare interludes, in either half season, of almost more than earthly beauty.

Of Mrs. Stoddard's three books, *The Morgesons*, which Hawthorne admired, is at once the most affluent and the most faulty. The other two show a decided gain in constructive power; and this is especially the case with *Two Men*, which is very strong in parts, and rounds, after a sufficiently erratic course, to a serene and satisfactory conclusion. One has no choice but to consider the trio collectively, for the books are all written in the same key, and composed, quite frankly, out of almost identical material. In each we have a decaying seaport, an old wooden mansion standing apart from the tangle of mean streets in a kind of sullen dignity, and the evolution within its colorless walls of a homely patrician legend, and a domestic life too exclusive and concentrated for true health, whether of mind or body. Marriage among such folk, of

overaccentuated family traits and overstrained family affection, is ever a mine of tragedy; and it is one which Mrs. Stoddard knows how to work in a most impressive manner. These gnarled old family trees, dwarfed and distorted by inclement gales, do certainly bear blossoms of ethereal beauty sometimes, like Veronica Morgeson and Virginia Brande; but occasionally, also, they produce monsters like Brande père, and oftener than either, especially where there has been much intermarriage, wistful, unhappy, and apparently soulless freaks, like Angus and Tempe. Whoever is familiar with the old coast towns of New England knows well that such beings exist, or, at least, that they once existed; and equally faithful is the delineation in these books of that wonderful suite of cynical and shrewd-spoken dependents, who defiantly dogged the footsteps of the "Squire" and his offspring, — the Elsa Bowens, Mat Sutcliffes, and Temperance Tinkhams, — ready for the uttermost abandonment of self-denying service, and almost equally so to commit murder on whoever should dare call them servants. An awesome generation they were, indeed, — master and mistress, son and daughter, maid and man: sincere in their piety, and yet profoundly pagan; virtuous as a rule, but occasionally surpassing in crime; liable amid their habitual austerities to sudden earthquakes of elemental passion and fierce reactions of sensual desire. Their names may be read upon the leaning slabs — corroded by salt spray and streaked with yellow lichen — of many a wind-swept graveyard; and the record of their more picturesque *emportements* would so ill befit the decorum of conventional history that we seek and find it gratefully in the untrammelled pages of the thoroughgoing romanticist. Very similar moral and social anomalies, it will be remembered, have been observed by Thomas Hardy among the rustic folk of immemorial Dorsetshire and portrayed with his own inimitable power. Mrs.

Stoddard's is a more primitive instrument than his, but she too plays upon her few strings with astonishing variety; and it may be noted, as a mark of her strong dramatic instinct and confidence in the vitality of her own characters, that her conversations are usually thrown into the baldest dialogue form, and burdened with no descriptive adverbial clauses or clumsy mechanism of "said he" and "she replied." She does not always resist the temptation of making her people talk too cleverly, but one seldom doubts who is speaking. Her descriptive passages are rare, but curiously faithful, and often very striking, like this: —

"As for him, there was something in the atmosphere that made his spirits rise; something more with every mile that made them equable, fair, and full. The vast white clouds that moved in the

blue sky, and let fall darting shadows over the still and solitary landscape; the mild sea wind rustling the faded corn leaves on their dry stalks; the grasshoppers singing their last songs in the warm turf; the purple and yellow flowers and red grasses in the ditch; the low, level fields dipping to the shore, beyond which he caught glimpses of the sea; the tranquil twilight of an old pine wood whose needles filled up the sandy ruts, whose tops of vital green covered a gray, skeleton army of trunks; the maples whose leaves are the couriers of the frost; the flickering birches dropping pale yellow leaves; the tri-edged shining grass of the salt marshes; the whirl of the brown birds; the amber-colored brooks with their borders of cool sand, — one and all belonged to the pleasant condition of his mind."

A PLEA FOR CRABBE.

IT would be a pleasure to suppose that the new edition of Crabbe in a single volume¹ would at last bring to him that popularity which his lover, FitzGerald, labored so insistently to create, but any such hope is bound to be frustrate. Here is, in fact, one of the curiosities of literature: that a poet who has been admired so extravagantly by the wisest of England's readers should fail, I do not say of popularity, but even of recognition among critics and historians. For certainly no one would call Crabbe popular, and to realize the neglect of the critics we need only turn to the most sympathetic study of the poet in recent years and read Mr. Woodberry's opening words: "We have done with Crabbe." Yet to Byron this was "the first of living poets;" and Byron's epigram, "Nature's

sternest painter, yet the best," — commonly misquoted, by the way, — is on the lips of a host of readers who have never so much as opened a volume of Crabbe's works. Nor was Byron alone among the great men of that period to reverence what we have elected to forget. On his deathbed Fox called for Crabbe's poems, and in the sorrows of Phœbe Dawson found consolation while his life was ebbing away. And of Scott we are told that these same poems were at all times more frequently in his hands than any other work except Shakespeare, and that during his last days at Abbotsford the only books he asked to be read aloud to him were his Bible and his Crabbe. But the true worshiper of our poet's genius was that gentle cynic and recluse, Edward FitzGerald. There is

¹ *The Life and Poetical Works of George Crabbe.* By his Son. A New and Complete

Edition. London: John Murray. 1901. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

something really pathetic in FitzGerald's constant lamentation that no one reads his "eternal Crabbe." Our English Omar at least is popular, and it looks as if the Suffolk poet were to attain a kind of spurious fame from the way his name is imbedded in the letters of the "Suffolk dreamer."

Now it is superfluous to say that a writer who has been so lauded by the greatest poet, the most ardent orator, the most honored novelist, and the most refined letter-writer of England in a century must himself have possessed extraordinary qualities. Yet it remains true that Crabbe is not read, is not even likely to be much read for many years to come; and the reason of this is perfectly simple: his excellencies lie in a direction apart from the trend of modern thought and sentiment, while his faults are such as most strongly repel modern taste.

As for the faults of Crabbe, it is enough to say that he is an avowed imitator of Pope in all formal matters, and that the antithetic style of the master too often descends in him to a grotesque flaccidity. It would not be impossible to quote a dozen lines almost as absurd as the parody in *Rejected Addresses*:—

"Regained the felt, and felt what he regained."

But even where his style is wrought with nervous energy, it fails to attract an audience who have tasted the rapturous liberties of Shelley and Keats, and who love to take their sentiment copiously in unrestrained draughts. They do not see that the despised heroic couplet permits the narrative poet to condense into a pair of verses the insignificant joinings of a tale which in any other form would occupy a paragraph; nor does it interest them that in the hands of a moral poet the couplet is like a keen two-edged sword to strike this way and that. They are only offended by what seems to them the monotonous seesaw of the rhythm; and a style which constantly opposes an effort of the judicial under-

standing at every pause in the flow of sentiment repels those who think wit (in the old sense of the word) a poor substitute for celestial inspiration. It is partly a matter of psychology, partly a matter of inscrutable taste, that a generation of readers who are attracted by the slipshod rhythms of *Epipsychidion* or *Endymion* should find the close-knit periods of Crabbe unendurable.

To me personally there is no tedium, but only endless delight, in these mated rhymes which seem to pervade and harmonize the whole rhythm. And withal they help to create the artistic illusion, that wonderful atmosphere, I may call it, which envelops Crabbe's world. No one, not even the most skeptical of Crabbe's genius, can deny that he has succeeded in giving to his work a tone or atmosphere peculiarly and consistently his own. It would be curious to study this question of atmosphere in literature, and determine the elements that go to compose it. Why are the works of Dickens or Smollett or Spenser, to choose almost at random, so marked by a distinctive atmosphere, while in a greater writer, in Shakespeare for example, it may be less observable? Something of bulk is necessary to its existence, for it can hardly be created by a single book or a single poem. A certain consistency of tone is needed, and a unity of effect. It cannot exist without perfect sincerity in the writer; and, above all, there is required some idiosyncrasy of genius, some peculiar emotional or intellectual process in the author's mind, which imposes itself on us so powerfully that when we arise from his works the life of the world no longer seems quite the same to us; for we have learned to see the quiet fields of nature and the thronging activities of mankind through a new medium.

All these qualities, and more particularly this individuality of vision, pervade Crabbe's descriptive passages and his portraits of men. They color all his painting of inanimate things, but they

are most evident, perhaps, in his pictures of the sea, whose varied aspects, whether sublime or intimate, seem to have become a part of his sensitive faculties through early associations. He has caught the real life of the sea, its calm and tempest or sudden change, as few poets in English have done. Especially he loves the quiet scenes, the beach when the tide retires; when all is calm at sea and on land, and the wonders of the shore lie glittering in the sunlight or the softer light of the moon. Even more characteristic are his pictures of the muddy, oozing shallows, as in that passage where the dull terrors of such a waste are employed to heighten the most tragic of his Tales:—

“When tides were neap, and, in the sultry day,
Through the tall bounding mud-banks made
their way,

Which on each side rose swelling, and below
The dark warm flood ran silently and slow;
There anchoring, Peter chose from man to hide,
There hang his head, and view the lazy tide
In its hot slimy channel slowly glide;
Where the small eels that left the deeper way
For the warm shore, within the shallows play;
Where gaping mussels, left upon the mud,
Slope their slow passage to the fallen flood;—
Here dull and hopeless he’d lie down and trace
How sidelong crabs had scrawled their crooked
race,

Or sadly listen to the tuneless cry
Of fishing gull or clanging golden-eye;
What time the sea-birds to the marsh would
come,

And the loud bittern, from the bull-rush home,
Gave from the salt ditch side the bellowing
boom:

He nursed the feelings these dull scenes produce,

And loved to stop beside the opening sluice;
Where the small stream, confined in narrow
bound,

Ran with a dull, unvaried, sadd’ning sound;
Where all, presented to the eye or ear,
Oppressed the soul with misery, grief, and fear.”

There, if anywhere in English, is the artist’s vision, the power to concentrate the mind upon a single scene until every detail in its composition is corroded on the memory, and the skill, no less important, to select and arrange these details to a clearly conceived end.

These lines may serve to exemplify another trait of Crabbe’s genius, the rare union of scientific detail with pervading human interest. He was, in fact, all his life a curious and exact student of botany and geology. Even in his old age he kept up these scientific pursuits, and his son, in the excellent biography, tells how the old man on his visits would leave the house every morning, rain or shine, and go alone to the quarries to search for fossils and to pick up rare herbs on the wayside. “The dirty fossils,” says the dutiful son, “were placed in our best bedroom, to the great diversion of the female part of my family; the herbs stuck in the borders, among my choice flowers, that he might see them when he came again. I never displaced one of them,”—a pretty picture of busy eld. Of this inanimate lore of plants and rocks Crabbe is most prodigal in his verse, but, by some true gift of the Muses, it never for a moment obscures the human interest of the narrative. After all, it was man, and the moral springs in man, that really concerned him. As he himself says, the best description of sea or river is incomplete.

“But when a happier theme succeeds, and
when

Men are our subjects and the deeds of men;
Then may we find the Muse in happier style,
And we may sometimes sigh and sometimes
smile.”

Even when he submits his art to minute descriptions, as for instance to a study of the growth of lichens, there still lurks this human ethical instinct behind the scientific eye. Read in their proper place, the following lines are but a little lesson to set forth the associations of mortal antiquity:—

“Seeds, to our eyes invisible, will find
On the rude rock the bed that fits their kind;
There, in the rugged soil, they safely dwell,
Till showers and snows the subtle atoms swell,
And spread the enduring foliage;—then we
trace

The freckled flower upon the flinty base;
These all increase, till in unnoticed years
The stony tower as gray with age appears;

With coats of vegetation, thinly spread,
Coat above coat, the living on the dead :
These then dissolve to dust, and make a many
For bolder foliage, nursed by their decay ;
The long-enduring Ferns in time will all
Die and depose their dust upon the wall ;
Where the winged seed may rest, till many a
flower
Show Flora's triumph o'er the falling tower."

I choose these lines for citation because they form, perhaps, the most purely descriptive passage in Crabbe ; and even here it is really the associations of generations of mankind with an ancient house of worship that stir the poet's feelings. For pieces of greater scope one should go to such pictures as the ocean tempest in *The Borough*, which I would not spoil by quoting incomplete. In his study of the Roman decadent poets, M. Nisard has instituted a careful comparison of the storm scenes in the *Odyssey*, the *Æneid*, and the *Pharsalia*, showing the regular increase from Homer down of descriptive matter added for merely picturesque effect, apart from its connection with the human action involved. It would not be easy to find a better example of extended description completely fused with human interest than this tempest in *The Borough*. Every detail of that animated picture is interpreted through human activity and emotion. This does not mean that Crabbe's attitude toward nature is that of an emotional pantheism which uses the outer world as a mere symbol of the soul. Very far from that : the human emotions are in this passage the direct outcome of a sharply defined natural occurrence. In another scene, one that has achieved a kind of fame among critics, he tells the story, in his quiet, satirical manner, of a lover who goes a journey to meet his beloved. The lover's way leads him over a barren heath and a sandy road, but, in his state of exalted expectation, everything that meets his eye is charged with loveliness. At last he arrives only to find his mistress has gone away, — gone, as he thinks, to see a

rival. He follows her, and now his way takes him

" by a river's side,
Inland and winding, smooth, and full, and wide,
That rolled majestic on, in one soft-flowing
tide ;

The bottom gravel, flowery were the banks,
Tall willows waving in their broken ranks ;
The road, now near, now distant, winding led
By lovely meadows which the waters fed."

But all is hideous to his jealous eye.
" I hate these scenes ! " he cries : —

" I hate these long green lanes ; there's nothing seen
In this vile country but eternal green."

All this is the furthest possible remove from vague reverie ; it is a bit of amusing psychology, tending to distinguish more sharply between man and nature rather than to blend them in any haze of symbolism.

It may be imagined from Crabbe's power over details that he should excel in another sort of description, in scenes of still life, which come even closer to the affairs of humanity ; and, indeed, there are scattered through his poems little genre pictures that for minuteness and accuracy can be likened only to the masterpieces of Dutch art in that kind. The *locus classicus* (if such a term may be used of so unfamiliar a poet) of this genre writing is the section of *The Borough* that describes the dwellings of the poor. I cannot refrain from quoting a few of the introductory lines to show how skillfully he prepares the mind for the picture that is to succeed : —

" There, fed by food they love, to rankest
size,
Around the dwellings docks and wormwood
rise ;

Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy root,
Here the dull nightshade hangs her deadly
fruit ;

On hills of dust the henbane's faded green,
And penciled flower of sickly scent is seen."

And this is the poet who has been censured for lack of descriptive powers ! Of the scene that follows, — the " long boarded building," with one vast room, where the degraded families of the out-

cast are huddled together, — no selection can convey anything but the most inadequate impression ; it must be read intact, and once read it will cling to the memory forever. Here, at least, is a bit that is as vivid as a picture by Van Ostade or Teniers : —

“ On swinging shelf are things incongruous stored, —
 Scraps of their food, — the cards and cribbage-board, —
 With pipes and pouches ; while on peg below,
 Hang a lost member's fiddle and its bow ;
 That still reminds them how he'd dance and play,
 Ere sent untimely to the Convicts' Bay.”

It must be clear even from these imperfect selections that Crabbe was able to envelop his inanimate world with an atmosphere peculiar to his own genius. As for the human beings that move through his scenes, if one were given to comparisons, he would probably liken them to the people of Dickens. The comparison is apt both for its accuracy and its limitations. The world of Crabbe is on the surface much like that of Dickens, but examined more closely it is seen to be less pervaded with humor, and more with wit ; its pathos, too, is less pungent and firmer, and its moral tone is quite diverse. Save in his later *Tales of the Hall*, — which, after all, are scarcely an exception to the rule, — the characters in Crabbe's poems are taken from the ranks of the humble and poor ; they are in external appearance the London folk of Dickens transferred to the country. But they rarely ever descend, like Dickens's portraits, into caricature, for the reason that their divergencies grow more from some inner guiding moral trait, and are less the mere outward distinctions of trick and manner. They are, too, more directly the outcome of divergent individual will ; they are, for this reason, more perfectly rounded out in their personality, and they bear with them more complete a sense of moral responsibility for their associations.

We are carried to the green lanes and

sandy shores of England, but it is not the land of old poetic illusions. Here are no scenes of idyllic peace, no Corydons murmuring liquid love to Phyllis or Neæra in the shade. I do not mean to imply that the orthodox pastoral dreams are without justification, for that would be to condemn the central theme of *Paradise Lost*, not to mention a host of minor poems justly beloved. But certainly these dreams lie perilously near to mawkishness and insincerity, and if for no other reason we could admire Crabbe for his manly resistance to their easy allurements. It seems that he set himself deliberately to ridicule and rebuke the common vapidities of that facile school. In those introductory lines to *The Village*, notable chiefly because they were tampered with by Dr. Johnson, he directly satirizes the poets — and his master, Pope, was in youth one of the worst sinners in this respect — who imitate Virgil rather than nature. He too had sought the sweet peace and smiling resignation of rural life, but instead he had found only the cry of universal labor and contention : —

“ Here, wandering long, amid these frowning fields,
 I sought the simple life that Nature yields ;
 Rapine and Wrong and Fear usurped her place,
 And a bold, artful, surly, savage race.”

An atmosphere of gloom is, indeed, over Crabbe's human world ; not moroseness or morbid sentimentality, but a note of stern judicial pity for the frailties and vices of the men he knew and portrayed. His own early life in a miserable fishing hamlet on the Suffolk coast, under a hard father, his hard years of literary apprenticeship in London, and then for a time the salt bread of dependency as private chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, gave him a knowledge of many sorrows which years of comparative prosperity could not entirely obliterate. He is at bottom a true Calvinist, showing that peculiar form of fatalism which still finds

it possible to magnify the free will, and to avoid the limp surrender of determinism. Mankind as a body lies under a fatal burden of suffering and toil, because as a body men are depraved and turn from righteousness; but to the individual man there always remains open a path up from darkness into light, a way out of condemnation into serene peace. And it is with this mixture of judicial aloofness and hungering sympathy that Crabbe dwells on the sadness of long and hopeless waiting, the grief of broken love, the remorse of wasted opportunities, the burden of poverty, the solitude of failure, which run like dark threads through most of his Tales. And in one poem, at least, he has attained the full tragic style with an intensity and singleness of effect that rank him among the few master poets of human passion. The story of Peter Grimes — his abuse of his old father, his ill treatment of the workhouse lads bought from London, and his final madness and death — is the most powerful tragedy of remorse in the English language. I have already quoted the picture of the desolate shallows and “the lazy tide in its hot slimy channel” where the wretch sought to hide his guilt; but not less perfect in its art is Peter’s own story of the three lonely reaches in the river where the images of his victims used to rise up and haunt his vision: —

“‘There were three places, where they ever
rose, —
The whole long river has not such as those, —
Places accursed, where, if a man remain,
He ’ll see the things which strike him to the
brain;
And there they made me on my paddle lean,
And look at them for hours; accursed
scene!’”

Then madness struck into his soul: —

“‘In one fierce summer-day, when my poor
brain
Was burning hot, and cruel was my pain,
Then came this father-foe, and there he stood
With his two boys again upon the flood:
There was more mischief in their eyes, more
glee
In their pale faces, when they glared at me:

Still they did force me on the oar to rest,
And when they saw me fainting and oppressed,
He with his hand, the old man, scooped the flood,
And there came flame about him mixed with
blood;

He bade me stoop and look upon the place,
Then flung the hot-red liquor in my face;
Burning it blazed, and then I roared for pain,
I thought the demons would have turned my
brain.’”

But if the atmosphere of these poems is sombre, that does not mean they are without brighter glimpses of joy. As he himself expresses it, they are relieved by “gleams of transient mirth and hours of sweet repose.” In fact, Crabbe has contrived to include a vast number of human interests and passions in these simple Tales. There are pages of literary satire on the Gothic romances of the day, more neatly executed even than *Northanger Abbey*. There are poems, like the second letter of *The Borough*, overflowing with tender sentiment; tales such as *Phœbe Dawson*, where the pathos is almost too painful to be easily supported. There are stories of quaint playfulness, like *The Frank Courtship*. Humor, too, is not wanting, and now and then comes a stroke of memorable wit. Jealousy, ambition, pride, vanity, despair, and all the petty tyrannies of conceit are set off with marvelous acuteness. Even abounding joy is not absent. I do not know but the sense of charm, of homely intimate life, of tranquil resignation, is, for all their dark colors, the final impression of these Tales. And everywhere they show the delightful gift of the story-teller. Each separate poem is a miniature novel wrought out with unflagging zest and almost impeccable art. The story of the younger brother in *Tales of the Hall* glows again with “the sober certainty of waking bliss;” and the older brother’s history begins with a rapturous tide of romantic dreaming that fairly sings and pulses with beauty. The whole of this second story is, in fact, a literary masterpiece, for its scenes of joy, followed by despondency and heroic forbearance,

controlled throughout by the unerring psychological instinct of the poet.

But this unerring instinct is not confined to any one tale ; it guides the poet in the creation of all his multitudinous characters. At first, perhaps, as we see the ethical motives that underlie a character so clearly defined, it seems the poet is dealing merely with a moral type ; but suddenly some little limitation is thrown in, some modification of motive, which changes the character from a cold abstraction to a living and unmistakable personality. Crabbe has been called a realist ; and in one sense the term is appropriate, but in the meaning commonly given to the word it is singularly inept. The inner moral springs of character are what first interested him, and his keen perception of manners and environment only serves to save him from the coldness of eighteenth-century abstractions.

I have dwelt at length on these phases of Crabbe's work which would strike even a casual reader, for the sufficient reason that the casual reader in his case scarcely exists. The real problem, as I have already intimated, is to explain why a poet of such great, almost supreme powers should fail to preserve a place in the memory of critics, not to mention his lack of a popular audience. His failure is due in part, no doubt, to the use of a metrical form which we choose to condemn, but chiefly it is due to the fact that he is at once of us and not of us. His presentation of the world is in spirit essentially modern, so that we do not grant him the indulgence unconsciously allowed to poets who describe a different form of society, and whose appeal to us is impersonal and general ; while at the same time he ignores or even derides what has become the primary emotion we desire in our literary favorites. Since the advent of Shelley and Wordsworth and the other great contemporaries of Crabbe our attitude toward nature has altered profoundly. We demand of the poet a minute, almost a scientific ac-

quaintance with the obscurer beasts and flowers ; but still more we demand, if the poet is to receive our deeper admiration, a certain note of mysticism, a feeling of some vast and indefinable presence beyond the finite forms described, a lurking sense of pantheism by which the personality of the observer seems to melt into what he observes or is swallowed up in a vague reverie. When we think of the great nature passages of the century, we are apt to recall the solemn mysteries of Wordsworth's Tintern Abbey or Shelley's Ode to the West Wind. Even in poets who are not frankly of the romantic school, and who are imbued with the classical spirit, the same undercurrent of reverie is heard. Matthew Arnold's verse is full of these subtle echoes. It may be caused by a tide of reminiscence which dulls the sharpness of present impressions, as in so simple a line as this : —

"Lone Daulis and the high Cephissian vale ;"

or it may be present because the words are overfreighted with reflection, as in the closing lines of *The Future* : —

"As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea ;"

but everywhere this note of reverie runs through the greater modern poets. Now of science Crabbe owned more than a necessary share, but for reverie, for symbolism, for mystic longings toward the infinite, he had no sense whatever. It is quite true, as Goethe declared, that a "sense of infinitude" is the mark of high poetry, and I firmly believe that the absence of this sense is the one thing that shuts Crabbe out of the company of the few divinely inspired singers, — the few who bring to us gleanings from their "commerce with the skies," to use old Ovid's phrase. But it is also true that this sense of infinitude as it speaks in Homer and Shakespeare is something

far more sober and rational than the musings of the modern spirit, — something radically different from the brooding rhapsodies of Shelley's Prometheus Unbound; and Crabbe's very limitations lend to his verse a brave manliness, a clean good sense, that tone up the mind of the reader like a strong cordial.

And there is the same difference in Crabbe's treatment of humanity. Wordsworth, feeling this difference, was led to speak slightly of Crabbe's "unpoetical mode of considering human nature and society." His repulsion may be attributed in part to Crabbe's constant use of a form of analysis which checks the unconstrained flow of the emotions; but the chasm between the two is deeper than that. Wordsworth was ready to ridicule the sham idyllic poetry as freely as Crabbe or any other; but, at bottom, are not Michael and the leech-gatherer, and a host of others that move through Wordsworth's scenes, the true successors of the Corydons and Damons that dance under the trees on the old idyllic swards? In place of pastoral dreams of peace we hear now "the still, sad music of humanity." Yet it is the same humanity considered as a whole; humanity betrayed by circumstances and corrupted by luxury,

but needing only the freedom of the hills and lakes to develop its native virtues; humanity caught up in some tremulous vision of harmony with the universal world; it is, in short, the vague aspiration of what we have called humanitarianism, and have endowed with the solemnities of a religion. If this is necessary to poetry, Crabbe is undoubtedly "unpoetical." In him there is no thought of a perfect race made corrupt by luxury, no vision of idyllic peace, no musing on humanity as an abstraction, but always a sturdy understanding of the individual man reaping the fruits of his own evil doing or righteousness; his interest is in the individual will, never in the problem of classes. His sharply defined sense of man's personal responsibility coincides with his lack of reverent enthusiasm toward nature as an abstract idea, and goes to create that unusual atmosphere about his works which repels the modern sentimentalist. So it happens, we think, that he can appeal strongly to only a few readers of peculiar culture; for it is just the province of culture or right education — is it not? — that it shall train the mind to breathe easily an atmosphere foreign to its native habit.

Paul Elmer More.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I HAVE been reading in Dr. van Dyke's latest book the Writer's Request of his Master, and it led me to reflect that this Prayer of the Literary Man is comparatively a new fashion. There is Dr. Johnson's Prayer on Beginning the Rambler, to be sure, but where else in the practical history of English authorship can you find a literary prayer which dates farther back than Kipling's Envoy to Life's Handicap? Fancy Sir Walter Scott finding

time to pray as he rushed through Guy Mannering in six weeks, to help out the Ballantynes. Or Thackeray, plagued to death by the troublesome punctuality of the "monthly number," or taking out a cheerful contract with himself to beat Dickens next time. Or Shakespeare, — surely, if ever a man was touched by his own work, it was Shakespeare; yet I imagine it would have been considered sacrilege in his day to refer a matter of literary composition to the Deity. Men

The Prayer
of the Liter-
ary Man.

invoked the Muses who had nothing to do but to look after such things ; or Patrons who might possibly defray the expenses of publication.

No, the Prayer is a very recent fashion. It came in with the new Gospel of Style, when the duties of the Writer began to assume solemn proportions. When an author felt called upon to spend nine hundred hours on a story of thirty pages, as was the case with Flaubert, it was time to pray. Indeed, when one reads the biographies of Flaubert and the De Goncourts, the modern literary labor without piety strikes one as a dreadful thing. Here was Flaubert, so distressed over the euphony of a certain phrase in Madame Bovary, "*d'une couronne de fleurs d'oranges*," that "he strove furiously to reduce the words which serve as a setting to the others, the conjunctions, the prepositions, the auxiliary verbs. He fought for hours and days against *que, de, faire, avoir, être*." And we hear of him pacing his chamber madly, and shouting his sentences at the top of his voice in order to test the rhythm ; nor could his mother assuage his frenzy, or tempt him forth to a little walk in the garden. Then there was Jules de Goncourt, whose brother assures us that he "died of work, and, above all, of the desire to elaborate the artistic form, the chiseled phrase, the workmanship of style." Jules too pursued his calling "with almost *angry zeal*, changing here an epithet, there a rhythm in a phrase, remodeling a turn of speech, tiring and wearing out his brain in the pursuit of a perfection often difficult of attainment." Nor could he be "for an instant diverted from literature by a pleasure, an occupation, a passion of any sort ; nor by love either for a woman or for children."

Surely, as we read the preceding accounts, we begin to feel that it is well to approach an art, so difficult and so long, in a humble spirit, prepared for reverses, cheerfully resigned to our inevitable limitations. Dr. van Dyke's prayer

seems to me especially calculated to soothe the excited nerves of authorship. "Help me," he says, remembering the Gospel of French Prose, "to deal honestly with words and with people, because they are both alive. Show me that, as in a river, so in writing, clearness is the best quality, and a little that is pure is worth more than much that is mixed," — a petition that Shakespeare very evidently neglected to make. But he concludes with a gentle humor which seems to me the soul of piety : "Steady me to do my full stent of work *as well as I can* ; and when that is done stop me, pay what wages Thou wilt, and help me to say from a quiet heart a grateful Amen." A quiet heart ! What one of us, who drives the pen nowadays with difficulty and with ambition, would not desire to be graced with "a quiet heart" ! The death of Jules de Goncourt is a sad warning.

In reading the Contributors' Club in the August Atlantic, I was much interested by an article discussing the question whether or not certain nude statues should be allowed to remain in the public exhibition rooms of the museums where they are preserved. The objection to the statues seems to be that "those who are concerned about the morals of the public maintain that grave harm is done by such exhibitions," since, in their public exposure, the figures may be seen "by children from the schools as well as by scholars from the universities." On the other hand, there are those who maintain that no evil can be found in an objective work of art except by those who bear the evil suggestion in their own mind. The writer of the article in question seems, in his own personal opinion, to agree with the latter party. Indeed, his words show plainly that his genial soul is too open to be guilty of that peculiar kind of modesty or morality which has so keen and sniffing a nose for covert indecencies. Nevertheless, in endeavor-

Of the De-
spisers of
the Body.

ing to hold a middle position in the controversy, and to offer a practical settlement, not of the argument, but of the practical difficulty, he seems to be hampered by an overnice sense of tolerance toward the Philistines. He suggests that, since any citizen who, as taxpayer, helps to support the museum has a right to demand the removal of any nude statue which he considers guilty of malicious intent against the budding moral conscience of the children who visit the place, the offending statues be shut in some more private room, and shown only to those whose mature age is supposed to render them immune.

Now, even though the right to protest and the power to exclude be with the fearful citizen, I do not think that our writer's suggestion is at all practical, nor am I one of those who would agree with his last words: "In the meantime, let us wait. There is no hurry. Do not let us oppose our canon of taste, however cultivated, to a canon of morals held by a considerable number of sincere persons, however mistaken." On the contrary, I believe that there is much to be said here and now. We cannot wait. It is high time that more voices should be raised to cry beauty to this land,—simple sensuous beauty, beauty of form, beauty of body.

Our experiment of allowing aggregates, averages, and majorities to rule our land may in time lead to the ideal government; the experiment, at any rate, is unique and worth trying. But in art such rule leads only to mediocrity. We lack plainly the desire and taste for the beautiful. Our public acts nearly all tend to utility or convenience, to save or gain time. In only a few instances have municipalities made any attempt to supply the public need of some show of beauty of form in public places merely for the sake of beauty, or rather, for the good that invariably springs from beautiful things. With all strictest observance of the canons of the latest mo-

ality, human nature may be ugly and repellent if it exclude beauty. Nothing is more harmful than ugliness, or even a colorless lack of beauty.

Many things, indeed, are called by the name of beauty. Moralists, scientists, physicians, as well as artists, use it as the last word of praise or wonder; but there is only one beauty which is beauty, and nothing else,—beauty of form, whether the form be wrought of words, or stone, or sound, or paint, or flesh. Before the Christian era, the most highly civilized people of the world, the Greeks, had deified bodily beauty. Even in their training of the mind, they had aimed at attaining a symmetry, somewhat analogous to the proportions of a statue, by means of music, poetics, and geometry. Every corner of public places was utilized in the service of beauty. The mind, constantly filled with the images of beautiful things, had perforce to assume an analogous shape. No immorality was fancied to exist in a thing which could not possibly be either moral or immoral. Herodotus states as a curious fact that "among certain barbarous peoples it is considered disgraceful to appear naked." Whence, then, this fear of contamination from the artistic representation of the undraped human body?

Not the smallest of our needs to-day is our need for beauty, not merely in private, but by means of a municipal and national encouragement. There are many ready to take example, in their individual lives, from William Morris, and seek to bring beauty into common life and the decoration of common things. The signs are good, the omens are propitious. Therefore, when there is question of removing beautiful statues from public places, it is no time to remain silent. The desirableness of beauty cannot be rationally disputed, and there are few who will deny that the human body at its best, in nature or in art, is beautiful. Clothes and drapery are more sub-

ject to arbitrary changes of fashion than is conventional morality itself. Look at the photographs of reigning belles of three or four years ago, and, in spite of beauty of feature, the already obsolete toggery has in almost every case destroyed all artistic suggestion or value. Of course there are exceptions, and drapery has its uses; but the Venus of Medici remains beautiful, harmlessly, nakedly beautiful, regardless of the fluctuations of fashion or moral conscience. How can such a statue be either moral or immoral in any eyes, especially those of children? Only natural depravity could find harm here, — such depravity as would find the same harm in a shoe, a garter, or a glove.

After all, there is no such thing as naked beauty in art. All beauty in art is veiled by the poetic conception of the artist with a cast of ideality which removes the object at once from the world of the actual, and makes it a creature of the more radiant world of symbols. Art can cast its glamour over even the ugly, the commonplace, and the vulgar. It is the hiding away and concealing of a thing that makes it shameful and piques an evil curiosity. Hence the keeping of nude statues in a private room would merely give them a false and dangerous suggestiveness. And this vicious sense of suggestiveness sprang into life at the first gesture of the pointing finger of "fearful innocence." We do not need fewer nude statues, nor ought we to hide away those we have; but, for our moral healthiness as well as for the satisfaction of our higher desires, we need less morality of the sin-sniffing sort, and more real innocence and unshamed beauty.

STEVENSON once wrote an Apology for Idlers, and a graceful and potent one it is; but I am inclined to think his rhetoric was thrown away. In these days almost every one respects idlers, or pretends to, and he would much better have defended the dun-colored virtues which all admire,

but which, alas, are seldom dear. His Midas touch might have gilded respectability, and made even industry look debonaire; instead, he has chosen merely to cast an added glamour over the graceful irresponsible, which we were ready enough to love before. For with such idlers in mind as Whitman and Thoreau, or such notorious ones as Villon and Goldsmith and Burns, idleness has come to assume for us a hazy identity with poetic insight, and we set down such a strenuous old Puritan as Milton for a poet by sheer exception and the grace of God. Even if we do not confound idleness with genius, it is itself so alluring and gracious, so tolerant and sweet-mannered, in contrast with its businesslike and not too pleasant-spoken opposite, that it is loved where the other must endure respect. Or not so much grace is done it, for it is more often gibed at. Anything is that takes itself seriously, from Theosophy to the cult for Omar Khayyám; and it is small satisfaction to feel that Hooker or Johnson would have commended you, if you must be bantered by Gelett Burgess or Andrew Lang.

It is not that the sober-sided virtues are altogether misprized, but these choicer spirits have a way of possessing them with due modesty, and do not thrust them in our faces. Most of us regard our own admirable qualities as something too high and hardly won to be considered without veneration, and so strut a little consciously under their weight; like the parvenu who lets none forget his wealth, or the pedant who will still be marveling at his own learning. But to live on formal terms with your own good points is too like living stiffly up to your new house-fittings; there is breeding in the carriage of a virtue as in the wear of a coat, and that is to take either as a matter of course, and act as if you had plenty more.

I have it in my heart to feel very sympathetic toward the plodder, undignified and sorry figure though he is, for

I must own that we have much in common: he would dearly love to be frivolous, and can't; and so would I. To be sure, I feel no affinity for enclitics, and am nothing of a grubber; indeed, I flatter myself that when it comes to tastes, mine will stand the severest tests of modernity: I delight in Whistler and dote on Bernard Shaw; I can read Maeterlinck and love nonsense books; I like Velasquez better than Murillo, and *The Ring* and *the Book* better than the *Faërie Queene*. But all this is of no avail, and I must know myself for half a plodder still; for (and well I know this is the unpardonable sin against the modern spirit) I must own to having a well-regulated conscience. Now a conscience is not modern at all: it has no sense of humor, and always takes itself seriously; and if you, its reputed possessor and master, do not take it so, why, the worse for you! I inherited mine, and though I am properly ashamed of it as a child of the present light-minded age, still Puritan ancestry is stronger than I, and it continues to stick by me in spite of frequent hard usage. If I might only be reasonably proud of it, as I fancy most persons are of theirs, and rigidly obey its behests while thanking the Lord I am not as others are, it would be well enough. But alas! I cannot escape so far from my own time, and, while in bondage to my New England conscience, sigh in vain for the flesh-pots of emancipated Bohemia. I am condemned forever to see the better and follow the worse, my impeccable modern tastes weighted down with the antiquated conscience of a sampler-working great-grandmother.

I must needs work, forsooth, else I cannot enjoy leisure; nay, I will fill up my day with a lumber of small unnecessaries that I may have the useless labor of clearing it away again, and so win to a factitious enjoyment of that Philistine satisfaction, a well-earned repose. There is but one thing I ever do with my ill-

gotten leisure hours, and that is read; but even that I must have a conscience about. Introductions always stare at me sternly, until I am obliged to read them through; I always feel an inward call to look up all the editor's notes; and if happy enough to blunder on an edition not annotated, I have an uneasy feeling that I ought to hunt out one that is. If I am reveling in *Wuthering Heights* or a re-reading of *Trilby*, the world's great books frown a reproof at me from their shelves, and, with a rebellious recollection of how improving they are, I gravitate straightway toward Hallam's *Middle Ages* or the *Essays on Astronomy*.

The worst trick my conscience plays me is its didactic and academic way of insisting that I like the things I ought. Almost everybody nowadays is emancipated from this old-fashioned serfdom to the classics, and the more heretical the judgment with which they lightly "wrong the ancients," the more arrogance with which it is enunciated. The serene indifference of Elizabeth as to what she ought to like fills me with admiration and despair. Fancy being able to own up to having "outgrown" Carlyle, and then go on as if nothing had happened! No matter how much I might dislike him, that Puritan grandmother in me would make me sit down in anguish before his thirty-four volumes, and bid me read them all, — just as *her* grandmother probably met her childish whimperings with a smart box on the ear, "to give her something to cry about."

Mr. Walter Bagehot says that there are very few of us who can bear the theory of our amusements. This is the attitude of the true and complacent plodder, who does not know that he is one, and would not care if he did. With him this apology has naught to do, being indeed framed chiefly to meet my own case, who am but half a plodder, as I have said. My other half, the regenerate modern half, recognizes the application of this saying to my vile Calvinistic

conscience, and writhes. My conscience cannot bear the theory of its amusements; no, not it! As Stevenson says, it "is scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some occupation," and I may waste my breath in reminding it that this is not the way to win sweetness and light. It is not open to this argument, but perhaps I may still get around it with a quotation from a modern author, who says, "There is an education in leisure," — for, though it see little use in sweetness or light, it has a congenital interest in education. "Is there, indeed?" it will ask, greatly pleased, in its base, utilitarian way, at finding an unexpected avenue of instruction. "Then, madam, you must try it right away." But I do not murmur at its edict, and, leaving it to hunt out what education it can, I for once in my life will retire undisturbed with an armful of novels, and e'en enjoy the leisure!

WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud? The question has an air of finality about it which would suggest that there is no reason in the world, but it is odd what pretexts we offer for an indulgence in this deadly sin. For some reason, we are usually proudest of those virtues which we do not possess, and next of those for which we are in no wise responsible: a man will boast of his nationality or his pedigree, but be silent about his prowess in battle; or a woman may be vain of her beauty, but blush when you mention her charities. We are all proud of the town we were born in; if we are Westerners, we are proud of that, and if Easterners, then prouder still of that. But most fantastic of all, we are proud of the century we happen to live in. This last truly false pride is fed and bolstered by Mr. Kipling, who celebrates with most enthusiasm these our involuntary glories, and has brought us fairly to plume ourselves on having chosen to be born into the Anglo-Saxon race and to grow up in the nineteenth century;

while, by voicing for us the lyrics of whirring wheels, he has even flattered us into believing ours a romantic age.

So it has become the fashion to deride the "good old times," and to label crabbed and ill-tempered, or else sentimental, the carping critic who harks back to them with plaintive note, and longs for simplicity and leisure and escape from a too rapid civilization. It is all very well, he is reminded, to play at being primitive, like Marie Antoinette tasting the joys of milkmaid life out in the side yard of her own palace; but how, pray, would he like to be leisurely and simple in a draughty house, without hot and cold water, in a world innocent of telegraphs and ocean liners?

And certainly, if he would be comfortable, I admit he would best stay snug in the year 1901 and enjoy good plumbing and Pullman cars; but if it be romance, and not comfort, to which he is casting backward looks, then, notwithstanding Mr. Kipling, I must range myself on the critic's side. No doubt there is poetry in a machine age, and "all unseen romance brings up the nine fifteen;" but to the plain person romance seems to lie farther afield, and to live always in the place that is not here, and the time that is not now. So to a machine age machinery is not romantic; and though it will probably have a fine glamour in perspective a hundred years hence, and the railway will then look as romantic as does the sedan chair now, still, to most of us, who must regretfully disclaim the poet's insight, the convenient is not now heroic, and modern improvements would be a dreadful impertinence in the Forest of Arden. Should I be alone in the confession that I blench at the thought of George Washington or Joan of Arc astride a bicycle? Or would it please even Mr. Kipling to picture the Lady of the Lake shooting across Loch Lomond with an electric motor in her shallop, or the Last Minstrel chanting his Lay to the faultily faultless pianola?

"Romance,
Fare-
well!"

We are often told that American life is matter of fact and prosaic, and in the intervals of denying it try to account for it by saying that America is very young. But perhaps it is also because America has too many modern improvements. There is something wrong with a nation whose tourist pilgrims quarrel with a palace on the Grand Canal because it does not have electric light and porcelain bathtubs. We could scarcely be depended upon to make the gallant choice of the single year of Europe, if we were sure that Cathay was well ventilated and comfortable; we burn incense to the modern God from the Machine, and he runs not only our factories, but our households.

I have in mind a lovely country place, green and flowery with pretty airs of rusticity, but which is a machine-run Arcady after all, where you would have far to seek to prove those pleasures once praised in vain by the passionate shepherd. The cot whither he beckoned his love was never so convenient — nor so noisy. There is the water pump, whose powerful engine puffs all day long with a busy, jolty little puff, putting to shame the distant windmill, — so picturesque and incompetent with its drooping sails, — and far more efficient than the old oaken water bucket, though not so likely to have a poem written about it; there are the gas machine (for the improved Eden does not get on with candles), the electric fan, and the telephone; the ice-cream freezer sends up its grinding bass, a typewriter clicks and clangs, and a clavier contributes its regular drip-drip, like a systematized rainstorm; while the sailboat and the horse — last survivals from a more heroic age! — are abandoned for the gasoline launch with its popping engine and the scent in its wake, and the automobile which clatters through the country landscape, an anachronism and a blot. Admirably reliable and labor-saving, all these; but they make life seem somewhat diagrammatic, and the

last piquant element of uncertainty is removed by an almanac so accurate as to suggest the discouraging idea that even the weather is run on scheduled time.

And now I ask humbly, How can one idle and know that it is August, in such an atmosphere of briskness, punctuality, and time-tables? Is it well to run even our holidays and pleasure places by machinery, and are romance and atmosphere possible to a people whose very country life is drilled into regularity and speed, with never a lazy spot to dream in? Though we ourselves would prefer to stay in the present, and should be very much bored at having to be a lady in a ballad, still daily life was surely more poetic when Elaine sat at her frame in her chamber up a tower to the east, and ladies could sit lang, lang with their fans until their hands, and have nothing else to do. There is something bigoted in our aggressive loyalty to our own time; for one age differeth from another in glory, and we cannot have the glory of both past and present. And if the glory of the increasing past be romance, and the king is never to be seen to-day, then they need not be chidden that go a-seeking him in the times and places that are "far from this our war."

AMONG my recollections of college is **A Realist's Washington.** that of an instructor, somewhat testy in temper, who found unfeigned delight in exposing the pious frauds of history. On one occasion when dealing with William Pitt, after repeating to us the alleged last words of the great man, "My country, O my country!" he added, with some glee, "But, young gentlemen, the nurse of the dead statesman, when she was examined, testified that what the dying man did say was, 'Gruel, — more gruel!'" It is in some such mood of unsanctified enjoyment of reality that Mr. Hapgood seems to have approached the life of Washington.¹

¹ *George Washington.* By NORMAN HAPGOOD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1901.

The mood is by no means unprofitable, for there are, it appears, still some trailing wisps of myth wrapping about the figure of the Father of his Country, in spite of the excellent service Mr. Lodge, Mr. Ford, and other writers have done. Though the earlier and cruder myths of the cherry tree and the hatchet and the lips that knew no oath have long since disappeared, yet, as Mr. Lodge pointed out some years ago in the Introduction to his *Life of Washington*, the more intangible effects of the myth-making spirit remain and are difficult to dispel. They were perpetuated, in fact, by the earlier portraits and biographies, in which Washington appeared in various guises more or less legendary: there was the semi-mythical figure, portentous, cloud-encircled, mounted on a dim white horse bearing down upon us like a figure out of Revelation; then the idealized hero, in stature a little less than a demigod, and a veritable embodiment of the virtues; and then the benevolent statesman, his brow forever uncreased, and his countenance, on which was set an eternal smile, aglow with conscious rectitude.

It is against such and minor products of admiration untempered by judgment that Mr. Hapgood tilts with a delight not always well concealed, and at times with the additional zeal of iconoclasm. He has, one imagines, a quiet smile as he retells the story of Washington's profanity at the battle of Monmouth, taking it from the mouth of an officer: "Yes, sir, he swore on that day till the leaves shook on the trees, charming, delightful. Never have I enjoyed such swearing before, or since. Sir, on that ever memorable day he swore like an angel from heaven." But Mr. Hapgood's portrait possesses other merits than vivacity, and compels one's approval. Though he has given us no oil painting, but a pen-and-ink sketch, his work has the virtues of its sort; it is sharp in outline, definite and bold in detail, and shows the hero

unsparingly, "wart and all." If Mr. Hapgood's pen brings a blemish into too high relief, as where he makes it plain that his hero was so far capable of guile that he could, after agreeing with Burgoyne to furnish the British soldiers with supplies at the same price as that paid by the Americans, allow the British to pay in gold, while the Americans paid in paper money worth about one third as much, why, it is the disregard by other biographers of the imperfection that has furnished one of the occasions for the being of Mr. Hapgood's book, and the truth may as well be grasped first as last that the wart is as inevitable as the hero.

If Mr. Hapgood's anecdotal and somewhat informal *Life* strengthens the impression that Washington was as politic as he was brave, as canny as he was generous, as astute as he was benevolent, it need cause us neither surprise nor dismay. Washington's fame is not of the gilded sort, that is easily tarnished or worn through, and we should by now have reached a mood of security in his character and renown that will let us enjoy every genuine touch of nature in him.

I FIRST encountered him in the streets of a Montana "cow-town," where he was affording amusement to a crowd of men and boys, while a tipsy musician was attempting the Boulanger March on an antique piano. To save him from further abuse I bought him, and ever afterwards he was known to his little world as "General Boulanger."

We grew to look upon the General as an interesting scientific phenomenon. His was a soul saturated with hate for all men. Any amiable qualities he may have possessed in early youth had been killed by abuse. He knew but distrust and fear. We determined to reclaim him, and in our lonely camp the General became the object of such flattering attention that only his unconquerable misanthropy kept him from becoming an

The Alienation of the General.

arrant snob. For a long time our efforts were unavailing, but as the weeks went by I thought I noticed a little less shrinking, fewer growls, and a faint gleam of recognition in the glassy eyes when I approached. I felt the thrill of conquest, and redoubled my efforts. The heart of stone was at last touched, and my theory in regard to "yaller dogs" was correct.

We returned to the outskirts of civilization, and one day, driving once more to the town, so filled with painful memories for the General, I was surprised to behold him again in the street, slinking about with others of his kind. The slight results of our patient labors were in peril. It would never do to allow the General's slowly growing faith in man to be nipped in the bud by further town life, so with infinite pains I secured him and tied him to the back of my wagon. I remonstrated with him gently, as he lay cringing in the dust, for his base desertion of the only friends he had ever known.

The painful journey homeward began. The General betrayed a distinct unwillingness to ride, so he was allowed to follow at the end of a long rope behind. With his usual acumen, he fancied the strength of two half-broken broncos to be as naught compared to his fiery determination to remain in town. So he sat down. With an expression of pained surprise on his countenance he traversed a few hundred yards of the dusty road in this position, and then tried his back. It was quite in keeping with the eccentricities of the General's mental processes that a simpler method did not occur to him, until, striking a deep rut, he was hurled high into the air, and by some happy chance alighted on the extremities nature had provided for purposes of locomotion. Then, with bowed head, he trotted contentedly along. I turned to look at him occasionally, and flattered myself that I saw in his demeanor evidences of regret at his folly, and a de-

termination to do better in the future. I spoke encouragingly to him, but he was too absorbed in meditation to look up.

A hot afternoon's ride brought us to an irrigating ditch. After rattling over the few loose planks which served as a bridge, I stopped to repair a break in the harness. The General, hot and dusty, at once dashed into the little stream to drink and bathe. With my back to the tired horses I watched him.

As I looked he performed his colossal act of folly, the final episode in his witless career. After refreshing himself on one side of the tiny bridge, quite unmindful of his connection with my rear axle, he laboriously splashed under the bridge and came out the other side. Cooled by his bath, he came to the side of the wagon and looked sweetly up at me. Immensely impressed by his sagacity, I was on the point of alighting to free him from his dangerous predicament, when the hand of fate, ever turned against him, struck the last blow.

A fly stung my off bronco, and with a squeal he and his startled mate rushed madly down the road. I was hurled to the bottom of the wagon, but not before I saw the General turn a perfect back somersault and shoot toward the stream. In a cloud of dust he disappeared into the water, and then followed a symphony of howls as he traversed the dark and damp nether side of the bridge, to be shot up into daylight once more by the united strength of two frightened broncos. In a shower of spray he struck the road twenty feet from the bridge, and did not gain his feet until I had brought the horses to a standstill. Once more I turned to the General. He was a pitiable sight. Covered with mud and half strangled, he quivered with cold and rage.

As we traversed the short distance to camp I tried to fancy what his reflections were. Knowing him as well as I did, I felt sure that he looked upon the past weeks of kindness as part of an

elaborate scheme to win his confidence enough to practice this last insult upon him. I dreaded the consequences of the episode, and planned new blandishments to reinstate myself in his favor.

Arriving in camp, my first thought was to release him from the wagon. But the water and mud made it difficult to unfasten the knot at his collar. Feeling keenly the embarrassment of his position, I untied the rope from the axle and threw it on the ground.

The General watched me sulkily, and when the end of that hated rope fell free he bounded to his feet. With one final snarl of utter hate and disgust he was off like a shot; not in a wild, purposeless circle, but straight as the flight of an arrow across the prairie. Away he went, with the lariat dragging behind him.

With eyes raised to the solitary snow peak a hundred miles away he flew from us, with a heart full of hate and a grim determination to put half a continent, if need be, between himself and tyrant man. As I watched the little cloud of dust, raised by his hurrying feet, disappear on the horizon, I realized the futility of battling against fate.

Then our packer broke the silence: "There goes the ornriest cur in the world with the best lariat in Montana."

Now and then we confess we have grown impatient at the cloying sweetness of the reviews in American journals, and in our annoyance at their monotonously encomiastic flavor have caught ourselves wishing for a dash of acid in the dish. Once, at least, we have found ourselves ready to welcome even a taste of the traditional Saturday Reviewer's wormwood and gall. In this treatment of Mr. Kipling's *Kim*, from a recent number of the Review, we have it. Here is acidity undiluted:—

"The reading of a long story by Mr.

Kipling inspires the reflection that his proper sphere is the short story, just as the reading of his short stories often provokes a desire that he would refrain from writing altogether. This book is not altogether without merits, for the author has evidently tried very hard to feel in sympathy with the spirit of the Orient. His lama inspires our sympathy, almost our affection, and his account of the tribulations which befell two Russian spies in the Hills is graphic and exhilarating. But the book is terribly spun out, and the general effect is one of intense weariness. Even the most industrious reader must nod from time to time as he plods laboriously through the pages. Nor is the hero so savory a character as Mr. Kipling evidently believes. Left an orphan in the gutters of India at a very early age, Kimball O'Hara picks up a living as a pander with all the precocity of a young Oriental, and when he begins to grow up he is easily turned into one of the shrewdest spies of the Indian government. This profession Mr. Kipling contrives to idealize by dwelling upon the courage, the adventure, and the ingenuity required. We appreciate the boy's grateful devotion to the lama, but a less grudging admiration would have been inspired by a cleaner hero. At the end of the book we find the young man firmly established in his career as a spy, and fear takes possession of us lest the author should be so ill advised as to publish a sequel. The illustrations are original, but scarcely convincing, and we must protest against the author's irritating habit of prefacing each chapter with a piece of his own doggerel, nearly always pointless and perplexing."

We fear we overestimated our appetite for the savor of bitterness. If this be the acidity we lack, we are fain to be content without it. Our own less pungent reviewing will suit our palates better.